UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The TOWER LIGHT

OCTOBER 1930

Maryland State Teachers College
LIBRARY
Towson, Md.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/towerlight1930mary

Contents

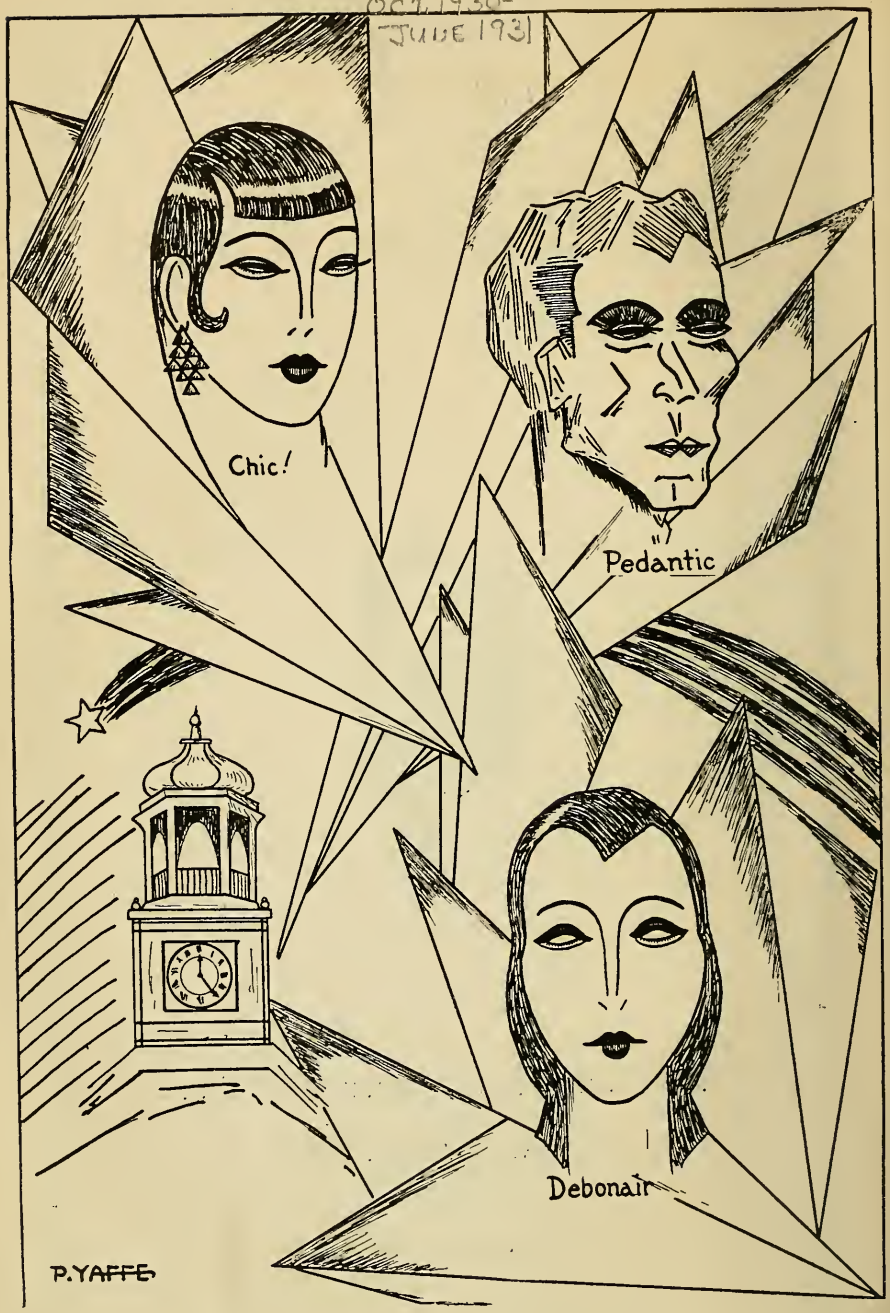
	Page
Frontispiece—The Juniors—A Few Angles	*Frontispiece*
Teaching Loyalty	3
Registration Day at Normal	4
My Impressions of Normal	5
Poems—Devotion, Heat	5
Two Fall Nature Stories	6
Poems	9
Why	13
Six Weeks in Chicago	14
Trifles	15
Editorial	16
On Seeking an Inspiration	18
A Lonely Little New Englander	19
Farewell, Leaves	21
School Notes	22
Athletics	25
Jokes	28
Advertisements	33

The Tower Light

Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

S.T.C.
LD5351
T55T62
OCT. 1930-
JUNE 1931



The Juniors—A Few Angles

The Tower Light

Vol. IV October, 1930 No. 1

Teaching Loyalty

LOYALTY, LIKE enthusiasm, comes from within. We can suggest truths which inspire loyalty, but we can never command it! Have we as teachers lost sight of the fact that the glories of our nation, however great, and the reverence for patriotic leaders can never create a present loyalty? We must be able to give a reason for the faith that is within us! If we have not the torch ourselves, how can we pass it on?

KENNETH LLOYD WILLIAMS,

Journal of the National Education Ass'n.

135574

Registration Day at Normal

MILTON SEIDMAN, Sr. 7

THE JUNIOR:

So this is Normal. . . . The school and surroundings certainly are beautiful. . . . Everybody seems to be talking and laughing at once. Looks and sounds like a gay festival. . . . Registering here is simple and fast. The girls work so efficiently and courteously. Speaks well for the school. . . . How heartily and enthusiastically the boys and girls over there greet each other. They must be the Seniors. Gee, they are intelligent looking. How easily and unconcernedly they talk and joke with each other. S'funny, I feel envious. I wish I could be like them. Oh, well. . . . Why do my eyes blink so; why is there a hollow feeling in my stomach? I feel almost like crying! Maybe it's because I'm new here, and alone? No, it's just that I'm too dumb, I guess, to talk and laugh and joke and act like a normal person. Gee, that's a pun—"to talk, etc., like a normal (Normal) person." Oh, if only I could; just like one of those Seniors. . . . Here comes a Senior toward me. Gosh, suppose he stops to talk to me! He is! He does! . . . That was my Big Brother. My, but he was nice. Spoke to me—well, just like he would to another Senior. He made me feel good—100% better. I feel as if I'm in heaven. . . . Well, I'm all registered and my money's gone, but who cares? I feel wonderful; at least ten Seniors have nodded to me, or actually talked to me, without the slightest provocation. . . . Well, I guess I'll be going. I just know I'll love this school.

THE SENIOR:

The dear old school. Seems like home. . . . Whew, the girls and boys are rushing me off my feet in their hurry to say hello—I must have become popular during my vacation. . . . Gee, it makes me feel good to see the class-mates again (and it makes my heart feel warmer and my eyes misty). . . . Can't find time to register—can't drag myself away. . . . Look at the Juniors—plenty of them. . . . Boy, the old familiar landmarks look good—the bulletin board, Lewis, etc. The assembly room looks imposing. Remember when you acted on that stage. Seems like yesterday. . . . Just noticed how sad and forlorn some of those Juniors look. Like lambs strayed from their flock. Guess I'll saunter over and talk to a couple of them; just for the fun of it. . . . Gee, those Juniors seemed to like my parlance with them. The appreciation in their eyes—made me feel just like a hero, or god, or something like that. . . . Boy, I'm full of the happy Normal spirit. I just naturally feel like promenading. Guess I'll grab my little Brother for an excuse and mosey around into every nook and corner of this wonderful place. . . . Well, all registered again. We put something over on the Juniors—didn't have to pay a breakage fee. . . . Well, I've been here for hours, yet I hate to think of leaving. I'll be back early on the opening day, ready to give Normal the best that's in me—it deserves it, and nothing else but.

My Impressions of Normal As a Junior

EVERETT HEMEN, Jr. 5

AS A BEGINNER in any field, one naturally and quite unconsciously begins to form opinions of the work he has undertaken. Thus being a beginner in the field of teaching I began forming opinions of Normal. My first impression was of the buildings and their spacious and beautiful surroundings. High up on the hilltop rests the main building, seeming to overlook with a motherly pride, those who have dwelt within her heart just as she has dwelt in theirs. The spirit that I noticed first was of friendliness and thoughtfulness which presented itself in every senior and member of the faculty. This was the medium through which we juniors became acquainted with other juniors and seniors. They made us feel at home in the midst of strangers, which is something for which all us juniors are very thankful. This is one institution where each student has the same objective and are all working for one goal. Friendliness and Sincerity rule in this Normal School.

Devotion

You are one whom I could love
Ever patient and submissive to my moods;
Sharing joy, comforting me when needed,
Yet shedding not a single tear, nor e'en a smile.

No words you have, you answer not,
Yet seem to understand
As I talk to you.
A comfortable place to stand is all you ask,
Yet not complaining should it be the floor.
You wretch, sometimes I think you are heartless.
But I love you, my Gingham Dog.

Heat

Merciless in your attack,
Intangible intensity.
Pressing upon me
Seemingly to quench all life,
Granting neither sleep nor life
Only suffering.
I submit, reluctantly, and hope for better things
Only to be attacked anew
Until at last in agony I writhe
And wonder what I have done
That I need put up with you. E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Two Fall Nature Stories

By Hilda Maeson, '30

BEAR CUB

You may know the story about the three bears, and how happy they were in their home in the forest. This is a story of four bears, and it was this little extra bear who caused all the trouble.

Once upon a time there were four bears who lived in a cave in the forest. There was a great big bear called Father Bear, a middle-sized bear called Mother Bear, a tiny bear, called Baby Bear, and an even tinier bear called Bear Cub. Bear Cub was just seven months old, which is very young indeed. He was a year younger than Baby Bear, and much smaller, fatter, and blacker.

One day Bear Cub yawned. He often yawned when he was tired, but this was a different kind of yawn. It was wider and longer, and accompanied by a soft, deep sigh. Do you know what this sigh meant? It meant that Bear Cub was bored. He was tired of Mother Bear, and Father Bear, and Baby Bear. In fact, he was tired of all the bears he knew, and of all the other animals, too.

Mother Bear saw the yawn, and heard the sigh. "Sleepy?" she asked.

Bear Cub did not answer. He was thinking of how nice it would be if he were all alone looking for honey. Mother Bear looked at Bear Cub. Bear Cub looked up.

"I am going away," he said, "I am going to live all alone in the woods, and I am never coming back."

Mother Bear walked back into the cave. She did not care if Bear Cub was going away. She loved him when he was little, and took good care of him, but when he grew older she was not even interested in him. Besides, she knew that nothing she could say would make any difference. You see, bears like to live alone, and as soon as they are old enough, they leave home.

Are you wondering why the three bears lived together for such a long time? That is a Mystery. No one really knows, but a wise person once said it was because of the story that was written about them. They were so proud of being in a story, and having people read about them, that they always lived in the same way, hoping that some day Goldilocks would come back, and they would have another story written about them. But Bear Cub had been born too late to be in the story, and so now without even stopping to say goodbye, he started off on his Great Adventure.

It was a warm afternoon in late summer when Bear Cub walked off into the forest. He walked, and walked, and walked, until he saw another bear. Bear Cub turned and walked in a different direction. He

did not want to see any bears, or play with any bears. He wanted to be alone. But this was not very easy in the forest, because so many animals were there. Soon Bear Cub saw a wolf. Very quickly and quietly he climbed the nearest tree, and waited until the wolf was out of sight before coming down. Then he went off in search of food. First he ate some clover that was growing near the tree. Then he saw an ant hill. Now Bear Cub loved ants, and he ran over to the ant hill as fast as he could. He stuck his paw in the hill. The ants became both frightened and angry. They came out of their house and climbed on to Bear Cub's paw. When there were many of them on his paw, he lifted them to his mouth and licked them with his tongue. They were delicious! Bear Cub ate all the ants that would climb on his paw, and then walked on.

Soon he saw a bee hive hanging from a tree. Now he could have some of the honey he wanted so much. He climbed to the branch of the tree where it was and stuck his paw in. The bees came buzzing out and tried to bite him, but his skin was so thick they could not hurt him. He ate as many bees as he could. Then he ate all the honey.

You may think Bear Cub was very greedy to eat so much; but, you see, this was his last meal until the spring. Think of not eating from November to April. Five whole long months! During this time Bear Cub would hibernate. Do you know what this means? It means that he would go to sleep in some sort of a den, and not eat the whole time!

Bear Cub decided to find a good place to hibernate before it became dark. He saw a tree that had fallen over, and he walked around it. There, just under where the tree lay was a space. Bear Cub put some leaves in the space, and then crawled in.

For awhile he lay listening to the forest sounds. A bird was singing in a tree near him, a squirrel was chattering, there was a soft swish as a breeze blew through the trees. Then it was quiet. Slowly, slowly, the sun disappeared in the West, and night fell on the forest. Under a fallen tree a little bear was asleep. Bear Cub had begun his long winter nap.

A FAMILY OF ROBINS

MOTHER ROBIN WAS excited. The year before she had been excited at the very same time, and the year before that, too. In fact, it had been the same as far back as Mother Robin could remember, and she was five years old.

The baby robins were puzzled. They did not know why there was such a commotion among the robins. They were five months old and only once before had they seen such a fuss. This was exactly a week ago when Father Robin and all the other male robins had flown away; and they had not seen him since. And now all the other robins were

preparing to go away for seven months, which was reason enough for excitement.

Many people go South for the winter because it is warm there. But this is not why the robins were going South. The robins—even the babies—were kept warm by their feathers; and as far as cold was concerned, could have stayed in Baltimore all winter. But food was getting scarce. There was no fruit left, and only a few bugs and worms. You see, this was late in the fall, and the babies were beginning to get hungry. They never got as much food now as they wanted, for they had very good appetites. When they were small and helpless, they had eaten more worms in one day than you could hold in your hand.

Mother and Father Robin had taken very good care of their babies. All day long they looked for fat worms or juicy bugs to bring them. They would fly back to the nest with food on an average of once every fourteen minutes during the day. When the little robins would feel the branch shake, they would open their wide yellow mouths and wait for the food to be dropped in.

Soon the babies were old enough to find their own food. Mother Robin held a worm out to each baby, and when they tried to get it, flew away, so that the little stretching robins fell from the nest. Then Mother Robin would fly back and put the worm in the wide crying mouth. She taught the babies to listen on the field for worms. Robins have very sharp ears which we cannot see because they are covered by feathers and they can hear the worm as it crawls under the ground. She taught them to put their bills in the earth, brace well, give a hard tug and—pull up the worm.

The baby robins had grown fast under this diet until now, although they were only five months, they were almost as big as their mother. The only way you could tell they were babies was by their speckled breasts. When they grow older the speckles go away and leave a plain red breast.

But now the food which had helped the babies grow so quickly was scarce. In the South, though, plants grow in the winter, and the ground does not get hard, so that there are plenty of worms and bugs. This is why the robins were going South. And this, too, is why the robins were excited. They had a long journey to make. It would take them over a week, although they fly much faster than the fastest train you ever were on.

Early in April, Mother and Father Robin will come back to Baltimore. Their nest is in a large leafy oak tree, and they return to it year after year. They are very happy to get back, and we can hear their cheerful songs all day. The nest is not kept very clean. Robins keep themselves clean by splashing in water whenever they can, but they never bother to clean their nests. Mother Robin makes the nest of mud. First she puts a few crooked sticks on a limb of the tree. Then she carries mud to the nest and puts it on the sticks till it looks just like a cup of

mud and sticks. Mother Robin shapes and smoothes the nest by pressing against it hard with her breast. The nest is not very beautiful but it is firm, and quite comfortable when lined with grass, moss and feathers.

Now Mother Robin will not see her nest for seven long months. But she will come back as soon as she can. Then once more we shall hear the happy songs of the cheerful robins.

Evening

Sable shadows, ever creeping,
Perfumed silence falls,
Night birds, rousing from their sleeping,
Each the other calls.
While above us, little watchers,
Ever twinkling, shine,
Symbolizing His dominion
Over palm and pine.

Night winds stirring, gently, softly,
Music of the spheres,
Rolling in their awful pathway,
This the watcher hears.
Messages from out the silence,
Of vaulted dome above,
Come to stir the soul at evening,
Telling God is love.

So beneath the sky at evening,
When the day is done,
Thinking of the hours of toiling,
Or some victory won,
Let us ever train our vision
For a heavenly sign
Of Him who holdeth all domain,
Whether palm or pine.

ANNILEA BROWNE, Sr. 9

135574

Supplicium

I would drink deep
Of sharply poignant things
For I am young,
Drink deep of mad joy—
Of pain that lifts on tireless wings.

I'll love rain's stinging, silver sheet—
Thrill to the wild roving wind—
Glory in star hung nights—
And reverence willows
Dripping silvery leaves.

I'll splinter my heart with sharp beauty—
Love altar candles, fog-dimmed nights,
The moon, hazily ringed,
And far off music—
Chillingly strange.

When my cup of fiery ecstasy
Is drained—
And empty,
May life then be deeply tranquil.
Spare me the bitterness of memory.

I want the slow lapping of a lake along its shore—
Like some gigantic pulse,
The smell of warm sidewalks—rainwashed,
Only give me serene, mellow joys
When I am old.

GENEVIEVE SCHULES, Jr.

Sleep

Falling in slow agonizing measures.
Stifling and robbing one of life,
A cloak of black falls.
It is hard to resist:
One gently yields and folds into your arms,
Bewitching demon, Sleep!

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Where?

Look up! look up! look toward the stars
There's something there that heals all scars.
There's something there that all the time
Helps soothe the hurt; erase the grime.

The lowly child upon the hill
Looks up and finds it all so still.
He sees up there between the blue
His princess, king. And I or you

May also gaze and gazing see
The thing that pleasing most will be;
Beholding then that infinite place
A look of peace o'erflows the face.

And think you thus when staring up
The one thought that must fill your cup—
With such a vast expanse to view—
Where are your own small cares—or you?

JEAN MCLAUGHLIN

Lights

The night is still
And all
The stars are out winking—
Blinking in surprise
At the answering candles.
The snow has come
With its brightness, like
Little mirrors—
Reflecting the stars—the candles—the Happiness.

Christmas night
Silent—
Then children singing—
Bringing gifts.
The night is still.
The stars are high.

MURIEL FOX, '30

Rain-Treasure

Great Odin in Valhalla stood,
With eye all-seeing stared
Upon the earth.
He saw the parched field and wood
By sunlight's ray all burnt and bared,
Of vegetation, dearth.

Compassion kindled in his heart.
He turned, and to his birds,
"Summon Thor!"
Into the heat-filled air they dart
Quick to obey the Father's words.
Earth suffered sore.

She sweltered in the quivering air.
Great waves of heat rolled o'er
With crushing force.
A lull, and then a trumpet's blare,
'Midst thunderous claps the storm god Thor,
Strongest of the Norse,

Two fire-shod goats his chariot drew,
Its wheels in rumbling vie
With thunder's roar.
Thor raised his arm, his hammer threw.
Into the blazing coppery sky,
"Mjollnir", threat of Thor.

He whips his goats across the sky.
Before him scudding fast
Like sheep afraid.
The sullen cloud shapes fly,
In bloated mountains massed,
A god obeyed.

Black misers, loath their wealth to share
Yet cringing 'neath the whip's sharp blow,
With willful roar.
Their precious, hidden crystals bare.
They weep to see their treasure fall
Left now, poor.

No bloated masses are they now.
Earth shimmers, glistens with their gems,
Bedecked and gay.
They pause to look with thoughtful brow—
Their sable cloaks about them
Throw, and slink away.

ELEANORA L. BOWLING, '28

Why?

DID YOU EVER try meandering through the downtown section when in a sulky and peevish mood? The pathos and humor witnessed is a panacea for anyone's mental ills. I have tried it and here's the result:

Shoppers hastening to complete their belated shopping tour . . . why do people always wait until the last minute . . . young, old, fat, lean . . . all appear a mass of human fury . . . even young couples accelerate their pace . . . the males escort their fair damsels through a maze of humanity . . . funny, no young man dares chaperone an old, feeble cripple across the street. . . .

What a bedlam of eerie noises . . . has pandemonium broken loose? . . . my mistake . . . it's only four or five radios, victrolas and pianos . . . all playing different songs simultaneously . . . strains of Shubert's "Unfinished Symphony" blending with Rudy Vallee's crooning voice . . . a victrola across the street emits sounds . . . as if a woman were attempting to sing . . . all of which tend to intensify the broiling heat.

Wonder what the crowd is there for . . . probably someone is giving samples away . . . my mistake again . . . it's just an organ grinder with his amiable monkey . . . animal's antics make the crowd forget the sultry weather . . . everyone seems in happy mood . . . until monkey passes cup . . . gathering quickly disperses . . . wonder why . . . well, who cares about that . . . funny, no one seems to notice cripple nearby . . . leg amputated . . . an empty cup resting in lap . . . oh, well, such is life. . . .

There's another crowd up the street . . . no, it's not another monkey . . . a dog show . . . follows master's commands . . . stands on tin can and raises paw . . . a clapping of hands ensues . . . clever dogs, those poodles . . . crowd doesn't disperse when dog completes antics . . . yes, you guessed it . . . no cup is passed. . . .

Oh, well, here's where I turn my footsteps toward home . . . I have seen enough for a day.

J. J. BARANCO, Sr. 7

Six Weeks In Chicago

CRIME WAVES and newspaper headlines have given the effete Easterner a slight tremor at entering the city of Chicago. My first entrance was made with Miss Stitzel in her trusty Chevrolet, and no alarming occurrence took place, except a flat tire. We never found out whether or not the nail picked up in front of a garage had been placed there to drum up trade.

The second entrance to the city involved a taxi-ride between two stations, through the Loop at twilight. When paying my fare, I was amazed to receive an apologetic remark from the taxi-driver that he didn't look so good, but he could drive all right and had brought me to the station safely. Only then did I glance at him and see that he had the face of a robber and cut-throat, but evidently the heart of a lamb.

With such an auspicious beginning, the formalities of entrance to a great university did not seem so appalling. Registration of the thousands of students was handled in Mandel Hall and in the gymnasium in a speedy and efficient way.

The Graduate Library School has its offices and student study quarters in Harper Memorial Library. Dr. Douglas Waples conducted classes and seminars in Adult Education, The School Library, and The Elementary School Library. The seminars were composed of librarians in various phases of school and college work, and each was engaged in some research.

The University itself is delightfully situated on the Midway, and between 57th and 59th Streets chiefly. On the east, it is only a short distance from Jackson Park and the lake shore; on the west, Washington Park and the great "Fountain of Time" by Lorado Taft close the vista along the Midway.

The architecture of the buildings is magnificent, and no detail of management is lacking to make student life agreeable and wholesome. The wealth of lectures and concerts and museum exhibits makes one long to spend a vacation there just for the cultural advantages, without definite attendance upon required courses.

Unfortunately, required readings and a bit of research take the bulk of one's time, but I succeeded in hearing a considerable number of good musical programs and fascinating lectures.

It was necessary to stay a few days longer than the required time to visit the Field Museum, the Art Institute, and the Adler planetarium, —the latter being the only one in the United States. Under a dome shaped roof, one sits in silence and twilight darkness, until the illusion of the sky above is produced by ingenious lighting. The Chicago horizon appears at eye level, cleverly painted around the wall. Then in the sky above stars shine out, and sun, moon, and planets move across the firmament in the orderly procession of their orbits. This effect is produced by a marvelous instrument, like a great cannon revolving on a carriage, a mechanism produced by Carl Zeiss of Jena.

The lecturer can control it in several ways. He can place the spectator in imagination at equator, pole, or in the South Temperate Zone, and produce the proper sky effect as it would be seen there with changes of Great Dipper, or view of the Southern Cross. He can also magnify the appearance of planets so that one can discern the bands of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn, and can speed up the time of a day to a few seconds so that the moon dashes across the sky like a lightning bug.

My impression of the University of Chicago as a whole is that of a place of great beauty, wealth, and luxury in detail, with unusual cultural privileges. It is equally a place where one must work. Any one who contemplates study there must prepare to burn the midnight oil, and rise at dawn. Nevertheless, it is extremely worth while.

M. L. O.

Trifles

THE MUMMERS' LEAGUE presented "Trifles" by Susan Glaspell at assembly on September 22nd. In selecting a play of this type the club showed a truer insight into the purpose of the drama than it has exhibited in any play previously presented. "Trifles" is not a play of action. It is a psychological study—a play to think about. Bit by bit the life of the murderess is revealed; bit by bit sympathy grows for the cold, lonely, bitter life of a woman married to a "hard" man. What wonder that when he strangled her canary her reason left her? What wonder that those two women seeing the tragedy of her life revealed in the trifles of her cheerless kitchen, would not confess even to each other the convictions that were forced upon them by the evidence they found? Yet, by a common bond of sympathy, they became confederates in concealing from the men the discovery of the dead bird.

Events in life do not come to obvious conclusions; hence, the subtlety of suggestion is the essence of art. Was Mrs. Wright convicted or was she freed? The question is of no moment. Would these women reveal their findings or would they protect her? That was the question! In answering it the play reached a satisfactory conclusion. The subtle delineation of motives is the charm of the play.

The theme—that the apparently insignificant things in life reveal a background of human emotion—is one that every teacher must realize. To read back of the surface into the meanings of life—that is the art of real living as well as the art of the dramatist. Do we want only plays that entertain, or do we want plays that make us think?

HELEN STAPLETON

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

JEAN MCLAUGHLIN — E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Athletics
IRVING BROSE
BETTY HITESHEW

Social
ANNADA LILLEY

Jokes
ISADORE SILBERT
REUBEN BAER

Business Manager
HAMMOND CANTWELL

Circulation Managers
VIDA LUDWIG — KATHRYN HENDERSON

Advertising Staff
RACHEL SMITH
ANNA SANDS
DOROTHY WEAVER
ANNETTE NEUMAN

Secretarial Staff
SADIE HUNTER
KATHARINE SMITH
MINNIE V. LAPIN
WILLIE HOWARD

$1.50 *per year* — 20 *cents per copy*

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

For Normal Students

SCHOOL MAGAZINES have always been a school problem. Standards vary so greatly that it is hard to give a set definition.

A school's magazine is its medium for expressing the activities, interests, and character of the school. To a certain extent the Staff influences the character of the magazine but it is usually the student body who make the magazine what it is, and so the first problem is the character of the publication itself. No two schools are alike. An agricultural school writes agriculture, a physical culture school writes physical culture, a language school dotes on languages, and a teachers' school publishes a pedagogical magazine.

The financial problem is a rather interesting one. The solutions are almost as numerous as the solution to the first problem. The magazine of a very progressive school supports itself and is able to make profit. One of the most interesting methods is that of handing it over

to the students, giving them the privilege of making what they can, all profit divided among the Staff. It has been known to be successful in some schools and in others, a system of graft that takes the shine from political maneuvers. On the other hand if this system is properly operated it is certainly a fine way for students to earn money. The commissions from advertisements are often a source of money for the students but it is easy to run up a deficit unless very carefully manipulated. Many of the most successful magazines manage only to support themselves and sell at cost.

There are few school magazines in comparison with the hundreds of weekly and daily papers issued. The material must be literary and certainly not the sensational propaganda of a daily or weekly. Is it any wonder that there are fewer magazines? To write for a magazine is to submit a finished product. To write for a paper is merely "giving the goods" in a style sensational enough to attract the general student body but it is not lasting.

In summarizing these thoughts, just what does a magazine mean to a school? It is pretty safe to say that a school magazine is the school's personality revealed.

In the 1930 Crystal were the following lines:

"School magazines are usually something one tolerates. They are somewhat in the nature of a necessary evil." etc.

THE TOWERLIGHT is our school magazine but it embodies more than fifty sheets of paper and some ink. In the magazine is the spirit of the school, the medium for expression of the school's interest and activities and with this facing us, is our magazine to be tolerated, or is it going to be a vital part of each student's life at Normal?

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, Sr. 8

On Seeking An Inspiration

"ARTICLES AND How to Write Them." The last page of a particular chapter finished and I snap the book together with a business-like finality. Now just what did it say that would help me to write the successful essay? I say essays, because were I to write a short story, a news-write up, a joke, or a sermon, they would all be the same but the word "essay"' does have an air about it that no other word can boast. The first point settled—it is to be an essay. "One must have a suitable atmosphere to be properly inspired." Well—here we are; water, trees, a good breeze, a pleasant grove. What more could one ask? Now for the inspiration.

It is getting a bit warm. An icy lemonade should hasten the inspiration and anyhow maybe it will come while I fix up the drink. Now where are the lemons? Ah—here they are. Say, I could write something about the water and a canoe and that moon I saw last night (this knife is rather dull to say the least, but being Sunday, I'll say no more about it). This lemon juice isn't very gentle on open blisters. Let me see—what could I say about the moon? Um—oh—but—well, anything I'd say about the moon wouldn't interest them. Interests in that line are too widespread. The book says that a topic should have a universal interest, but that doesn't include the moon.

Now I'll just sit down at the table and think of something while I put down this lemonade—well I'll be—the wind has blown my papers all over the room. Now they are gathered and once more I sit down. Bip! Lead broken. I wind and wind to find that all of the lead is gone! This is enough to ruin any good inspiration if one did have one. Dad arrives in time to replenish the good old scribbler.

My family absolutely do not appreciate my genius. Can you imagine a sister breaking into my revery and asking me how "Singing a Song to the Stars" goes? Then she bursts forth into "I Am Dancing with Tears in My Eyes", only using the wrong words. Absolutely impossible!

There—everything is quiet again. I've finally succeeded in squelching her—what's that? A fire! I rush to the door and one of those (you know what kind) Good Humor wagons drive in!

The die is cast! I'll write about prohibition but what with hunting up an inspiration, I've written enough and I don't know much about prohibition anyhow.

A Lonely Little New Englander

Mary Louise Zschiesche, '30

Enoch hurried down the rocky, irregular path that led to the pond where the boys were going to look for three-legged turtles that afternoon. He was later than he wanted to be, because, unfortunately, the school master had detained him. There had been some slight trouble during the arithmetic lesson. Instead of adding and subtracting, as he should have been doing, Enoch had been counting nails. Click, click, click they had gone as he had emptied his pockets and laid them out on his desk. He had been beaming with pride over his collection, when Mr. Southworth had so unexpectedly and so sharply tapped him on the shoulder with his birch rod. That meant giving up the precious nails and finishing his sums after school.

Enoch had hurried through his work because outside the Massachusetts sunshine was warm and the scent of purple and white lilacs coming in the open windows, made it hard to keep one's mind on sums. May in Middlesboro was the most wonderful month of the year.

And now he was free again, his nails jingling in his pockets as he hurried down to the pond. His round, solemn little face was puckered up in a whistle.

The other boys were all there paddling around in the little puddles. Some had taken off their shoes and stockings and were squeezing smooth, black mud between their white toes. Some were on the rocks of Betty's Neck examining for at least the hundredth time the marks there. These were said to have been made by Indians who used to live in the very place where Middlesboro now is.

"Look, Enoch!" John shouted as the late arrival came into view "Here's his big toe just as plain as can be!"

Enoch scrutinized the rock closely and nodded in agreement. Then he threw himself down on his stomach and flung his arms in the pond. He brought up a handful of mud and something else.

"I found more iron ore," he called out. "When I get big I'm going to make nails out of all the iron ore in Middlesboro.'

So Enoch Pratt grew up and went to school in Middlesboro and Bridgewater, a little town near by. When he was just fifteen he graduated from the Bridgewater Academy. A few weeks before graduation he wrote a letter to a friend in Boston asking for a position. There are no records to tell what sort of work this was, but we do know that he worked at it until he became of age. Then he did something which has perhaps made the life of every Baltimore boy and girl different than it might have been.

Nearly one hundred years ago, in 1831, he came to Baltimore. He had not forgotten about those fascinating nails of his boyhood days and

before long he founded an iron business. If you walk down to 23 and 25 South Charles Street you will see just the place where Enoch Pratt began his company. There is a story that at first he used to deliver the things he sold his customers, in a wheel barrow.

When he was well fixed and things were going along smoothly, he got married to Maria Louisa Hyde.

A few years later he and his brother became partners in a hardware business, and after that, for fifty-six years, he was president of the Farmers' and Planters' Bank. He was also interested in railways and steamships and for awhile was finance commissioner on the city council.

It was May, many years later than the one we just talked about, in a place far away from that little Massachusetts town. Trivoli, the lovely estate of Enoch Pratt, stretched out on all sides, wide and spacious and green. In those days the York Road and Woodburne Avenue were far, far into the country. Mr. Pratt had just driven home from the city with his bay horse and top buggy. He got out of his buggy and wandered around the house by the kitchen. Seeing the garbage pails by the door he lifted the lid from one and peered in. He frowned. The apple skins were thick and much apple had been wasted when they were cut off. Ends of celery that were good had been thrown out. He tapped on the kitchen window sharply with his umbrella and frightened Alice, the housemaid. She flew to the kitchen door, her hand on her heart.

"Oh, Mr. Pratt," she panted, "such a fright as you gave me!"

Mr. Pratt waved his umbrella at the garbage pail. "Alice," he said, "is it necessary for you to waste so shamelessly the food the good Lord has provided? You must use more care in removing skins and peels."

Then he turned on his heel and marched around to the side of the house. It did make his New England Scotch blood boil to see things wasted. He buttoned up his faded, shabby coat as he climbed his porch steps.

"Maria," he called, a smile lighting his rather lonely face.

His wife answered from the side porch, and he hurried to her. He kissed her fondly and sat beside her.

"Maria," he said with a little quiver of excitement in his voice, "I've thought it all out about the library. I'm going to build a library for all the people in Baltimore. It's going to be free for everybody—whether they're rich or poor, black or white. And I'm going to see that it gets built and begun just right. I thought I'd offer the mayor $225,000 for the building and about $833,000 to get started."

He leaned forward on his umbrella. "What do you think, Maria?"

"I think it's wonderful, Enoch," she beamed.

"But until I die the city will have to pay $50,000 a year. In my will I'll arrange that the library gets that much every year."

That was Enoch Pratt—unable to see apples peeled too thickly, but giving away more than a million dollars at one time as a gift for the people.

When he gave the check to the mayor, he said, "It did not affect my nerves any more to draw that check for $833,333.33 than it would to give one for $5; not a bit, Sir!"

So Mr. Pratt saw that the building on Mulberry Street—just where it is now—was made just right. It was to be fire-proof, and hold 200,000 books and that year the $50,000 from the city was to build four branches.

That's how the fine libraries that Baltimore now has were first begun. Today there is one within walking distance of nearly every boy and girl in Baltimore.

And the library wasn't the only gift Mr. Pratt made. He got money for a school and a church in Middlesboro. He gave money for a school for negroes and he gave some property to the Maryland Academy of Sciences. He also left $1,000,000 to the Sheppard Asylum on York Road, which then became the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital. When he gave anything he gave enough so that whatever he did was a success.

Enoch Pratt was a lonely little New Englander, saving every penny he had that he might offer gifts of real value to other boys and girls, to give them a better start and advantage in life than he had.

NOTE: There is no authorized biography of Enoch Pratt and so, while the facts about his gifts are true, the stories of his boyhood and life at Trivoli are fictitious, but according to a history of the time and the brief notes to be found about him, events of that sort probably occurred.

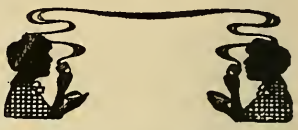
Farewell, Leaves

Oft times when I sit idly by
The window in the Autumn time,
I hear the wind in yon tree sigh
And bid farewell to the sublime.

The leaves fall rustling to the ground
And scurry as the wind does blow;
Flurrying, to their Maker bound—
Bare branches shaking to and fro.

NATHAN PLOVSKY, Sr. 7

SCHOOL NOTES



For All

OUR ASSEMBLIES this year will, in general, follow the plan of the last few years; that is, addresses by visitors or by faculty members; programs by groups of students; musical numbers; lantern slides or movies; and so forth. However, one new feature has been added, in the form of several series of lectures of an informational or cultural nature.

One of these series can be already announced. Miss McComas of the Baltimore Museum of Art will give, on the fourth Wednesday of each month, an illustrated lecture showing and explaining some of the excellent pictures in the collections of the Museum. Thus there will be brought to our students an opportunity to see and study fine pictures, showing the art and culture of other lands. Later other series will be announced.

A further treat may be looked forward to in the many concerts, both vocal and instrumental, which Miss Weyforth is now arranging.

The Mummers' League has already set a high standard in programs given by students. And it may be whispered very confidentially that there is at present a second program in preparation, which we may expect to see shortly. A rumor is abroad that much originality has been shown in the theme and in the plans for presentation. Get your expectations aroused; may they not be dashed.

"The Fete of Nations"

IT WAS FELT that there should be some great movement to get the parents and teachers better acquainted at the beginning of the school year. "The Fete of Nations," in which each class was assigned a different country to represent, afforded this opportunity. Chairmen were appointed for each grade and the parents and teachers have cooperated splendidly in the meetings which have been held.

Each class plans to carry out, according to the country assigned, one or two of the most prominent and interesting features of that country. For instance the first grade has Parisian France. They will exhibit inexpensive frocks which everyone will find pleasure in seeing and buying. The kindergarten is representing Germany and you will be interested to know they are having a Zoo. This you will find most amusing. The others will prove very colorful and a great surprise.

The Bazaar is to be held October 17th, 1930. It is going to be a gala occasion for all.

A Council Ceremony

THURSDAY EVENING, September 1, a new ceremony was introduced to the boarding students especially meant for the Juniors—that of accepting the Juniors into the Student Council. A very brief, but beautiful program was presented. The members of the Boarding Student Council informally stood in the foyer and a member of the Junior Class came forward and asked questions which were answered by the Student Council officers. Some of the questions were: What does it mean to become a member of the Student Council of this school? How does one live in the Spirit of Education? etc. Then Elizabeth Akehurst came forward representing the Spirit of Education in the person of a Greek maiden. She carried a torch and passed through the foyer. Standing at the far end, she lit a candle ensconced in a Japanese lantern for each person present at the ceremony while the Seniors sang "Follow the Gleam." Imagine the beauty and simplicity of a single file of colored lanterns moving slowly in the hushed darkness to Miss Tall's and then turning to climb the hill to the Administration Building. On the top step, the Spirit of Education stood while a circle slowly formed below on the walk. The Seniors gathered around the Greek maiden. She spoke thus: "The campus is yours, the school is yours—we are one." The Seniors sang Alma Mater. Slowly the crowd broke up, but they were hushed groups for the full significance of the ceremony created a thoughtfulness in all.

The League of Young Women Voters

AMONG THE MANY organizations of the school there is the League of Young Voters. It is a club to promote good fellowship among the Juniors and Seniors and to have members of our school become acquainted with students of other colleges and Normal Schools, and to bring current events and speakers of interest to them.

Last year we had many interesting meetings. Most of them were held in Richmond Hall Parlor at which we had speakers from Russia, Germany, and China who were delightful and told us about the conditions in their respective countries. Occasionally we met in Baltimore at the College Club.

This year we have planned to have many more speakers. Then, too, we are going to have meetings at the College Club in Baltimore. Our first gathering is to be a reception in Richmond Hall Parlor, and the second, a supper at one of the inns in town. So with all of these interesting things in store we invite the Juniors and also the Seniors to come out and join us and share in our various activities.

LAVINIA WEAVER, Sr. 8

Social Activities of Junior Week

HOMESICK JUNIORS? Well, not many of them—with our rushing them to death every day to drive away the blues. They had little time for "thoughts of home" because their days were busy even after the entrance tests were dismissed from their minds.

There was dancing every night, with tea dances on Thursday and Friday. According to several observations of the Juniors, these tea dances should have been called "punch dances"—at least they noticed the substitution.

After dinner Thursday, a very impressive candle ceremony was conducted when the Juniors were formally taken into our ranks.

Saturday was play day. The morning was given over to sight-seeing trips, and the afternoon to a picnic scheduled for Loch Raven, a hike to Rodgers Forge, and a swimming party at Rocky Point. These could have been much more successful had it not been for the deceit of Old Sol. On his account the picnickers had to content themselves with an indoor picnic and quiet games. The hikers really did get drenched.

As a proper ending of their first week at Normal, the Juniors were escorted in groups to their various churches on Sunday morning.

ANNADA LILLEY, Sr. 11

New Student Officers' Room

THINGS AS USUAL are happening in the dormitory—bigger and better things. Right now Room One in the basement of Newell Hall is getting the "once-over" for a purpose. It is to be a room for Student Officers where organization heads shall meet for pleasure and to discuss their problems. It is a bright and cheery room and will be even more so when the reed furniture and Bridge lamps are added. Cabinet meetings may be held here whenever necessary, and records may be filed close at hand. Every student officer has the privilege of using this room —it is for their convenience.

M. FISHER, Sr. 10

Do You Know?

That Mr. George Ehlers, gardener and keeper of the M. S. N. S. grounds, took the following premiums for us at the Maryland State Fair at Timonium: First premium on 9 stone Tomatoes and 6 Beets, and second premium on 3 Egg Plants, 6 Mangle Wurtzels, and 1 pk. of Lima Beans, making a total of Seven Dollars.

THE A. A. WEEK-END

Friday, September 19th, marked the commencement of an enjoyable week-end for Miss Roach, Miss Daniels, and six girl students. Sunday evening, they returned from the Campfire camp on the Severn River with exciting tales.

Friday night, after a tasty paper bag supper, the group became very sociable, aided by the games of "pigs" and "hearts." Pig is rather a noisy game; in fact, so much noise was made that later in the evening, when all were in bed, the echoes of the game came to us from the woodland folk. However, maybe we know better.

Saturday was spent in, on and around the water. A dinner at noon, with Miss Daniels as chief cook spoke for itself. The traditional campfire ceremonial took place Saturday evening.

Swimming was again indulged in the following day. Miss Sperry, Miss Gross, Miss Diefenderfer, and Miss Boteler visited the camp and enjoyed a swim.

Doesn't this sound inviting enough? We are going again October 4th. Keep all the good times in mind and plan to go on the next trip.

TENNIS

Normal's Tennis Team last year had a very successful season, winning seven matches and losing only one. However, that is all past history and this year we are expecting to have the most successful tennis season Normal has ever had. We are going to arrange a very fine schedule which will include the teams of University of Baltimore, Western Maryland, Tome, Gilman High School, Forest Park High, and U. S. Naval Academy Plebes.

Besides this interesting team program we are having the Annual Mixed Doubles Tourney. This Tourney is very popular since it serves a social purpose and we hope to have a very large entry list. There is no need in wasting words to emphasize the many benefits of Tennis as a sport and it seems that Tennis should be by far the most popular sport at Normal since it can be played by all.

MORTON LIPSITZ, Sr. 8

JUNIOR-SENIOR GAME

The first meeting of the traditional friendly rivals resulted in the Seniors annexing the soccer game by the score of 2 to 0. In the first half the Seniors took the lead when the line started a quick rush down the field, which coupled with several neat passes, put the ball in position for Nicodemus to score the first counter. Joe Haggerty nearly tied the count when he had a clear shot in front of the goal, but a quick play on the part of Bowers prevented the score. Our old friend, Allah Bebba Jansen, started a fast dribble down the field near the end of the first half. He was formidably reinforced by the dashing, curly-headed Irishman, Silbert. When Jansen was trapped we always found Silbert there clearing the field and sending the ball back to Allah Bebba. As Jansen neared the goal, he let go with a powerful kick of his trusty right foot. The ball shot out on a line with the speed of the well known terrapin. But alas and alack, as the fast traveling ball neared the uprights, the goal keeper did not have time enough to get out of the way, and the goalie was struck on the chest with such force that the ball rebounded fully sixteen inches. Then a big burly fullback came tearing in and Allah Bebba, a full fledged gentleman, politely stepped out of the way and gave his opponent a chance to kick the ball. In this manner the renowned Egyptian Hero was unjustly cheated out of the second score for the Seniors. The Juniors made several futile attempts to score but all were thwarted by the Senior backfield. The only outstanding play in the second half was the shooting of the second goal for the Seniors by Evans.

Girls' Athelitics

THE FIRST REGULAR meeting of the Athletic Board was held Thursday, September 18, 1930. The new budget for 1930-1931 was prepared and discussed, and each manager has been notified the amount he is allotted for this year.

A new hiking plan has been inaugurated whereby a group of girls may go on an outing at any time, provided they have made known the fact to any of the hiking managers. The group must walk at least three miles in one hour. They will then receive their points,—one for every three miles. Wednesday will still be the regular hiking day.

Physical Education classes will be resumed the week of October 6th. Hockey ushers in the girls' elective season. Can we depend on having a good season?

Play Day is coming! Thursday, October 9th, is the day set aside. A mixed group of Seniors vs. a mixed group of Juniors! Let's all show class spirit by turning out! A varied program is in the making. Games will include hockey, baseball, volley ball, cage ball, croquet, obstacle golf, horseshoes, relay and circle games. Combine Senior-Junior class spirit, mix with good sportsmanship, and we shall be able to boast of a gloriously successful day!

THE TOWSON NORMAL GAME

In the first soccer game of the season, Normal emerged victorious over Towson High. The game started with a rush but both teams were on edge, and no score resulted in the first quarter. Normal had a splendid chance with a penalty kick but the kick went wide. In the second quarter several substitutions were made for both sides and once more the teams battled pretty evenly until a few minutes before the end of the half when Towson was awarded a penalty. They made this shot good and according to county rules (counting one point for a penalty and two points for a field goal) took the lead by the score of 1 to 0. The half ended about a minute later. After a rest, both teams came out and battled with renewed vigor. Normal, now having the benefit of the slope of the ground, immediately began to press the Towson goal. After several unsuccessful shots, Fitzell secured the ball on the wing. He crossed a neat shot directly at the goal. There was no one near the goal and the goal keeper for Towson, full of confidence decided to kick the ball instead of clearing it with his hands. He missed the ball entirely and it bounced through. This placed Normal in the lead by the score of 2 to 1. In the last quarter, Towson kept sending in fresh men trying to outrun Normal but Normal with the lead had no intentions of giving up. Rough play entered because time was growing short and Towson was playing with reckless abandon. There were several dangerous rallies on both sides but the game ended with the score 2 to 1 in favor of Normal.

SPORTS

Morton Lipsitz, the ranking No. 1 man on the M. S. N. S. tennis squad has been busy this summer garnering several records for himself. Not content with following the lead of others, "Mutt" gathered in a partner and went after the endurance tennis championship. During an interview with the TOWERLIGHT Rep. Morton divulged his secrets:

"We played hard up to the last minute. Not merely "lobbing" the balls over the net, but continued stroking and placing the ball all over the court. We kept score and immediately I won most of the sets, but nevertheless we felt 'groggy' during the night and the four hours before dawn almost killed me. But when the people arrived, of course we felt a little better. After sixteen hours of constant driving and serving and running, we decided to quit. Several girls tried to 'cop' our glory, but they 'flopped' and we're still the 'official' champions. Yes, we had timers and judges and everything. No, it wasn't so bad and it was well worth all we went through."

This bland modest speech or comment of Morton adequately describes what he went through and he fully deserves all the credit he received.

Good work, "Mutt", keep it up; we are all behind you.

IRVIN R. BROSE

JOKES

HEARD IN SENIOR 8

Dumb—Mary has been operated on for infantile paralysis.

Bell—Is she back to normal yet?

Dumb—No, she goes to Goucher.

In his announcement on a Sunday morning, the vicar regretted that money was not coming in fast enough—but he was no pessimist

"We have tried," he said, "to raise the necessary money in the usual manner. We have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar can do."

Near-sighted Old Man (eating a box of loose-leaf reinforcements): "Well, by heck, these life savers don't taste like they used to."

It won't be long before mama dolls say, "Gimme"!

"What are the overalls for?"

"Don't be foolish. These aren't overalls. It's a tuxedo."

Judge: Well, John, I can give you this divorce, but it'll cost you $3.

John: Three dollars, Boss?

Judge: That's the fee.

John: Well, Boss, I 'jess tell ya, I don't b'lieve I wants no divorce. Dere ain't three dollah difference 'tween dem two wimmen.

Claude Potte will leave for a short trip to New York as soon as his brother gets back with the valise.

The girl who falls in love with movie stars is to us almost as hopeless as the cow that falls in love with a Bull Durham advertisement.—*M. I. T. Voodoo.*

Juniors are just discovering that Psychology, Geography, and English are no miniature courses.

ASK UNCLE REUBEN

Send your heart problems and Student Teaching problems to Uncle Reuben. Jr. 3 Mailbox.

Dear Uncle Reuben:

1. How much should an eighteen year old girl, 5 ft. 2½ inches, with blond wavy hair weigh? (The hair is bleached.)

2. How is my penmanship?

Answer:

1. I am sorry, I can't answer this question unless I know whether your hair is in water waves or a permanent.

2. I can't tell. However, your typing is atrocious.

Dear Uncle Reuben:

1. We are three Juniors, A, B, and C. There are three boys in the Senior Class for whom we care. (D, E, and F.) What can we do to make ourselves more appealing to them?

2. There seems to be some mix-up here; A cares for D, but D is friendly to C. B cares for F, but F is friendly to A, and C cares for E who is friendly to B. How can we straighten out these affairs?

THREE PUZZLED JUNIORS.

Answer:

1. I seriously fear, young ladies, that your case is a hopeless one. You must remember the broad gap which lies between a Senior and a Junior. For a Senior to shower attention upon a Junior is to break the fundamental law of class distinction. If, however, you are blessed with optimistic natures, you might take a course on "How to Get Your Man." Careful application to such a course might result favorably. D, E, and F might learn to acknowledge you with an occasional smile.

2. I suggest that you review thoroughly your alphabet.

"Have you got your notes written on your handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"And have you the textbook concealed in your hat?"

"Yes."

"And did you make arrangements to sit behind Fred where you could see his paper?"

"Yes."

"All right—let's go on to that ethics final."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

She: Joe told me a story last night.

And: Did he tell it well?

She: Well, he held his audience.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

WHERE IS MY WANDERING GIRL TO-NIGHT?

Monday:	Glee	Club	rehearsal	at	3.30	P.M.
Tuesday:	"	"	"	"	"	"
Wed'day:	"	"	"	"	"	"
Thursday:	"	"	"	"	"	"
Etc.						

MODERN EDUCATION

The Stockdale School Board is having all the teachers and pupils repaired and refinished.—*Stockdale (Tex.) Paper.*

Friend—Do you think the great outstanding poem of the country has yet been written?

Poet—It has not only been written, but it has been rejected.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Last year's Jr. 3 has been divided into Seniors 7 and 8. The administration has, no doubt, decided to give every teacher a "break."

The little girl who used to want an all day sucker now just wants one for evening.—*Life.*

"Be sure your jokes are funny this year," warned the editor. "If necessary, you may make some wisecracks about the teachers."

We are sorry, but nothing humorous has happened. No teacher has yet fallen down the stairs.

PLAYING NO FAVORITES

For Rent—Rooms for gentleman or school teachers.—*River Rouge (Mich.) Herald.*

HEARD AT THE TEA DANCE

She: Can you dance on one foot?

He: *Of course.*

She: Then keep off my other one.

Respectfully submitted to Mr. Minnegan:

Modern Sculpture: Truly a masterful creation! Oh, what lines! What movement! What strange characterization!

Proprietor: Pardon me, sir, but that is the ninth hole on our miniature golf course.—*Punch.*

Wife (finding cook on husband's lap): What are you doing with the cook?

Quick-witted Husband: For heaven's sake lower your voice. We are conspiring against the government.—*Medley.*

EVOLUTION

Jr. at State Normal: Assemblies every day! Hurrah! Three cheers! Etc.!

Sr. at State Normal: (Censored.)

SPEAKING OF HOT ONES

Correspondence during the summer's hot spell revealed that in Clarkesburg they were able to pick *baked* apples from the trees; in Catonsville, where water for use of lawn-sprinkling was prohibited by the authorities, the trees dripped apple cider to help offset the deficit; Cambridge reported the feeding of crushed ice to chickens to prevent them from laying hard-boiled eggs.

Excited Jr.: "Oh, you know who I mean—the teacher who always gives us 808.8 C for reference.

"Do you think genius is hereditary?"

"I don't know—I have no children."—*Nebelspater, Zurich.*

McCauley: My son is going to be a great historian.

McGuffy: Talk him out of it. There's no future to that job. *Life.*

She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.—*Pitt Panther.*

Ye Outing Ballad!

By Senior 3

Nigh eve it was in yon olde greenwoods
A merrie bande were we.
We called for our rolls, for our rolls called we.
And we called for our hot dogs three.
A hey, dill, dill, and a pickle.

To have a good time we were bade.
Whereupon did we drink lemonade.
A hey, dill, dill, and a pickle.

The pretzels of saltie did taste,
Nor left we one droppe of waste.
A hey, dill, dill, and a pickle.

The wormies did crawl o'er our feet,
While Minnie did three pickles eat.
A hey, dill, dill, and a pickle.

Ever anon to the fyre we went,
While the odors of pretzels and pickles e'er blent.
A hey, dill, dill, and a pickle.

The crowde about us soon did sway,
Fain their heads on ye pillows to lay.
A hey, dill, dill, and a pickle.

Miss Van Bibber a pickle jar did find,
Which will fore'er her of Senior 3 remind.
A hey, dill, dill, and a pickle.

And then on the fyre we threw ye ice,
Which ended a day—oh! ever so nice.
A hey, dill, dill, and a pickle.

This is a sample of correlation between English IV and one of Senior 3's social activities—yes, we were out picnicking! We used the communal theory—seniors, do you know what that is?

"Say It With Flowers"

Everything That Is Artistic in

Cut Flowers and Plants

▼

ISAAC H. MOSS
INC.

5315 York Rd. Baltimore, Md.

JENKINS & McCALL
COAL CO., Inc.

Domestic, Steaming
and Smithing Coals

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND

Lexington Market: PLaza 2510-11-12

Hollins Market: PLaza 1083
CAlvert 0068

D. Callahan's Sons

SEA FOOD

BALTIMORE MARYLAND

SAMUEL KIRK & SON
Incorporated
421 N. Charles Street

GOLD JEWELRY *DIAMONDS*
CLOCKS *WATCHES*
SILVERWARE
FINE STATIONERY

Founded 1815

THE SECOND

NATIONAL BANK

of TOWSON, MD.

HENRY RECKORD

Ford

At Towson Since 1913

BALTIMORE'S LARGEST
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY STORE

LAMPELL'S

Home of
SORORITY HATS

31 W. LEXINGTON ST.

PLaza 2524

THE SUPREME
ICE CREAM CO.

"Your Sweetest Neighbor"

1224-28
GREENMOUNT AVENUE

BALTIMORE, MD.

Your Banking Needs
Are Courteously
Supplied at

The Baltimore County Bank

YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

UNUSUAL GIFTS
25 Cents to 25 Dollars
Greeting Cards of All Kinds
AMY B. HISS

Chesapeake Ave. Towson, Md.

Phone, VErnon 0261
GORMAN'S
TRUNKS, BAGS, LEATHER GOODS
329 N. Howard Street
Baltimore, Md.
Repairing a Specialty

GRIFFITH & TURNER CO.
Our Large Improved Store
Is Equipped to Fill Every Need
FARM GARDEN LAWN
205-215 Paca St. 338 N. Gay St.
Phone CAlvert 2300

TUxedo 0146-2627
Members of F. T. D.

FRED. C. BAUER
Florist and Nurseryman
181-187 Gittings Avenue
Govans, Md.

WEBER
Invites the Students and Teachers of Towson State Normal School to avail themselves of the special prices extended to Educational Institutions on Artists' Materials.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Drawing Papers, Inks, etc., at our local headquarters.

F. WEBER CO.
227 Park Ave.

HERGENRATHER DRUG CO.
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
Agents for
Max Factors Society Make Up
Bourjois Evening in Paris Perfume
Barbara Gould Facial Treatment
Whitman's Chocolates
Martha Washington Bon Bons
Sheaffer Fountain Pens
Eastman Kodaks and Films
Films Developed 24 Hour Service
Motorcycle Delivery Phone Towson 39
Jersey Ice Cream

Distinctive Portrait Photography
SCHINDELE
519 N. Charles Street
BALTIMORE

Phone MAdison 1851-W
JOHN WUNTZ
Piano Tuning and Repairing
3041 Arunah Avenue
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE
McMAHON
TRANSPORTATION CO.
Buses for All Occasions
HAmilton 2078 Overlea, Md.

Let Your Light Direct You to
THE TOWSON
NATIONAL BANK
As the Place to Do Your Banking
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE

Phone, Towson { 201 / 204
Louis W. Held & Sons, Inc.
Established in 1868
Towson Bakery & Goodie Shop
Wedding Cakes a Specialty

Telephone Towson 856
GEO. H. STIEBER
Table Delicacies
531 YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

Compliments of
The
BLACK & DECKER
MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD.

THE MONROE CO.
206 W. LEXINGTON STREET
Baltimore
Costume Jewelry, Evening Jewelry, Ensemble Sets, Etc. Full assortment of Rings, Watches, Lighters, all at moderate prices.
WE WILL CASH YOUR CHECKS
JEWELRY REPAIRS

SILVERWARE—WATCHES
A. H. FETTING COMPANY
Manufacturing Jewelers
314 CHARLES STREET, NORTH
BALTIMORE, MD.
CLASS PINS *CLASS RINGS*

Compliments
of
MASON'S GARAGE &
SERVICE STATION
TOWSON, MD.

Momjian's
Where Normal Students Meet to Eat
DELICIOUS SODAS AND SUNDAES
HOMEMADE SANDWICHES
See Them Made

Sheet Music and Books
Victor and Columbia Records
RADIOS
THE G. FRED KRANZ
MUSIC CO.
327 N. Charles St.
PLaza 3732

McCALLISTERS
for
HIGH GRADE
ATHLETIC GOODS
124 W. Baltimore St.

INDIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY!

WE have a Department devoted exclusively to work of this nature!

UNIVERSITY—
COLLEGE—
SCHOOL—
ACADEMY—

Annuals
Quarterlies
Monthlies
Weeklies
Hand Books
Programs
Song Books
Blotters
Humorous

View Books
Catalogs
Literature

Designing
Engraving
Printing
Binding

The READ-TAYLOR CO
ADVERTISING
BALTIMORE

Lombard & South CAlvert 1800

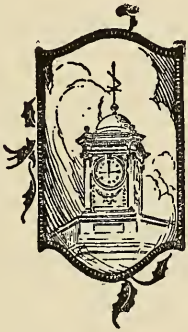
Producers of "Tower Light"

The TOWER LIGHT

NOVEMBER, 1930

LIBRARY
TOWSON MD.

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

Contents

	Page
Cover Design ..... *Margaret Angerman*	
Diaries, Journals or What-Not	3
Poems	7
Yesterday and Today	9
On Being a Hero at Sunset	10
A Good Recipe for a Fine Audience Attitude	12
Occasion Extraordinaire	13
Concert of Mozart String Quartet	14
Greek Myths	15
Education—Why?	16
Outstanding Assemblies	18
Elementary School Holds a Fete of Nations	19
Our Savage Gentleman	20
The Alumni Luncheon	21
School Notes	22
Athletics	27
Jokes	30
Advertisements	33

The Tower Light

Vol. IV November, 1930 No. 2

Diaries, Journals, or What-Not

"THE WORD Journal should be reserved for the purely objective historical or scientific record, and the word Diary for the personal memoranda, notes, and expressions of opinion." So Arthur Ponsonby in a most delightful book on English Diaries—we recommend it—makes distinction in terms. If we accept the distinction, perhaps here at school we should all turn right about face and call what we have been terming diaries, journals. Surely we have been trying to be most objective, most scientific, and perhaps even vaguely hopeful that we might achieve the historic. Call it what you will. Only—we beg of you—keep something objective that will record those experiences YOU are having with children; those experiences that no one but YOU are having with those particular children in that particular spot at that particular time.

Why should you? This same author, Ponsonby—we repeat, his is a most delightful book, and it is in our library—tells us why people keep diaries. He insists that there is an "itch to record!" Oh, that he may be right! We have not yet noticed any universal manifestation of such "itch" among you, but we take heart from his words. Furthermore, we have not been discouraged, for though we should hardly dare to suggest to seventeen or eighteen that it might be hard to teach them new tricks, we are aware of the difficulties attending the formation of new habits. We respectfully refer you to James's Laws of Habit formation. But again—we fear the title has brought on a rambling diary mood—why should you record? And again, we must tell you that Ponsonby, with a perspicacity that makes an inveterate diarist a bit uncomfortable, says that we keep diaries in the hope that sometime what we really wanted to say but did not quite dare to expose will be read when we are safely dead; or to make note of a celebrity whom we have had the honor of meeting; or in the unacknowledged desire that a friend might come upon it and read it; or to have something to remind us in old age of past events and changing moods.

All very good, and no doubt very true as all good things must be. You who keep personal diaries may check these reasons and others that we have not time to quote—Ponsonby even goes so far as to say

that some keep diaries instead of saying their prayers——against the urge that impels you in dressing-gown and slippers to make your nightly jottings. We leave you to these and our blessings go with you. We even ask you not altogether to forego the mood of this your diary when you write the diaries or journals which we are so eager that you keep. We want, we want so very much, as we said in the beginning, that you record those things that children do or say—YOUR children, in YOUR classroom, in YOUR school. Why? Because there are such marvellous things to learn from these children whom you are trying to teach. They are living in a world that most of us have forgotten, granted that we ever were children. Some of us, you know, never were. And you also know, of course, that if we never were children, we never will be able to teach, nor do anything else, for that matter, that requires some art in our souls. It is a wonderful world, that world of children. Do you remember that little eight-year-old boy at the Stelton School who watched the sparks flying up the chimney one night and wrote, "They go up red birds and come down black birds"? And do you remember that twelve-year-old at St. Christopher who in the Christmas Carol that he wrote imaged the Christ Child so exquisitely? Listen:

> *"He curled a lazy rose-bud toe*
> *In warm sublimity;*
> *He was too young to know*
> *Of His divinity".*

Here on our desk are many diaries you have been keeping. In one the diary of the way children learned to love the literature of the sea, we find this by an eleven-year-old:

> *"I hear the calmness and quietness*
> *And serenness of the sea,*
> *The placidity and stillness of the sea,*
> *The tranquillity and undisturbedness of the sea".*

Your children are thinking things like these. When you find such expressions of their thought, you will know a joy greater than that in your own creation. You will want to record them and keep them always—perhaps, for old age. This last thought brings us back again to Ponsonby who says that there is always an element of selfishness in the diarist because the perfectly selfless person would not keep a diary. We must confess that the element of selfishness does figure in what we have been saying, for we have called attention to the preservation of records for our own joy and the joy of those who might also read of the lovely things that children do. But all this is only a small part of the story. What we really want most to have you do is to keep records of children in such a way that you may see their needs more clearly, understand them better, and so teach them better. Let us quote from a few other diaries on our desk and let them speak for themselves.

Here is one that fills two notebooks whose covers announce that they contain 100 pages (for five cents)! The writing, however, is large—we want to say, scrawly—and there is, we think, a virtue in the scrawliness, for the scrawliness speaks of the effort to catch the fleeting thought, to get down the facts before they escape. Yes, it is a good scrawliness. We quote just a few bits to show the spirit in which the jottings were made. The record is that of a unit on Transportation.

> 9-10-30 (Note that even the date is written in the briefest possible form). I held the picture of a clipper ship and a modern steamship before the class and asked them to look at both pictures carefully and tell me what was different about the two ships. Sylvan noted the sails, Sheldon the wireless, and Edward the decks on the steamship. I asked the class to identify some of the pictures on the bulletin board. Sheldon ran up and showed the battle ship. James showed the clipper. Irving showed the motor boat. I asked the class if they knew a place nearby where we could go to see some of the ships we spoke about and Edward said, "Recreation Pier."
>
> 9-11-30. The class remembered instantly that we were going to Recreation Pier. Before class, Edward had asked me whether we were going that day. Sheldon told the class he expected to see steam boats. Lilly expected to see a ferry . . . After a few minutes of play we called them together and started looking at the ships. The first thing we noticed was the ferry boat. Lilly told us what it was. Irwin read the name, Howard W. Jackson. Sam noticed the workmen and the horse carts it was carrying. Isadore noticed the pilot boat docked along side the pier that was being scraped by the crew. Isadore wanted to know what the shutters on the top of the decks were. I told him those were hatches. Martin asked the names of the round holes in the sides of the ship. I told him they were port holes. Isadore asked why they had all the rope on the front of the boat. To tie up the boat when it got in at the dock. Edward wanted to know why the men were scraping the boat. To clean it from the slime and rust accumulated.

Remember, there are two note books of such jottings. From just the few sentences quoted, do you know anything about Isadore? Were you surprised that Edward who had suggested the Recreation Pier asked the next morning if they were going there that day? Would the teacher studying her notes know more about Sheldon, Irwin, and Sam, as day by day their characters and their achievements unfolded in the pages of her diary? Would she have any data from which she could criticize her own teaching, the way she handled the questions that were asked her, for example? When, at the end of the whole

unit, she carefully read her notes, summarized what the children—real children—Sheldon, Isadore, Sam, Edward—not an abstraction known as the "Class"—had learned, would she be able to teach these children better?

Here is another, the record of a unit on The Home. It interspersES the diary record with plans based upon the record—an excellent thing to do.

> Sept. 15, 1930. Since the first day of school, the children have been drawing houses, making things for the home in clay and talking about houses. One boy started to make a bed.
>
> Sep. 16. (From plan). Ask Donald to bring up the bed that he and Philip have been making.
>
> Sep. 17. (From diary). Philip brought a box to school and Howard brought a board for making things. Donald wanted to stop making his bed and make a house. Student asked him if he thought it would not be better to finish what he had started. He continued. Doris referred to some of the bedrooms posted as suggestions of practice teacher as an aid to her work. Doris brought up a chair which she is making for the room and told us that she was going to finish it.
>
> Sep. 18 (from plan). Ask Doris to bring up her chair. Ask her if she had done the things to it that the children suggested yesterday. Ask her why the chair has come apart in one place. Ask her what color she is going to paint it.

So the diary and the plan and the teaching, the teaching, the diary, and the plan proceed. Doris painted her chair—it is so recorded—green. She repaired it, first, of course. And Donald finished his bed, be it set down to his eternal credit.

Have you ever listened late at night to the clock in the tower as it strikes the hour? We mean when everybody but you is asleep. It is a solemn sound. We have rambled, for the spirit of the diary is on us this night. We must close—we cannot help it—with the words of Pepys, the Prince of Diarists, "And so to bed."

AGNES SNYDER.

Pondering

I am weary;
My mind longs for the sweet rest
Of contentment and satisfaction,
And the calm bliss
Of peaceful days
And tranquil nights.

I am sad;
My soul is tortured
By sharp stings and bitter pain
O, would that I again might know
The peace of sweet yesterdays.

I am lonesome;
My heart aches and is empty
Depressed by the barrenness which surrounds me.
Long, cold hours
Of fruitless expectancy,
Only to suffer and wait.

It is Autumn.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, *Senior* 8.

Have You Thought?

By N. K. S.

Did you ever think as you walked along
On your path that leads to school
That you are a part of the machinery here
An instrument and a tool?

Have you ever thought what you will become
When you have left these halls,
Whether you have been a bluff and a goat
Or one of the stones of these walls?

It is not so much what you do
But how you did it and why
That counts on the record of your time
Your sinking or rising toward the sky.

A Tragedy

Do you know what has happened under the hill?
They say that . . . .
I heard that . . . .
They're all of them whispering:
Pan's heart is . . . .
Pan's song is . . . .
Pan's pipe is . . . . still!

G. C.

Joys

Oh! how I love to sail on high
Upon nature's deep blue seas,
And feel the ship sway gently on
With the sting of the salty breeze.

Oh! how I love to watch the sun
Break over the gray, cold sea,
And brightly circle until the dusk
Through God's eternal canopy.

To see the stars their light diffuse
O'er watered hills that heave and sigh,
And feel the ship rock to and fro
To the tune of a lullaby.

J. J. Baranco, *Senior 7.*

Enigma

We who are not of this world
Wonder why we are shunned—
Why we are hated—
Why we are hurt—
Why is it?
Why are we left to think—
Think thoughts that burn
And sear—
And drive us mad?
Why?

Genevieve Shules.

Yesterday and Today

HAVING BUT LITTLE genuine interest in the program of the Home Makers' Clubs, other than that of human curiosity, it was not until three o'clock that I strolled in, with one purpose in mind and that was to meet and talk with Mrs. J. Albert Price, President of the Home Makers' Club. I had been told that Mrs. Price had graduated from Normal in 1886 and so I asked her, "What are the main differences that you see between State Normal in 1886 and now?"

First she said, "Well, it is so entirely different I hardly know what to say." Mrs. Price first discussed the difference in the curriculum. The classes were really a series of lectures. There were no texts but there was a library! The only observation consisted of two weeks in a Model School and there was no *Student Teaching*. I began to think of the 1886 Normal as Utopia. No "Health Ed", no "Ed Measures", no industrial arts, no music to speak of, other than learning a few songs, and the "gym" course consisted of calisthenics. It was then that I began to realize what they missed. Of course they had history and geography and all the rest, and incidentally a course in shorthand. I couldn't quite get the logic of teaching a teacher shorthand, but Mrs. Price said the lectures were very long.

There were no dormitories and out-of-town students boarded at nearby residences. The social life consisted of three clubs: the Normal Club, and the Pestalozzi Club. One's membership was determined by drawing a slip and the name you drew was your club. The Glee Club was the third and those who sang at all belonged to that.

The class of 1886 had sixty-four members, including three men, one now our Congressman, Mr. Charles Linthicum. Incidentally those three men were the idols of the school. Sounds logical, doesn't it?

Mrs. Price said that she attended the 1915 reunion and there were fifteen of the 1886 class there. She feels that the biggest improvement is the dormitories. She, who knew what it was to board out, appreciates them even more than we. In one very full day, she had little time to know much about our Normal, but she has promised to come and spend a day with us.

E. L. R.

Our Glen

Do you know our Glen, our spot of sunshine and shade where we spend hours of leisure in touch with Mother Nature, where we go picnicking around a roaring fire? We watch the bright sparks rise till they are lost among the stars. Here we sing songs of friendship; here memories are made. May you love our Glen as we love it!

FRANCES HALL, *Senior* 10.

On Being a Hero at Sunset

PRIMITIVE MAN stalked the jungle path. The simplicity of his civilization gives a broad hint concerning his furtive stealth. He hunted either for food or for enemies or for women. Whatever specific objective rested under his shaggy hair is of little importance. It is clear that he realized his goal. A subdued woman, or the head of an enemy, or the carcass of a jungle denizen was dumped heavily into the clearing outside the group of caves that housed the tribe.

Raucous screams greeted his proudly triumphant entrance. Quite becoming the glamour of the occasion, primitive man placed his foot upon the conquered subject and allowed himself the uncensored pleasure of three blaring huzzas. This ceremony being noisily completed, admiring glances and gutteral utterances sufficiently proclaimed the news that another fellow-tribesman had become a Hero.

The earth is now far distant from this palaeolithic culture, and the enormity of years spacing the primitive from our modern era has naturally resulted in a complete metamorphosis. Aside from the salient facts that the science of plumbing has been advanced and the quality of clothing materials is higher, the making of a Hero is now a problem of infinite complexity and a practice as difficult as love-making at three o'clock in the afternoon.

A close analysis of statistics reveals that modern environments offer only two ways of being recognized as a Hero. These open avenues are broadly classified into two general fields: contributing to the advance of civilization at the expense of one's body, or suffering an injury during the act of furnishing interest to the bored populace of our modern earth.

The general public pooh-poohs the former way on the ground that any attempt to advance the progress of our life is the result of an unaltruistic purpose. Newspaper readers are quick to point out this discrepancy by quoting the familiar quotation of trans-oceanic fliers, endurance contestants, and the remaining specimens of similar ilk, "We did so and so in order to prove that such and such a procedure is commercially feasible." Even the most ardent Hero-worshipper turns up his nose at the word, "commercial".

It is our duty to turn to the latter fashion of becoming a Hero. The finicky person will, no doubt, have trouble in the selection of the most important manner of becoming injured. As a matter of fact, this uncertainty should offer no great problem. The ideal way is to be shot by an automatic pistol. There are, however, certain mental hazards and physical inconveniences that are entailed in an impairment of this variety. It is a bit uncertain as to the extent of the hurt and good people look with suspicion upon a shot person because of the natural association that shooting is engaged in only by persons of inferior rank.

Writing from personal adventures, an effective substitute may be secured by receiving a hurt in bodily contact. With the increasing indulgence in athletic contests by the multitude, an injury received during the process of a game is not only given immediate recognition "per se" but also is acclaimed a virtuous inflictment of a most ideal type.

Having finally and with laborious effort succeeded in reaching the goal, our Hero must be competent to assume his part. Again our complex civilization must be conquered. In the case of the cave-dweller, an extemporaneous ten minutes of vocal ribaldry sufficed as a fitting episode and a grand climax. The modern Hero has no such fortune. The remaining lines of this essay are given over to the inexperienced.

As soon as the Hero's foot—it will be assumed that a foot injury has occurred—has received its sound whack, he must fall stunned for an instant. When his comrades come to his assistance, he must wave them aside with a cheerful smile and stagger several steps. As his team-mates reach forth to steady him, he must fall gracefully but heavily to the sod.

Of course, the ever present coach runs hurriedly to his stricken player and, after a hasty survey of the situation, orders the cleated shoe to be removed. There is the proverbial fumbling of the shoe laces and the customary whispered curses of the fumbler. Carefully the swollen foot is bandaged, two spectators are summoned, and the Hero is carried to the infirmary at which place scene two takes place.

At the doctor's office, dialogue now displaces action. The Hero's friends are now present and he must display, together with a dogged determination not to show pain, a keen wit, a suave manner, and an unconcerned air. Having laughed loudly at Paul's pleasantry that amputation at the knee is all that will be needed for the present and having listened attentively to Mutt's stirring account of his adventures in a tricycle collision, the Hero converses with the working doctor in a joking manner on the joyful topics of Benefits, Crutches, Pain, etc.

Part three, concerns the trip to the waiting vehicle about which linger the always present small boys. Subdued voices bid the Hero a speedy recovery. Dear friends!

Coming home to a nervous mother taxes the Hero's dramatization to its most extreme veil. Mother must be convincingly told that it was a slippery stair that caused the damage. (At least, on the first day, mothers are never told the truth.) Mother knows very well the true details of the cause of the accident, but hides this knowledge behind her active bustling to make things comfortable. (Mothers never tell their children that the truth is obvious—not on the first day, at least.) Big Brother enters and seriously remarks that an amputation at the thigh is immediately necessary. The Hero laughs very loudly at this witticism, because it is twice as funny as the one Paul made in the doctor's office. Paul went only to the knee.

Little sister uncomplainingly brings a glass of milk, Joe promises to bring the books listed, George runs home to get his chess-board and men, Father says that he knows where he can borrow a walking stick. Our Hero has come into his own.

But why the "Sunset" in the title? Didn't anyone notice the quiet girl waiting stolidly near the vehicle and didn't anyone observe the soft light in her eyes? Well, the Hero is enrolled in a professional school where he thinks it indiscreet to mention his love matters. The "Sunset", therefore, is placed in the title to supply a bit of romance to those who think that every story must contain this essential.

SILBERT

A Good Recipe For A Fine Audience Attitude

By L. V. B.

Take several hundred young people,

Saturate them with an atmosphere of expectancy,

Whisk them briskly into a large and attractive auditorium,

Add a liberal portion of the yeast of active courtesy and respect for the other fellow,

Bake in an oven of at least 200 opportunities of exercising self control

And serve to the world as a savory concoction that will whet the appetite for more of the same kind.

Thinking

Thinking is like driving in a misty fog,
Through a maze of city streets—
Driving along at a snail-like pace
While the horns cry animal bleats.

Groping, surrounded by a thin grey veil,
With arms outstretched as thoughts elude,
Yearning, aching for the day when Truth
Shall stand in the sunlight—nude—

C. L. MCHALE, '30

"Occasion Extraordinaire"

IF YOU SHOULD say the word "Transportation" to a member of Senior 2, there is no telling what would be the result. Some might smile wearily and pass on. Others might, without ceremony, knock you down. Still others might plunge volubly into an involved and technical discourse on the history of Clipper ships, or how the first steam engine was made, or they might even take you for a momentary flight in their latest model imagination plane. Whatever the responses, there is that feeling in every heart of something accomplished—a gratifying piece of work to which each girl has contributed her best efforts and her wholehearted support, and of which she is proud.

Using the unit made by last year's Senior 2 as a very good start, I think the present Senior 2's "Transportation Outline for Primary Grades" is a well worked out project. There is in it a very rich background of material the like of which one person would find a stupendous if not impossible task to work out alone. It covers the history of the three modes of transportation, an explanation of the many types of planes, boats, trains, and their equipment, definitions of terms, descriptions of foreign methods, the technique of such things as finding routes for roads, and so on and on.

Besides this subject matter there are objectives and activities worked out by the class as a whole, there is a very full and complete bibliography; there are the models—a covered wagon, an airplane, and a Viking Ship (on which we spent many strenuous but happy hours); there is a large collection of pictures; and best of all, there is in every case, the better development of discrimination, cooperation, persistence, and independence, and the ability to delve into a subject and obtain good results.

The class was divided into three groups: Land, Air and Water. Each person was assigned one, two or three special topics to exhaust as nearly as possible. Numerous group meetings made the judgment of the worth of the material so far as it has progressed a lighter task. An editing committee learned how to find things wrong in almost every person's paper (or shall I say stack of papers?) and lost no time in giving them back for addition, subtraction, correction, or revision.

Nine or ten library books per capita each night were nothing at all. The section and instructor were so interested that before long other classes began to peep in to see what we were doing and inquire about the progress of our unit in the same way they might ask about our health. Other members of the faculty became interested and offered help. The school and Pratt librarians were tremendously helpful. Room and materials were gladly provided for construction work. Periods were changed so that we might take a trip. Editing was assured and we knew it would be well done. The world was being kind to us and we knew and appreciated it.

Now we feel that we can return this kindness in a measure by offer-

ing the unit for sale. It is readily adaptable to any primary grade and well worth the small sum at which it is selling. We are not boasting—merely stating facts. What is the saying?—"He that knows and knows that he knows is a wise man—follow him"—Well, we know that our unit is good and we *know* that we know it is good. Buy it—you won't regret it!

P. S. This is not a sales talk.

M. Fiedler

Concert by Mozart String Quartet

On October 20, our assembly had the privilege of listening to one of the most "musicianly" concerts we have heard from our platform. The Mozart String Quartet is a unique organization, all its members are professional musicians, making their living by playing in theatres, for dances, or wherever they may; but for their own musical pleasure and profit they have banded themselves together to play that most intellectual and artistic form of music—the string quartet. They presented two numbers from Mozart, the Menuetto from the thirteenth quartet and the Allegro from the sixteenth. In these, as well as the Menuetto of Boccherini, all in the classical vein, their playing was characterized by delicacy, clarity, balance, and a nice precision of rhythm. The familiar Andanta Cantabile of Tschaikowsky was beautifully played, showing an intellectual as well as an emotional grasp of the composition. The Mozart Quartet play this number as a quartet in which each part has something to say rather than as a solo with accompaniment as it is often heard. In all their numbers, each member of the quartet was adequate. Mr. Lipsch and Mr. Abramovitz alternated as first and second violinists, Mr. Breitenbach playing the viola and Mr. Stofberg the cello.

The splendid spirit of these young men who are willing to come to us to give a concert without remuneration because they love music and love to play, is something to inspire all music lovers whether professional or amateur.

E. P.

Greek Myths

During our study of Greek myths and stories we learned that some of the very fabulous events and objects we read about were not due entirely to a very fertile imagination, but perhaps were the results of inaccurate and careless observations on the part of Greek sailors and travelers. Thus, said one explanation, Ulysses, had he journeyed to Greenland might have reported that "the sky is on fire, Greenland is a vast floating iceberg, and the people are covered with long hair".

The story of Scylla and Charybdis was studied also as a result of a lack of careful investigation into natural causes. The children then wrote stories of their own to show how an ignorant Greek sailor might describe a volcano to his fellow-countrymen who had not witnessed such a startling phenomenon.

E. L. Bowling, '28

An Ignorant Greek Sailor's Account of a Voyage Past a Volcano

On the fifth morning of the voyage, we were passing the dark coast of Africa. Soon we saw a beautiful land with mountains in the distance. Nearly everybody wanted to get off the ships. Just a few stayed on board because they said some evil would come about if we landed.

The rest of us landed and when we got off the ships we jeered at the others for being afraid of landing.

Suddenly the earth rocked and we were all knocked down by the sudden movement. As soon as we got on our feet a monster who was in the mountain spit up fire, rocks, some burning stuff, and great clouds of smoke. Nearly everybody on land was burnt to death and those who weren't were killed instantly by the flying rocks. I, by some miracle, escaped death. I hastened back to the fleet but found there was only one ship left. I hastily boarded it and found out that the others had gone under from the sudden movement of the earth. I heard later that it was caused by the monster moving. We came home as fast as we could. I warn you, my fellow-countrymen, never to go there, for if you do, you will never see your country again.

Margaret E. Willis, 6B,
Howard Park School

THE TOWER LIGHT

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

JEAN MCLAUGHLIN — E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Athletics
IRVIN BROSE
BETTY HITESHEW

Social
ROSALIE LEPHARDT

Jokes
ISADORE SILBERT
REUBEN BAER

Business Manager
HAMMOND CANTWELL

Circulation Managers
VIDA LUDWIG — KATHRYN HENDERSON

Advertising Staff
RACHEL SMITH
ANNA SANDS
DOROTHY WEAVER
EDITH STROMBERG

Secretarial Staff
SADIE HUNTER
KATHARINE SMITH
MINNIE V. LAPIN

$1.50 *per year* — 20 *cents per copy*

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Education—Why

PRESIDENT HOOVER said: "Some poetic mind called America the melting pot for all races; there have been some disappointments in melting adults, but none will deny that our public schools are the real melting pot, pouring out a new race. In our schools, races, class, and religious hatreds fade away. From this real melting pot is the hope of that fine metal which will carry the advance of our national achievement and our national ideals."

In this short paragraph there is the first reason for education. "Our public schools are the real melting pot." In discussing with a Norwegian woman, her first impressions upon reaching America, she said, "There were so many different kinds of people. In Norway there are Norwegians, in Sweden there are the Swedish people but in America there is everybody." This statement brings out the truth and depth of Mr. Hoover's statement, and it is the educating of "everybody"

that makes the educational scope in America so large. The task of the modern teacher is stupendous.

Is it any wonder that a teacher must have at least two years of training? Do you question the method of selection of teachers? Do you think it is unfair to allow only the finest of students, mentally, morally, and physically, to go into this field? Not many years ago students who had not finished High School were teaching in the elementary schools. There was no preparation nor training other than that they received in summer schools. Are these teachers fit to carry out the task of the melting pot?

Two years' training is but a short time for the preparation of teachers. It is a well known fact that the "two year schools" are forced to make their students carry such heavy schedules that it is felt that the pressure is too great. George Washington said: "Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness." Without possessing knowledge a teacher cannot impart knowledge or understand her pupils. To insure public happiness, national achievement, and national ideals, every student in training for teaching should be willing to give the best within him for this great calling.

E. L. R.

Outstanding Assemblies

LAWRENCE RAYMOND TOWNSEND, *Junior 5*

ON OCTOBER 13, Senior 11 gave a very impressive assembly describing the founding of America. The scenes were presented in pantomime and the striking combination of scenery and lights gave a very excellent picture. The plan was to show how the light of the Old World was spread to the New World until civilization had extended all over what is now known as the Western Hemisphere.

Several days later, Mr. Walther referred to the Columbus program in the introduction of his interesting assembly talk by the following: "America was not sought and when found was not wanted, and many attempts were made to find a path around it." Mr. Walther gave a detailed explanation of how maps were made in those days, and how the error of four miles to a degree gave Columbus a wrong impression and led to his sailing the Atlantic in quest of a short route to the Indies. He used other illustrations—the constructing of the aeroplane from a mere toy; the discovery of steam power from a tea kettle's actions—to show us how great things start from small things. He closed with the impressive sentence, "Remember, that all of the greatest things we do in life have small beginnings."

In closing, let me urge upon those who may read this, that when October twelfth comes next year, not to let it pass as "just another day," but to stop, if only for a moment and give it some earnest consideration. Think of the man whose courage and will-power gave to humanity these great continents of America.

All of us are inclined to look forward to the Fourth of July for many weeks in advance. Why? Because on the Fourth there are fireworks and there is the remembrance on that day we were made a united country in striving for liberty and right. Truly, that day is one of great spirit, but why can't we think of Columbus Day as a day of spirit also? What, may we ask you, contains more spirit than the words of Columbus, spoken in the face of mutiny, "Sail On!" So I urge you, as a citizen of the United States and a resident of America to give more consideration to this day. And when the fireworks boom and the lights flare, think also of a dark night on which a tiny light flared in America—a tiny light from a fire—the beacon that drew Columbus to shore—the reward to a very great man who uttered those heroic words, "Sail On!"

Elementary School Holds a Fete of Nations

A HUNDRED YEARS ago it was considered poor seamanship for a captain to feed his crew well during a sea voyage on the theory that no sailor could work efficiently with a full stomach. Regardless of what effects gustatory satisfaction may have upon physical effort, the Te-Pa-Chi Club of the Normal Elementary School discovered that it could do wonders toward luring "backsheesh" from otherwise unapproachable purse strings.

Nitric oxide is otherwise known as "laughing gas", but how superficial its amusement is! For real geniality, nothing can anaesthetize so effectively as the tempting smell of a piping hot, savory chicken supper. More than seven hundred guests and parents attested to that fact as they stepped from the dining hall well fortified to meet the quaintest and most charming adventure one could wish to experience in one evening.

* * * * *

Walking down the Midway we could easily imagine ourselves at a miniature World's Fair. From the color, bustle and dash of a typical American throng, we stepped into the atmosphere of the Old World with an ease which was almost magical. To the right Temptation beckoned us to linger by the old windmill and surrender to the influence of Old Holland and the prim, starched, smiling maids to whom its honor was intrusted.

Then, as if being served ice cream in a real Eskimo igloo had congealed some of our geniality, we hurried to old Mexico to bask in the warm colors of the tropics while we slyly eyed the Spanish Senoritas in their sweeping mantillas.

Nearby we saw the Orient with its dim lights, faint incense and solid comforts. Squatting on the floor sat the merchants eager to spread out their treasures before the eyes of the customers. We made our purchases, but, finding ourselves still imbued with the bargaining fever, we hurried to locate France with its world of fashion. "This way," we were directed, and there it was, big as life and complete even to the artistic Latin Quarter where we posed for our portrait. Being males we felt slightly ill at ease among the extravagant display of ladies' fashions and so we beat a hasty retreat to a nearby rural store to sit on a sure-enough cracker-box beside a sure-enough stove and watch the customers file in and out.

After having experienced a bigger and better thrill in every country we visited, it was hard for us to imagine how we were going to find a climax to our evening, but, find it we did—the Zoo—a real honest-to-goodness zoo, complete down to the sophisticated monkey who, between intervals of scratching, surveyed us with scant curiosity.

* * * * *

And so, my friends, I have taken you hurriedly along the Midway of the Fete of Nations to give you a tiny idea of its completeness and of the splendid cooperation between school and parents that was necessary in order to bind the curricula of all the grades into a unified whole. At any rate, the local historian assures us that nothing approaching this event has ever happened before. Is it too much for us to hope to live to see another? And, if we do, will you be there, too?

H. E. Moser

Our Savage Gentlemen

In this world there are men and more men. There are also Normal School men. Normal School men are in a class by themselves. One doesn't appreciate this fact until one has observed them eat.

It has been said that there are three elemental instincts: hunger, self-preservation and love, and the greatest of these, according to M. S. N. S. men, is hunger.

Facetious remarks are made about hungry women—but when it comes to hungry men—well! For a number of days I have been doing a Paavo Nurmi down the hill trying to get to the dining hall first (just once!)—but do I get there? No! The men simply knock one down so *they* can get there first. By the time I have nearly winded myself getting to the dining hall the men are all comfortably seated—eating.

And the amount they eat! They never take less than three servings. Even Quelque Fleurs, my favorite waiter, has been won over to the men's side and he, too, gives them enormous helpings. I myself have observed one man eat twelve hot dogs, two loads of cabbage, five slices of bread and two cups of cocoa—all at one meal, too. He looked a bit pale when he got through, but he managed to stagger out with his usual aplomb.

And what they eat! Their palates are simply paralyzed. During Bill of Rights week I half emptied a salt cellar into a senior boy's cocoa. Did he notice it? He did not—but drank it down, blissfully unaware that anything was wrong.

The way they eat! Soup—they bend down lower so that they won't have to carry the spoon so far. Salad—they empty the dish in three forkfuls—and what I mean is *forkfuls*. Bread—disappears from the plate by a stab of the fork. Cereal—cream of wheat lumps are more easily mashed with the fingers.

One might mention the men's incidental behavior while eating. They signal each other by tapping with their spoons on their water glasses. The signal is answered by a graceful wave of the fork.

There are men and more men—and I reiterate that Normal School men are in a class by themselves!

The Alumni Luncheon

On Saturday, October 25th, in conjunction with the Sixty-Third Annual Meeting of the Maryland State Teachers' Association, the Towson Normal Alumni held a Luncheon Meeting at the Lord Baltimore Hotel. Since this was the first meeting of its kind which the Association has held, the officers felt considerable anxiety beforehand as to the degree of success that should attend this first effort. However, the entire affair was eminently successful, and the present plans call for a similar meeting each year.

Mr. Harry L. Caples, President of the Alumni Association, served as Toastmaster. The speakers included Dr. David E. Weglein, Miss Wiedefeld, representing Dr. Albert S. Cook, who was unable to be present; our own Miss Tall, and Miss Martha Richmond. The main speaker was Albert Edward Wiggam, well-known author of The New Decalogue of Science, The Marks of an Educated Person, and other widely read books. His topic was, The Marks of an Educated Person.

These distinguishing characteristics, according to the author, are three in number. First and foremost, the educated person is open-minded; he never forms a final opinion upon any subject until all the information relating to that subject has been carefully examined. The second trait of the educated person is that he "never laughs at new ideas". A most convincing evidence, then, of the paucity of educated people and likewise of the need for education, is the number of new ideas that meet with the ridicule of the populace. The third mark of education that Dr. Wiggam gave us is along a somewhat different track from that pursued by most of the current definitions of education. It is this: the educated person knows when *not* to think. Dr. Wiggam uses many such trick phrases and sentences, which, upon being explained, lose some of the strangeness that they seem at first to possess. Thus, what he really means here is that the educated person knows when to seek information more reliable than his own experience. To the writer, that seems a natural corrollary of the first named characteristic.

Dr. Wiggam's address was very interesting, for he, himself, is a most fascinating personality. Perhaps the most striking thing about him is his sincerity. Those who heard his earlier address at the City College meeting in the morning will remember how close he came to preaching, so strongly does he feel what he talks about.

The luncheon proper was followed by the Homecoming Meeting of the Class of 1930 which Miss Tall conducted. A similar meeting is called each year for the purpose of discussing the problems of the new teachers and ways in which the Normal School program may be modified to enable subsequent graduates better to meet such situations and conditions. This meeting, however, early developed into a discussion of the question "What effect do extra-curricular activities at

Continued on Page 26

SCHOOL NOTES

Hear Dr. Kilpatrick

Dr. William Heard Kilpatrick, Professor of Educational Philosophy at Teachers' College, Columbia University, opened the new educational series on the radio recently over WOR. The series will continue under the sponsorship of the Progressive Educational Association until May 14. The programs will go on the air every Thursday at 12:15 P. M. The State Normal radios will be available for those who are interested.

Senior Court

It was Monday, October 6—that long awaited day of the Senior Court. Low whispers and vague rumors were floating about, all of them boding ill for the Juniors. By three o'clock the excitement reached its height. By twos and threes the Juniors crept into the Auditorium and took the places of honor the Seniors had so courteously granted them. Seniors and faculty members added themselves to the crowd.

And then the fun (?) began! Through the doors and down the Auditorium (pardon me, the Court Room) wound a stately procession at the head of which gloriously flew the Senior banner—long may it wave! The audience sat spellbound as the officials in their formal costumes proceeded to take their places. Her Honor, Polly Wright, who was chief judge wore a dignified black robe with a royal purple cape to complete the effect. The four associate judges and the prosecuting and defending attorneys were resplendent in flowing black Court robes, and I must tell you about their head-gear! They were the supreme touches needed to complete an overpowering ensemble. As for the Bailiff—he was dressed in a creation all his own conception with a blue Bobby hat to top off the costume. The Jury sat in the Glee Club box and were a decidedly awe inspiring body.

The prosecuting attorney, on bended knee, delivered a powerful invocation to the Senior banner and the court of the Class of 1931 was formally opened.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!" the Bailiff began, "Ella Linsley, come forth and answer to your name and save yourself and your bail or you will forfeit your class name." Horror of horrors, Ella was nowhere to be found!

Various Juniors were called and sentenced. Just to give you an idea as to how the cases were carried on, I have selected an especially outstanding case to give to you in detail. Here it is:

Mike Saltzman was charged with vandalism, abduction, and general notoriety. He came forth trembling in every limb and to the Bailiff's "Do you solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give before the Senior Court of the Class of 1931 will not be the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth, so help you?—What's your name?" he could only answer weakly, "Mike." He refused to divulge his cell number at his last residence or tell what he did with the pennies he took from his little sister's bank. Besides, he was suspected of being connected with the recent goldfish epidemic and so the jury, with one loud voice, pronounced sentence upon him. "GUILTY!"

The audience thoroughly appreciated every situation. Strangely enough, although the defending attorney was a splendid lawyer, the jury always rendered the verdict "Guilty!" and timely sentences followed. After the Juniors had been gruelled for an hour, the Bailiff's stentorian voice echoed once more through the rafters and the Court of the Class of 1931 was formally adjourned, never to meet again.

And now the Seniors gave a "Lolly-pop" party to the Juniors who really had taken their medicine very well. It was great fun to dance in the Auditorium to the rhythm of good music and enjoy a good childish lolly-pop.

M. Angerman, Sr. 2
M. Fisher, Sr. 10

Our October Dance

By L. Weaver

Do you have the second dance?" "Will you save me the fifth?" I suppose most everyone realizes what those questions mean.

The assembly hall and stage were decorated in autumn leaves which gave our assembly hall a very pleasant atmosphere. The orchestra was simply great this time, so much better than that of last year. Then, too, this dance was so much more enjoyable than any of the ones I attended last year.

Those that didn't come, know by now what a good time they missed and should plan to come to our next dance, which is going to be Friday, November fourteenth.

State Normal School,
Frostburg, Maryland,
October 21, 1930.

Dear Future Teachers:

We realize that the Maryland State Normal School at Towson is just a sister to the one at Frostburg, but I'm wondering if you really wouldn't like to hear what your sister school is doing.

Our junior enrollment is seventy-five this year, while we retained eighty-six seniors, making a total of one hundred sixty-one. We have very few men, but we surely make good use of the fifteen that are here.

Our geography instructor, Mr. Diehl, has introduced a new course, "Observation Geography." He takes his classes on excursions and from this they come in touch with the actual things they are studying. From reports, it seems as though he is rather successful with his new course.

On the 27th, of this month, Senior II will go out to practice teaching for six weeks. Senior III will finish their first term of teaching on the 24th, and from some of the talk that is heard, it sounds as though they will be really sorry to have to go back to school.

On October the third, the seniors gave a dance. About eighty couple were present, and they almost broke their necks trying to stand still on the floor. Never before had the floor been waxed as it was that night!

On October the seventeenth, the resident students gave a very successful Hallowe'en party for the commuting students. Some of the main attractions were: the haunted house, the blue-bearded wives, the fat woman and man, the strong man, the midget, fortune telling, and ghosts. The auditorium was trimmed appropriately for this affair. Everyone came masked, and prizes were awarded to the best dressed and the most comical characters. The pirate took the prize as the best dressed one, and an old negro mammy took the prize as the most comical one.

All of our clubs have a good membership this year, and we feel sure that they will make more progress than they did last year. The P. A. C. E. (Poetry, Art, and Current Events) Club has changed its name to Alpha Tau. It is going to be a real sorority and everyone is very enthusiastic about it.

Our athletic instructor with the aid of the faculty and students sponsored a play day several weeks ago. Everyone played in some kind of athletics, and in the end, the Black team had scored 44 points while the Orange had 32 points.

We wish you much success in your work.

Sincerely,

CHARLOTTE W. FORREST,
Editor of Frontline.

Campus Day

On October 9, 1930, Normal made its final experiment with a "Play Day" on the Campus. At 1:30 P. M. Le Roy Rollinson blew Assembly and the entire student body lined up on the front field, the Juniors on the York Road side and the Seniors on the Dormitory side. To the march, "Anchors Aweigh", played by the M. S. N. S. Band, the traditional rivals met at the center of the field and marched side by side down the center, coming around and forming fours, and then eights, finally making two large circles, a grand conglomeration of Seniors and Juniors. Everyone participated in two group games, "Did You Ever See A Lassie", and "Looby Loo". It rather struck one's sense of humor to see some of the most dignified personages of the school skipping toward the center of the circle or waving a hand or foot madly in the air. At the end of the two games, the teams, which had been previously chosen, assembled and the competitive games began. There were two games of indoor, two of volley, one of cage ball, miniature golf, and horse shoes. The Seniors came out on the top, much to their delight for it would have been terribly humiliating to be beaten by the Junior Class. Finally the big hockey game between the Junior and Senior girls began and again the Seniors took the honors, the score 5 to 0. Incidentally the Juniors have some very good material for a hockey team and with the helping hands of Miss Daniels and Miss Roach, the Seniors will have to look to their laurels.

The Campus Day ended with the Western Maryland-Normal soccer game, our boys not faring so well but putting up a good fight. At five o'clock a troop of hungry, dirty, but happy students filed in to dress for dinner but I am sure that everyone of them knew that Normal's final experiment was a huge success.

A Junior brought us a joke that was heard in an Introduction to Teaching lecture. We rejected it. We have taken that course and there's nothing funny about it.

The laziest guy in the world handed in an exam. paper in which he said the following: "Please see Pete's paper for my answers."—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

Maid: Professor, the next room is on fire!
Professor: Why worry me? Am I in the next room?—*Bean-Pot.*

Glee Club

By E. Mason, *Senior* 10

The Glee Club has made a very successful start for this year, with fifty new members, making a total of eighty-five.

October 16, the Glee Club and Orchestra had a picnic down in the Glen. The big features of the evening were the weenie roast and some solos by our well known singers, Bob Hambury and Paul Jones. The entire group then sang around the campfire. Miss Weyforth is very proud of the Boys' and Girls' Glee Club and its cooperation with her.

Junior 3 Weenie Roast

On October 8, Junior 3, under the competent leadership of Miss Jeanette Hettleman, launched itself on a social career, which gives promise of becoming a great success.

The section, accompanied by Miss Blood, the adviser, assembled in the ravine adjoining the school. A treasure hunt, which consisted of the members of the party searching for eight different prizes hidden in various places among the trees, was first in order. Finally, a weenie roast was held with plenty of fun for every one.

We concluded the evening with group and individual singing, a humorous solo by "Ernie" Stoelberg, and a vocal solo by the "Silver Voiced Tenor" of Junior 3, Mike Saltzman.

Much credit should be given to Miss Hettleman and her capable committee composed of Misses Jeanette Greenfield, Beatrice Fossman, and Mr. Ben Kremen, for the success of this adventure. Mr. Reuben Baer acted in the capacity of master of ceremonies.

Edward Gersuk

The Alumni Luncheon

Continued from Page 21

Normal have upon the teaching ability of the graduate? Suggestions relating to the subject were offered by the faculty members and graduates present, but the only definite outcome was the clarification of the problem, which may perhaps lead to investigation and in due course to some solution. All of us were most interested in the trend which the discussion took, since, it seems, that idea has not been before adequately considered in the School. It is quite possible that the present student body may be able to contribute in a definite way to the solution of what we feel is an important problem.

John H. Fischer, '30

WESTERN MARYLAND VS. NORMAL

Normal traveled to Westminster to give a return game to Western Maryland. We had lost the first game by the score 3 to 0 and had decided that this game would not be a repetition of the first. The game started out well and both teams had tight defenses which the offenses could not penetrate. The first quarter ended with the score zero to zero. In the second quarter, Taylor, our right halfback, was kicked on the knee and had to retire temporarily. Western Maryland took advantage of the shift and secured a good position in front of the goal. Several good passes and one bad miss made by a Normal back resulted in the first score being made by Western Maryland. Normal began to fight, and received a penalty kick. Brose made good the kick, and the half ended with the score tied 1 to 1. In the second half Western Maryland resumed its attack and repeatedly beat Normal to the ball. It did not take long before they scored their second goal and they led us once more, 2 to 1. We battled on rather even terms the rest of the quarter and no more scores were counted. In the last quarter, Normal again committed its foul which resulted in a penalty kick for Western Maryland. In every game this year, excepting one, one goal has been scored by way of the penalty kick. This is getting to be a seriously undesirable habit. Western Maryland made the shot good and that made the count 3 to 1, which was the final score.

WILLIAMSPORT VS. NORMAL

In this game Normal clicked right at the beginning of the game. Two goals were scored in rapid succession in the first quarter. Williamsport gathered itself together and held against the Normal forward line. In the second half, Williamsport got her line working better and crowded the ball around the goal. In the confusion a penalty was called against Normal for shoving and the first and only score for Williamsport resulted from the penalty kick. Normal bore down and closed up the backfield so tightly that Williamsport did not even get near the goal for the remainder of the game. Normal's line slowed up perceptibly toward the end of the game, but won 2 to 1.

FRANKLIN HIGH VS. NORMAL

In this game Normal showed just what fight and grit she really has. Normal scored the first goal shortly after the opening whistle had been blown, and was going along at top speed until one of Franklin's forwards had a dispute with our goalie, Bowers. Bowers was put out of the game in the second quarter and Normal was forced to continue with ten men. Brose moved into goal and one half played the roaming post and covered both half back and fullback. The first half ended with Normal leading, 1 to 0. In the third quarter Franklin played directly at the weakened backfield and succeeded in shooting one through in the last quarter. Normal fought for all she was worth at this point, and the line battled until it got several shots at Franklin's goal. The shots were not made good and the game ended 1 to 1. Both teams agreed to play the tie off, and Normal resumed play for two extra five-minute periods with only ten men against Franklin's eleven. The first extra period resulted in no score for either side. In the second period Normal received a corner kick which Hambury placed directly between the uprights. Normal's forward surged toward the goal and one of Franklin's backs, trying to clear the ball, kicked the ball through the posts. The game ended shortly after this and the ten man Normal team overcame a great obstacle and emerged the victor, 2 to 1.

NORMAL-WESTERN MARYLAND GAME

Immediately after the Play Day festivities the Normal soccer team lined up against Western Maryland. The Normal team started with a rush and had three splendid opportunities to score but did not take advantage of them. Toward the end of the first quarter Western Maryland shot for the goal but the ball struck the posts and rebounded to the front of the goal. Western Maryland's line followed the ball up and shot the first goal. The second quarter found the two teams battling on fairly even terms with no score resulting. In the third quarter it was nip and tuck again with Normal once more failing to take advantage of chances to score. Once more toward the end of the quarter Western Maryland got its second good opportunity to score and made it good again. By this time there was a perceptible let down by the Normal Team. In the last quarter substitutes were sent in for Normal and rough play entered. Western Maryland scored the final score making a final score 3 to 0, and Western Maryland, the victor.

POLY VS. NORMAL

In this game Normal met what was perhaps the best team scheduled this year. The schoolboy champions, with a fast passing and hard-shooting aggregation, started the game in a way which showed us

decidedly that they wanted to win this game. Normal thought differently, however, and both teams played splendid soccer and the first half resulted in no score for either side. In the third quarter it began to rain, and the spirit of Normal seemed to dampen a bit. Poly took advantage of the rain and began a short passing attack that seemed to baffle the Normal backs. Memzek, for Poly scored the first goal when he received a beautiful crossfire pass from his outside right. It was merely a matter of placing his foot in front of the ball and deflecting it through the posts. In the remaining quarter, Normal really began to fight and Haggerty secured the ball and dribbled past the opposing backs. He was going closer to insure a good shot when one of the Poly backs tripped him. The penalty kick was given to us and Haggerty tried to shoot it. Joe made a good try but it was a trifle too high and the ball just grazed the top beam. The game soon ended and considering everything, Normal had nothing to be ashamed of in spite of losing the game.

Fantasy

He was falling, falling and he knew not where. Was he really falling, or was he standing still and the scenes rushing upward past him gave him the feeling of falling downward? He did not know. He seemed to be in a tube, he couldn't imagine such a peculiar predicament if he were conscious, so he must be dreaming, he reasoned. He was like the invalid who tries to lift a paralyzed arm or leg; it was simply impossible that was all.

Things were rushing past him upward, upward, he knew not where. He made no effort to lift his eyes, he didn't want to, anyway! He probably couldn't if he'd tried. These seemed to be scenes of life, these pictures that seemed to rush upward past him; but distinguish them, he could not. Each one, he felt, was separate, unique, individual, and yet they seemed merely one blurred mass. They were ephemeral, meaningless.

They seemed foolish, it came to him suddenly. Everything that he seemed to see was only the creation of his brain. He was tired, over worked, that was the reason. But still, he thought humorously, he must stop falling. Soon—soon—soon, soon, soon. He liked to put that word to a tune and seemed to sway, in his downward flight to the musical cadence soon, soon—soon, soon, soon.

The sinking feeling that he felt at first was now gone. He tried to recall the reason. He knew now! He must be on a descending elevator. Surely! The sinking feeling was coming back now. Suddenly it stopped. Everything stopped! The sinking feeling stopped. The elevator had stopped!

M. Trupp.

Seen and Heard from the Tower

By E. G.

The first week of school—"Why she is just lovely, I am sure you will love her class, and her subject is interesting." We wonder what this Junior's opinion of the Senior is now.

"I think the boys around this school are too conceited, and besides, why are they favored so much?"

"Don't you think he is just adorable? I think he is wonderful, and besides, he is a marvelous dancer."

We are told several of the girls of the Senior Class would like to become hairdressers, and that it is their ambition to get a certain girl in the chair for just five minutes.

"My dear, I can't for the world of it, see how she was not nominated for an office; they tell me she was president of her class in high school."

We suggest that a certain book on Hygiene be added to the list of most popular books. This suggestion is offered in view of the fact that it seems that every member of the Junior Class is after this book.

Rumor has spread to the extent that a certain Junior has been seen serenading the young ladies in Newell hall during a fourth period lunch???

We wonder how many pairs of ear-rings were given to Dr. Tall. From the beautiful array shown during the "Bill of Rights" we imagine she has gathered many pairs.

We are told, and from what we have heard and seen, at a recent men's meeting, we believe that John Horn, '30, is a very capable pianist. In fact, he has such a power, that when he has finished playing the piano he keeps right on going, out of force of habit. And can he play? Oh Boy!!!

We wonder if we could borrow Dr. Tall's Buick some night? It surely is a "beaut".

While on the subject of wondering, we wonder if you are wondering who wrote this column?

Prof: (taking up quiz paper) Why quotation marks on this paper?
Frosh: Courtesy to the man on my right, Prof.—*Mugwump.*

The Unit

MILTON SEIDMAN, *Senior 7*

A youth stood poised high above the muddy turbulent water,
Sweating in the bitter cold, nerving himself for his rendezvous with Death.
Prepared to jump, but could not, for the hand of an old man stayed him . . .
The old man spoke sternly.
"Young man, God on earth, your mother, went through Hell to make possible your life;
You have no right to deliberately throw it away."
Then, noting the anguish-contorted face of the youth, he spoke more gently:
"Four score years and more have I traveled over the earth,
And I have tasted of every misery in the world;
Tell me of your trouble, for through my experience I may be able to help you."
"What do you know of misery?" cried the youth bitterly. "Did you ever have to make a unit?
Thirty days hence I must go forward to face forty-odd young problem-persons,
Mind-set to make my life miserable.
These devices to torture make the tortures of the Inquisition seem mere tickling.
My only protection consists of aims, devices, lesson plans, skills, conclusions, abilities, projects, motivations, and a score of other such;
Incongruously enough, called a unit.
Perfect it must be, and of my own making.
The day of my trial draws near, and my unit—is not.
I watch the clock in despair, as the greased hours slip by, mocking me . . .
I read and write till the sweat of my brow soaks the paper,
Yet the fruits of my labors are but headaches and heartaches.
My friends, in some mysterious way, work on their units complacently and without fear;
Passing me, they smile condescendingly, and move steadily toward the completion of their units.
And, being so far ahead of me, are no longer my friends.
I must make, not one unit, but three! Do you wonder that I wish to escape it all?"
"No wonder," muttered the old man to himself, "No wonder. I should have known. I don't blame the poor boy."
But aloud, he said: "Foolish youth.
Your immediate future is indeed dark, but yours is not the worst fate that might befall man.

Are you blind, that you cannot gaze upon and be thrilled by beauty?"*

Are you insane, that you must be placed in solitary confinement, your limbs in a strait-jacket?

Young man, I too, had to make a unit,
And because of that, I am gray, tottering, aged beyond my years.
But I made a unit, and am living to tell the tale."

The youth spoke huskily:

"Thanks, Old Man. You have inspired me with new hope. I will study and study—until Miss Osborn kicks me out of the library."

And with a strange light shining in his eyes, the youth went forward to conquer.

THE END

* I was thinking about the Normal girls.

P. S.—I will tell you more about this when I finish one of my units.

SATIRE ON STUDENT TEACHING

Student Teaching—"Midsummer Night's Dream"
Individual Day—"The Tempest"
Lesson Plans—"Love's Labor Lost"
First Reading Lesson—"Comedy of Errors"
Problem Children—"Taming of the Shrew"
Record Keeping—"As You Like It"
Normal School Conferences—"Much Ado About Nothing"
End of Twelve Weeks—"All's Well that Ends Well"

V. MYERLY.

"Is he different?"

"Is he? My dear, the other night he asked me to step outside and look at the moon."

"I don't see anything original in that."

"Yes, but we did look at the moon."—*Octopus.*

They strolled along, the primitive couple; he hairy and ferocious looking; she, delicate and beautiful.

Suddenly he reached over and cracked her skull with a vicious swipe of his club. Her eyes opened with wonder.

"Oh, Oscar," she cooed, "I didn't know you cared!"—*Rammer Jammer.*

The person who remarked in the English class that some books are interesting while others are used for book reports has nothing on the wit who claims that some jokes are funny while others are printed in the TOWER LIGHT.

Where
Clothes are Smart
and
Prices are Right

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.

Outselling
All Other Eights

Valve-in-Head **BUICK** Straight Eight

"Take the Wheel and Marvel"

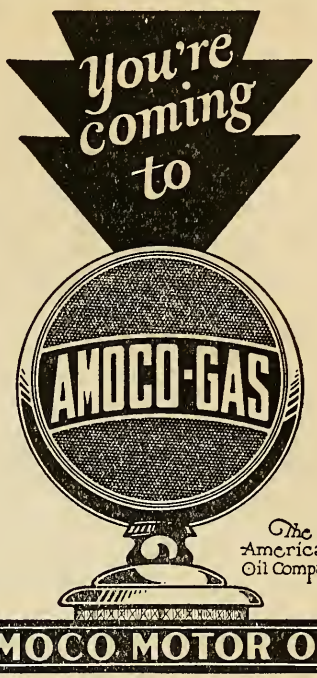
The BROOKS-PRICE CO.
TOWSON

SCHLESNER CO.
220 North Howard Street, Cor. Clay
THE
FASHION
CORNER

Where College Misses & Youth
Get Collegiate Styles

The Hub
"of Charles Street"

Phone Towson 962
Juanita B. Schuster, Prop.
MAR-NITA
BEAUTY SHOPPE
JEAN MOYLAN
in attendance
Beauty Specialist
Scalp Treatments and Permanent
Waving Our Specialties
35 YORK ROAD
Near Burke Ave. Towson, Md.



THE NEW!

Baltimore has learned that if it is new —and smart—Stanwick's introduce it. The most distinctive Coats and Frocks in the new silhouette—are showing now. Moderate prices.

STANWICK'S
204 W. Lexington St.

SMART APPAREL

For the College Girl

and the pleasure of receiving courteous service amid spacious surroundings

HUTZLER BROTHERS Co.

"Say It With Flowers"

Everything That Is Artistic in

Cut Flowers and Plants

ISAAC H. MOSS
INC.

5315 York Rd. Baltimore, Md.

JENKINS & McCALL
COAL CO., Inc.

Domestic, Steaming
and Smithing Coals

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND

Lexington Market: PLaza 2510-11-12

Hollins Market: PLaza 1083
CAlvert 0068

D. Callahan's Sons

SEA FOOD

BALTIMORE MARYLAND

SAMUEL KIRK & SON
Incorporated
421 N. Charles Street

GOLD JEWELRY *DIAMONDS*
CLOCKS *WATCHES*
SILVERWARE
FINE STATIONERY

Founded 1815

THE SECOND

NATIONAL BANK

of TOWSON, MD.

HENRY RECKORD

At Towson Since 1913

BALTIMORE'S LARGEST
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY STORE

LAMPELL'S

Home of
SORORITY HATS

31 W. LEXINGTON ST.

PLaza 2524

THE SUPREME
ICE CREAM CO.

"Your Sweetest Neighbor"

1224-28
GREENMOUNT AVENUE

BALTIMORE, MD.

Your Banking Needs
Are Courteously
Supplied at

The Baltimore County Bank

YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

UNUSUAL GIFTS
25 Cents to 25 Dollars
Greeting Cards of All Kinds
AMY B. HISS
Chesapeake Ave. Towson, Md.

Phone, VErnon 0261
GORMAN'S
TRUNKS, BAGS, LEATHER GOODS
329 N. Howard Street
Baltimore, Md.
Repairing a Specialty

GRIFFITH & TURNER CO.
Our Large Improved Store
Is Equipped to Fill Every Need
FARM GARDEN LAWN
205-215 Paca St. 338 N. Gay St.
Phone CAlvert 2300

TUxedo 0146-2627
Members of F. T. D.

FRED. C. BAUER
Florist and Nurseryman
181-187 Gittings Avenue
Govans, Md.

WEBER
Invites the Students and Teachers of Towson State Normal School to avail themselves of the special prices extended to Educational Institutions on Artists' Materials.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Drawing Papers, Inks, etc., at our local headquarters.

F. WEBER CO.
227 Park Ave.

HERGENRATHER DRUG CO.
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
Agents for
Max Factors Society Make Up
Bourjois Evening in Paris Perfume
Barbara Gould Facial Treatment
Whitman's Chocolates
Martha Washington Bon Bons
Sheaffer Fountain Pens
Eastman Kodaks and Films
Films Developed 24 Hour Service
Motorcycle Delivery Phone Towson 39
Jersey Ice Cream

Distinctive Portrait Photography
SCHINDELE
519 N. Charles Street
BALTIMORE

Phone MAdison 1851-W
JOHN WUNTZ
Piano Tuning and Repairing
3041 Arunah Avenue
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE
McMAHON
TRANSPORTATION CO.
Buses for All Occasions
HAmilton 2078 Overlea, Md.

Let Your Light Direct You to
THE TOWSON
NATIONAL BANK
As the Place to Do Your Banking
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE

Phone, Towson { 201 / 204
Louis W. Held & Sons, Inc.
Established in 1868
Towson Bakery & Goodie Shop
Wedding Cakes a Specialty

Telephone Towson 856
GEO. H. STIEBER
Table Delicacies
531 YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

Compliments of
The
BLACK & DECKER
MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD.

THE MONROE CO.
206 W. LEXINGTON STREET
Baltimore
Costume Jewelry, Evening Jewelry, Ensemble Sets, Etc. Full assortment of Rings, Watches, Lighters, all at moderate prices.
WE WILL CASH YOUR CHECKS
JEWELRY REPAIRS

SILVERWARE—WATCHES
A. H. FETTING COMPANY
Manufacturing Jewelers
314 CHARLES STREET, NORTH
BALTIMORE, MD.
CLASS PINS *CLASS RINGS*

Compliments
of
MASON'S GARAGE &
SERVICE STATION
TOWSON, MD.

Momjian's
Where Normal Students Meet to Eat
DELICIOUS SODAS AND SUNDAES
HOMEMADE SANDWICHES
See Them Made

Sheet Music and Books
Victor and Columbia Records
RADIOS
THE G. FRED KRANZ
MUSIC CO.
327 N. Charles St.
PLaza 3732

Telephone Towson 1003
THE BAZEN
TAILORS
Cleaning — Pressing — Dyeing
Repairing and Remodeling
3 W. Pennsylvania Ave., Towson

UNDIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY!

WE have a Department devoted exclusively to work of this nature!

UNIVERSITY—
COLLEGE—
SCHOOL—
ACADEMY—

Annuals
Quarterlies
Monthlies
Weeklies
Hand Books
Programs
Song Books
Blotters
Humorous

View Books
Catalogs
Literature

Designing
Engraving
Printing
Binding

The READ-TAYLOR CO
ADVERTISING
BALTIMORE

Lombard & South CAlvert 1800

Producers of "Tower Light"

"Read-Taylor" - Baltim

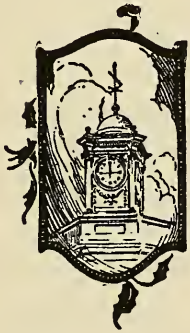
The TOWER LIGHT

Christmas Number

Contents

	Page
Frontispiece—The Cathedral.....*E. L. Rittenhouse*	
Christmas Program	3
Christmas Greens	4
Christmas Dinners of Yesterday and To-day	6
Poetry	7
Hilda's Christmas	10
What Is Education?	12
A Plea (to the Moderns)	14
Something Holy	15
Armistice Day Thoughts	16
Death of Autumn	17
A Unit of Chinese and Japanese Poetry	18
Editorials	24
Christmas Through the Ages	26
Poetry	26
In a Mighty Voice They Sang	27
A Student's Impressions of New York	29
Street Car Observations	31
School Notes	32
Athletics	38
Poetry	42
Jokes	43
Normal Types.....*Alice Hastings*	46
Advertisements	47

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

The Cathedral

I see tall, slim candles
Burning softly in the dim twilight;
I hear soft strains of music - -
Sad and Joyous - - it is the organ;
I sense the pungent odor
Of laurel and pine and spruce.
There is the soft muffled drone
Of snow - - - against glowing stained glass,
And the ethereal ring of chimes.

I have learned the beauty of simplicity
I know the rest of soft music
I am soothed by sweet and poignant perfumes.

Another year has passed
And again, I am living
Christmas Eve in the Cathedral.

E. Lassell Rittenhouse, Sr. 8

The Tower Light

Vol. IV | December 1930 | No. 3

Christmas Program in the Auditorium

EACH YEAR, at the Normal School, the Christmas season is observed by a program in the Auditorium. This year, the program is given by the Glee Club and Orchestra, with the cooperation of the Art Department in selecting appropriate pictorial settings for the songs. The songs chosen for the program are those which give the Christmas story,—the annunciation, the visit of the angels to the shepherds, the coming of the wise men—together, with those which give the spirit of Christmas, as it has been interpreted by the folk of succeeding centuries.

Below is a copy of the program that is being given on Friday, December 19:

Christmas Carols ..... *Arr. by Toban*
Orchestra

Adore and Be Still ..... *Gounod*
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks ..... *Praetorius*
Glee Club

Shepherds' Christmas Song ..... *Austrian Carol*
School

March of the Wise Men ..... *Gaul*
Gesu Bambino ..... *Yon*
Glee Club

Virgin at the Manger ..... *Perilhou*
Trio

The Great God of Heaven ..... *Traditional*
Solo

Chrystmas Hymn ..... *Sicilian Carol*
Sing Noel ..... *Traditional*
School

E. P.

Christmas Greens

By Jean McLaughlin, *Senior* 10.

LONG, LONG ago some folk believed wood spirits lived in the forests. In winter these people were so sorry for the fairies and elves out in the cold that they cut off branches of the hemlock, and balsam fir and brought them in the house to hang on the rafters. This, they thought would keep the elves from getting cold so that when the fires from the hearths drew out a woody, aromatic smell from the branches these folk thought the wood spirits were thanking them.

That is how it is supposed the custom of bringing in evergreens originated until now we decorate with holly, mistletoe, crow's-foot, laurel, and pine—even to bringing in a whole tree.

Holly did not get its present name until the advent of Christianity, holly being a corruption of "holy". It was believed that the crown of thorns was made from the spiny leaves of this tree.

In some places a holly wreath was hung up to keep away evil spirits during this season of gifts and good cheer.

There are besides the red berried variety, yellow, black, and white fruited sorts.

Whatever the origin, there is about holly an atmosphere which these two bits of poetry (the first by Eliza Cook) aptly express.

"The gale may whistle, the frost may come,
To fetter the gurgling rill;
The woods may be bare, and the warblers dumb;
But the holly is beautiful still"—

Shakespeare gives us a different view point:

"Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning; most loving mere folly.
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

The ancient Scandinavians did not think the kind of love betokened by passing under the mistletoe was folly, however, for there is a legend of theirs that a barb of mistletoe killed Balder, the God of Light.

Mistletoe was the only thing which could kill Balder, so Loki, the mischievous, induced Hoder, the blind god to hurl a twig of it, thus making an innocent man the slayer of the God of Light. So—mistletoe became the symbol of innocence and all who pass under it must be kissed immediately as a token of love, in this manner showing that no harm would befall them.

Remember, though, that one berry must be plucked for every kiss received or given else ill fortune will betide you!

We often for Christmas choose a pine. J. C. Dier in his "Children's Book of Christmas" tells a delightful story about the pine tree.

When Christ was born all wished to give Him something. The cedars spread their huge branches and sheltered him but the pine tree was too small even to offer protection from the weather.

The thorn, though it was winter, blossomed and made a coverlet for the Child's cradle. The pine tree tried hard to blossom, too, but only pine needle tufts came out all over him so that the wind sighed as it passed him by. The wren brought soft moss and feathers to make His cradle warm but the pine tree needles were too prickly, Mary said, when he offered them.

The olive gave oil and the pine tree ached so that resin stood out in big drops. This too was rejected by Mary because it was too sticky "and would hurt His tender skin. Dear little pine!" So the pine was very, very unhappy because it had nothing to offer the Christ child. Year by year as he grew taller and remembered the Holy Night, the wind swept through his branches with a sound that was almost a moan. Ever since, even today, you can hear that sighing, the sound that comes from pine trees the world over.

Every year the Christ child returns in the guise of a poor child but once he found no door open to welcome Him so He crept under the pine tree now grown big and there was nestled between the moss and branches. The pine tree was so happy that tears of joy ran down his branches and freezing hung in slender icicles. And as the sun's rays lit them they sparkled so that they woke the Child. He smiled! That to me is a particularly lovely story of the origin of the Christmas tree.

It is strange to note that in Italy and Spain no evergreens are used but in their place are seen flowers, real or simulated. In Italy a representation of the Nativity takes the place of the tree and the children dance about it.

Most of the nations, however, make about the same use of evergreens that we do in America and after all we are partly indebted to Europe for their origin.

The women on board the Mayflower brought with them a barrel full of ivy, holly, laurel and immortelles. There should be a sort of thankfulness in our hearts when we decorate this Christmas for their very bravery in bringing over "green stuff" for "heathenish decorations."

Christmas Dinners of Yesterday and Today

By Vida S. Ludwig, *Senior* 10

We of today, in our bustle and hurry, have discarded practically all of the pomp and ceremony which attended the Christmas feast of yesterday.

In England, in the days of old, at Christmas time there was nothing but feasting and revelry for a fortnight. The grand feast, however, came on Christmas Day, accompanied by much dignity and formality.

At this dinner the outstanding dish was the boar's head. At the flourish of trumpets, it was borne on a platter—made of silver or gold—by the steward, who, as he advanced at the head of a procession of nobles, knights and ladies, sang:

"Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio.

The boar's head, I understand,
Is the chief service in this land;
Look wherever it be found,
Servite cum cantico.

Be glad both more or less,
For this hath ordained our steward,
To cheer you all this Christmas—
The boar's head and mustard!
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino."

The boar's head was then placed upon the table.

Mustard was indispensable. An old book of instruction says emphatically, "First set forth mustard with brawn; take your knife in your hand, and cut brawn in the dish as it lieth, and lay on your sovereign's trencher, *and see there be mustard.*

Next in importance was the peacock. The preparation of this dish required no little trouble. First the fowl was carefully skinned, plumage adherring. Then after the carcass was roasted, it was sewed back into its plumage, its beak was gilded and it was sent to the table. The ladies, distinguished in birth or beauty, formed a procession to carry the peacock.

Another dish prominent in those days was frumante, or frumety. It was made of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned with sugar

and spices. This was often eaten alone, but sometimes was served with venison.

Geese, capon, pheasants, pies of carps' tongues were among other dishes of bygone Christmases. Mince pies were popular then as now.

Plum pottage was a dish always served with the first course. It was made by boiling together beef or mutton, raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger.

It is impossible to leave English feasting at Christmas without some mention of the Wassail-bowl—"That beaker of hot spiced ale and toasted apples." Wassailing meant the wishing of a person's very good health. The Wassail bowl was passed around at the end of dinner. Mellow old wines and liquors, of course, played a distinctive part at the close of the feast.

How different is the Christmas dinner of today! With little or no ceremony, the turkey—without which the dinner would scarcely be complete—is carved and served. Sometimes there is roast pork, goose, duck or venison.

Cranberry sauce, which is served with the meat is indispensable to the Christmas dinner. Mince-pie, plum-pudding, fruit cake, and nuts play a conspicuous part in the feast. The plum pudding corresponds to the plum-pottage of the old days, but has slightly different ingredients.

But even with all the splendid, good, rich foods that have been mentioned our feasts on Christmas today are but a "pale reflection" of those of yesterday.

Christmas

By Mary Ann Douglas, *Junior* 4.

Christmas is a glad cry,
A million Splinters ~~echoes~~ *of joy,*
Like the far-off tinkle of frosty star bells.

Christmas is a deep golden bowl
Whose curven sides reflect the mellow movement of light.
It is a golden sob that swells the throat.
Allelujiah!

Christmas is a tender smile of love and pain;
It is the little wabbling head of a baby against its mother's breast.
We stand ashamed and awed before this blind white holiness
Given into our clumsy hands
To love.

The Greatest Gift

By Virginia Dare Sollers.

When all the world was newly made of God,
When such a thing as sin was hardly known,
God gave to man the loveliest and the best
Of every thing there was around his throne—

Of night and day he gave, of sleep and work
Of love and laughter, happiness and mirth,
Of joys untold, to heighten them some pains,
The tender mysteries of death and birth.

Of April rain and dewy lilac blooms,
Of roses late in June, of birds and trees,
And when He wept because of man's revolt
The stars in midnight skies He gave, with these.

Then did man say in his repentant heart,
"There's nothing more to give to us it seems!"
Forgiving, He looked down and softly said,
"I send you now the best of all, my dreams!"

"Silvery Night—Shining Night"

By Genevieve Forrer Shules.

Christmas eve—downtown. People carrying piles of packages, all red and silver and crinkly, scurrying along the icy streets. Voices hilarious with the holiday mood. Corners turned into miniature forests—fragrant with pine and cedar—lighted by flickering oil torches. Toy shops—bright and inviting. The bake shops, whose opening and closing doors permit the escape of enticing smells of hot Christmas cookies and cakes. Market stalls—hung with poinsettia wreaths which flutter in the frosty air. Churches—redolent with Christmas greens and softly lighted in honor of the Christ Child. Everywhere, over all, flakes of snow drifting down lazily and gently.

In the country—glittering stars sprinkled like confetti over a dark blue sky. Tall pines casting faint, black lace shadows on the glassy silver snow. Houses, whose windows glow with the mellow light of Christmas night candles, on whose doors fat, red ribboned holly wreaths are hung, from whose chimneys golden and scarlet sparks dance on slender ribbons of Yule log smoke. Voices distant and searching carol as they go. Fainter and fainter grow the voices. Over all, flakes of snow drifting quietly down through the deep, hushed night.

Unknown

By Rachael Smith, *Senior* II.

An atmosphere of crispy cold—
And on the tingling air is borne
A melody—so old, yet new,
Re-echoing each Christmas morn.

'Tis "Peace on earth—to men, goodwill,—
This day to all on earth we give
A prince of peace, a promised King—
Look ye to Him. Adore and live!

He comes to earth—a lowly child,
In humble cattle shed he lies,
But Wise Men kneel to worship him,
Acclaim Him monarch of the skies.

These Magi offer gifts all rare—
Such costly gems as they could find,
Surrend'ring all, they come to Him
Leaving the world, aghast, behind.

Men think 'tis strange to offer here,
Rare gifts unto a lowly child,
They cannot know that 'tis the Christ
Who gazes there in wonder mild.

And so the world does not believe,
It does not know until too late,
That one attired in lowly garb
And seeming meek, may still be great.

Hilda's Christmas

By KATHRYN HENDERSON, *Senior* 2.

"CUCKOO, CUCKOO," called the little wooden bird in the little wooden clock as he hopped out and in.

"Oh, oh," cried the little flaxen-haired girl in the big wooden bed, "how late I've slept." And with that, up she jumped and hurried into her clothes, which lay neatly folded on the chair, for you know clothes are always folded neatly just before Christmas so that St. Nicholas will see how tidy boys and girls can be.

Hilda rushed down stairs to her mother. She jumped up and down with joy, for wasn't mamma going to take her to see the shop windows?

"Oh, Mamma, what a beautiful doll," exclaimed the little girl, "and look at the fuzzy bear!" All the shop windows were filled with all sorts of toys made the year before by St. Nicholas and his helpers. Hilda wasn't the only little girl looking in the shop windows. All German boys and girls wait and wait for St. Nicholas' Eve when their mammas will take them to see the toys. There were a dozen or more noses pressed right up against the window of the big store. But such toys were there! Monkeys, dogs, jumping up and down, a train, whizzing in and out the tunnel, big blue eyed dollies with long curls, and hundreds of other things that St. Nicholas makes for happy children. Hilda and her mother spent most of the day just looking in the windows. But soon mamma said, "Well, Hilda, don't you think we'd better go home? You know you must be in bed early tonight."

"Oh Mamma," said Hilda, "I do wish we could stay longer, but maybe if I go to bed earlier, St. Nicholas will come sooner.

It did not take Hilda and her mother long to get home. On the way they saw great stacks of fir trees all along the streets being sold for St. Nicholas to decorate. When Hilda reached home she ate her dinner and placed her brightly polished wooden shoes by the chimney place, and hurried off to bed.

Wouldn't it seem strange to you to put your shoes near the fireplace for Santa to fill with goodies? But German children have a big wooden shoe just for that purpose.

The greatest commotion and noise was out in the streets. Merry voices of children were calling, sleigh bells were jingling, and dogs were barking as they ran after the sleighs. Hilda jumped up from bed and cried. "It's St. Nicholas Day." I wonder what St. Nicholas has left me?"

But she didn't go into the room where she knew her tree and presents would be. In Germany that room is kept locked until St. Nicholas' Day when all the children go in together to see their gifts. Long before Christmas, Hilda and her brothers and sisters had been making presents

for their mother and daddy, and they knew that there in the room they would be—all tied up with red ribbon and holly. Hilda found her two sisters and brother waiting for her down stairs. When she came the whole family sang very softly, "Silent Night." As soon as they had finished, father rang a bell. The children's eyes almost popped with excitement. Then a second bell rang. All the children hurried to the door of the "forbidden room." But when the third bell rang, the doors were thrown open and Hilda, her brother and sisters, papa and mamma all rushed into the room.

What a sight! Hilda ran first to her wooden slipper. It was filled with nuts and peppermint stick candy, a whistle and a picture. St. Nicholas hadn't forgotten her! Then she turned to the Christmas tree. There on the top was a big glistening star. On its branches were candles, beautiful red and white balls, tinsel, angels, and ever so many bright and enchanting toys. Each member of the family went to his own table of presents. There the "Bunte Teller" is also found. It is a huge plate filled with apples and nuts, and all sorts of brown, crisp cookies. Hilda's hands could hardly unwrap the paper and string from her pile of presents, she was in such a hurry. And what do you suppose she found? There was the beautiful big doll that she had seen in the window.

"Why, Mamma, St. Nicholas must have known I wanted her. But how could he tell?" Hilda asked.

'Oh, he is around everywhere and hears everything we say, only we cannot see him," mamma answered.

Don't you just know the fun Hilda and her brother and sisters had with their new toys. They were such beautiful toys. For you know in Germany, St. Nicholas has many people who help him make toys. These toys are so wonderful that they are sent to boys and girls all over the world. Maybe you have one. Look on your toys and if you see "Made in Germany" you will know that maybe Hilda has one just like yours.

But all too soon night came and Hilda was so tired. Hadn't she been to see all her friends and played in the snow? And you know even little boys and girls get tired some time. It didn't take long for all the children to find the Sand Man and the house was soon very, very quiet. Presently, pop, opened a little door in a little clock, and a little click sounded! "Cuckoo, cuckoo" sang the little bird, hopping out gayly. But nobody heard him except the little gray mouse near the Christmas tree, and do you know, I believe that he winked at the cuckoo!

What Is Education?

By Louise Burns, *Junior* 9.

"The old order changeth yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways."

So spoke King Arthur as he passed from Camelot into the Great Beyond, and I know of no phrase more appropriate to the exposition which will answer the question of my theme.

Under the old order education meant the acquisition of the knowledge gleaned from books alone; and the more factual knowledge a man possessed the better educated he was reputed to be. This has "yielded place to new" and under the new order a new definition for the word education has been found. Education comprehends all that we assimilate from the beginning to the end of our lives. It includes the development of the powers and faculties bestowed upon us at birth. It embraces not only systematic schooling and formal ways of gaining knowledge, but also that enlightenment, sense, and understanding which an individual obtains through experience. Education is threefold: instruction, training, and culture. Instruction is the knowledge and information given in a course of schooling. Training connotes not only the idea of knowledge received, but that of such knowledge digested through application, drill, and discipline. Culture represents a state of advanced mental and moral development, accompanied by such fineness of feeling and taste, such social address and polished manners, as result from long contact with what is best.

I have said that the newer education is a development. From our forebears we inherit mental ability or mental incapacity, moral stamina or moral supineness, and physical strength or physical weakness, and although we must grant exceptions to all rules yet we must admit that these inheritances are nearly always evident in a person's mode of living. The offspring of a brilliant man may not be as prominent as his father, but he at least possesses the ability to gain knowledge. The descendant of a man wholly spiritual may not be a "religionist", but he is often a mystic poet. The son of an athlete is rarely a weakling. Education, then, functions when the faculties tend toward the development of a real man.

The development of the faculties acquired by contact and experience is also a function of education. A boy or girl gains much by contact with cultured people, and the development of the faculties acquired by this experience enriches his or her life.

The education acquired by training is given us in our home. Upon our parents rest the responsibility of teaching the child by precept and example to do right because it is right, and thus preparing him for the wider scope of development to be met with in his school days: namely, those of instruction and culture.

Now, as I have stated, education at one time consisted only of gaining information, but today the cultural plays a large part in the education of the youth. Into our schools have been put such courses as home economics, manual arts, domestic science, drawing, painting, and all these tend toward the culture of the human mind. We as pupils are taught to search for and find the beautiful in nature, in art, in literature, in music. Our minds are stored with the beautiful and we carry all through our lives the capability of recognizing beauty and so add to the pleasure of living. We learn really to know authors and composers. They become our friends and we feel assured that our leisure time may be profitably spent even though we may often be away from human companionship.

We are taught also a sense of duty; duty to God, to our neighbor and to ourselves; this we get in Social Science courses. School spirit is developed by means of participation in athletic games, and our sense of honor made keener by contact with our fellow pupils.

Education as it is today is a broadening influence. Biased ideas, prejudice, narrowness, have no place in the educated mind. We are taught to live and let live, to give to others the privilege we claim for ourselves—that of freedom of thought and opinion.

And so I have tried to answer the question "What is Education?" as it is seen from the Twentieth Century viewpoint and I hope that you, my readers, will feel that the things which in the opinion of many are merely innovations and have forced the "three R's" into the background, are in reality a preparation for assimilating those same "three R's" and all else which may be presented to our faculties.

What Shall We Do About It?

ONLY ONE-HALF of one per cent of the children of superior intelligence are being developed to their full capacities, according to a survey just completed by the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. The survey shows that there are 1,500,000 gifted children in public and private schools of the United States, about six per cent of the school population.

The conference recommends that these children be placed in special classes with a greatly enriched curriculum. Many gifted individuals, according to the report, who might have made valuable contributions to the national life are in "penitentiaries and many more at large who are working to the detriment of the common good."

A PLEA (To the Moderns)

By Jack Himelfarb

THE YOUNGER generation, I mean those persons from seventeen to twenty-one, know nothing or very little in regard to government. For a complete understanding of government as it exists today one must understand politics. This amounts to the same thing as saying "Politics is a part of government." Undesirable as it is, it is nevertheless true. Sufficient evidence on the subject can be produced. President Hoover has stated many times, as well as presidents before him that politics should not be included in our national government. This statement, although in the negative, brings out the point. Frank Kent, perhaps one of the shrewdest political observers in the country, correspondent for the Baltimore Sun, refers daily in his newspaper column, "The Great Game of Politics," to the part politics plays in current governmental affairs. The prestige and standing of the above mentioned men relieves me from the duty of quoting other men on the subject.

What are we to do? Surely this implies that to understand government one must understand politics. But here is where we reach a reversal of form. The minute we mention politics to an adult he immediately replies with,—"crooks," "grafters," "Tammany," etc. Mention politics or government to a member of the younger generation, and you are showered with such alibis as "I am not interested," "What do I care?" and "I can't be bothered." I am disgusted with persons offering such excuses. Such people show ignorance and lack of thought. Every one, of course excluding those too obstinate to listen to reason, can be converted by simple refutations of such silly answers. I will not take time to discuss the answers.

It is my keen desire for the younger generation to "cultivate" an interest in the better side of politics. Almost every political observer agrees that there are two sides to politics, first, the "crooked" and second, the "straight." There really can be a "straight" side to politics. Let me show what I mean by a simple example. Let us take the tariff question. If the people in position to make tariffs would think of the merits of free trade vs. duty on imports, we certainly would benefit from this discussion on a question as vital as any on our statutes; local, state, or national. But as this is impossible we must meet the other side of politics and in order to do this we must know something about it.

In a recent survey of twenty-four "college sophomores" conducted by myself, I found that only one knew anything about the present-day government of the United States. You others who did not come within my brief survey may wish to hear some of the questions that were propounded to the twenty-four students. How many representatives are there in the present House of Representatives? How many people does each represent? How many offices are there in the Cabinet? What are

their names and who are the occupants of these offices? What is a caucus?

There is only one remedy that I can offer and this is not in the form of a panacea. Approximately seventy-five per cent of the Senior class will have the opportunity to vote in the presidential election of 1932. Now in order for you to understand and vote intelligently you must know something about government and politics if you are to have the slightest inkling about the issues on which you vote. This knowledge will not come to you overnight. You must start gathering your information now if you are to be prepared in 1932. I advise, plead, and suggest that the best possible means of securing this knowledge is by reading the newspapers. We, here at Towson, are indeed fortunate in having within our reach the Baltimore Morning Sun, as ideal and truthful a paper as exists. A habit of reading the front and editorial pages will work wonders for you. Begin today.

Something Holy

By Mary Ann Douglas, *Junior 4*

There is something holy about children—
Something holy in the way they play
With the sun's full heat on their touselled heads,
Their warm bodies.
In the curve of their faces
I see the songs the hills and brooks sing,
And the great airy castles of the clouds.
The way they look and wonder
Takes me to soft hillside meadows near the sea,
Where bright floppy butterflies careen.

There is something sacred about a child's song—
Something sacred in the way he croons
About the flowers and birds,
And the hundred happy things he saw and touched.
And when he goes to sleep and drifts off to his own fair world,
A great trust is written over him;
It radiates from his flushed face,
From his chubby foot.

Oh God, grant me the strength and love
To guide your little children!

Armistice Day Thoughts

At Assembly, November 11

Reported by B. Hiteshew, Sr. 5

"*That day the guns fell silent at a word*
And instant bells awoke, and every hill
Rang high with song till heaven itself was stirred;
Only the dead lay still,
The weary dead. But when today a clear,
Soft silence falls, they gather, listening,
(Grown wise with immortality), to hear
Our mute remembering."

Nancy Byrd Turner.

WELL it is we know that the guns fell silent "Over There," and at that hour deep throated whistles resounded throughout America. Well we know that joy rose over the world—joy that ascended to the towers and hung quivering in the treetops—joy that crept into every nook and corner and filled every heart. Even those whose hearts had been clouded with sadness awoke and responded to the hilarity of November 11, 1918, Armistice Day.

Only those to whom response was impossible remained silent: "Only the dead lay still, The weary dead." Was not death indeed a blessing to those wounded ones who lay shivering, shrinking, groveling in mud and filth? Was not death perhaps a blessing to those who had nothing to live for, because those they loved most had been ruthlessly wiped off the face of the earth?

In America, on November 11, 1918, men rushed madly over the paved streets shouting, singing in joyous, high-pitched voices. At the same hour, men rushed over barren, blood-spattered fields of Europe, shouting, singing, overjoyed at the expectation of freedom from that death-like hand of War; their hearts throbbing with varied emotions, emotions of gladness that they had survived, emotions of sorrow for those for whom that last firing had spelled death.

Today, to many of us, war seems far removed, and most of us turn from its horrors to more pleasant thoughts. But on this twelfth anniversary of Armistice Day it is fitting for us to recall the realities of the past; hear with the ears of the nerves the ceaseless roll of gun fire, and see with the eyes of the nerves, drowning men, gaping wounds, and death. Let us consider for a moment the effect of one soldier's death. Perhaps, in dying, he leaves a mother—her only son, shattered, suffering, dying without her cool hands to soothe his feverish brow, without her to remind him she is proud to have her son die for his country. Perhaps he leaves a wife, young children, whose only remembrance of him, is, "my big Daddy" who died in the War. It matters not from what land

this soldier comes, nor in what language his children speak of the dead hero. There can never be discovered that link which binds the children of Europe and the children of America to the last fleeting memory of a father whom they have not seen since the day he left home, exuberant, and fired with a zeal that remained with him to the last.

There was the glorious homecoming some time after that eventful day both in America and in Europe. Some returned the victims of unspeakable accidents which persist in bringing up anew the memory of what has gone before. Some returned only to be confronted with loss of position, and hampered by mental and physical handicaps, robbed of the hope of reinstating themselves in the world they had abandoned for the wastes of Europe. Others returned, enthralled with their every experience, but their horizons had been broadened, they had grown sadder, wiser, and even a little grayer. This was true of all countries—there was no difference. Sentiment and emotion ran high here as well as abroad.

We shudder—yes—but can we cast the memory of war-time into oblivion? Can we shut out horrors now and always delay meeting them? If you think we can, and if you forever put off facing them, some day there may be a horrible awakening.

Death of Autumn

By Sylvia W. Ludwig, *Senior* 8.

Crisp, cold air—
Midnight!
Unbroken silence—
Pale moonlight!
Sharp, biting winds—
Moaning low!
Cloudy, grey skies—
Hinting of snow.
Bare, denuded trees—
Spectres of the night.
Scarlet, yellow leaves
Whirling in delight!
November comes—
Stirs mem'ries tinged with sorrow.
Earth decks herself once more—
And waits for tomorrow!
Another day of beauty—
Then, ruthless death
Conquers—till another May—
Brings life—giving health!

A Unit of Chinese and Japanese Poetry

Matthewstown School (one-room) *Talbot Co.*

ARTHUR WOOD, *Teacher* (class of 1929)

(The poetry was used with the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th grades combined.)

OBJECTIVES:

1. To have children come to feel that "poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings"; that "poetry, therefore, we shall call musical thought"; that "poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty."
2. To have children feel and know that poetry, to be good poetry, does not necessarily rhyme.
3. To introduce children to a type of poetry which is much more similar to children's daily utterances than is the very sophisticated type of poetry which came into being after poets began to employ the "rhyme device."
4. To introduce children to a type of poetry which deals with Nature to a large extent, since these children, living in a remote country district, have had vital experiences with Nature in its many phases.

MATERIAL:

1. Poetry from the early Chinese and Japanese: found in An Anthology of World Poetry, edited by Mark Van Doren, published by the Literary Guild of America.

NOTE: Many of these poems are without titles. The number beside them indicated the century in which they were written.

PAGE 37:

O pine-tree standing c. 704
At the side of the stone house,
When I look at you,
It is like seeing face to face
The men of old time.

PAGE 23:

IN THE MOUNTAINS ON A SUMMER DAY

Gently I stir a white feather fan, c. 701
With open shirt sitting in the green wood.
I take off my cap and hang it on a jutting stone;
A wind from the pine-tree trickles on my bare head.

PAGE 37:

The plum-blossom c. 730
Which I thought I would show
To my brother
Does not seem to be one at all;
It was only that snow had fallen.

PAGE 23:

CLEARING AT DAWN

The fields are chill; the sparse rain has stopped; ....c. 750
The colors of Spring teem on every side.
With leaping fish the blue pond is full;
With singing thrushes the green boughs droop.
The flowers of the fields have dabbled their powdered cheeks;
The mountain grasses are bent level at the waist.
By the bamboo stream the last fragment of cloud
Blown by the wind slowly scatters away.

PAGE 46:

If it were not for the voice
Of the nightingale,
How would the mountain village
Where the snow is still unmelted
Know the spring?

PAGE 47:

Because river-fog
Hiding the mountain-base
Has risen,
The autumn mountain looks as though it hung in the sky.

PAGE 47:

In my boat that goes
Over manifold salt-ways
Towards the open sea
Faintly I hear
The cry of the first wild-goose.

PAGE 48:

Startled
By a single scream
Of the crane which is reposing
On the surface of the swamp,
All the other birds are crying.

PAGE 50:

Friend sparrow, do not eat, I pray
The little buzzing flies that play
Among my flowers.

PAGE 50:

A lonely pond in age-old stillness sleeps . . .
Apart, unstirred by sound or motion . . . till
Suddenly into it a lithe frog leaps.

PAGE 45:

Although it is not plainly visible to the eye
The autumn has come.
I am alarmed
By the noise of the wind!

PAGE 36:

For my sister's sake
In plucking with my hand
The plum-blossom of the top-branch
I have got wet
With the dew of the lower boughs!

PAGE 35:

How will you manage
To cross alone
The autumn mountain
Which was so hard to get across
Even when we went the two of us together?

PAGE 1:

How goes the night? 500 B. C.
Midnight has still to come.
Down in the court the torch is blazing bright;
I hear far off the throbbing of the drum.

How goes the night?
The night is not yet gone.
I hear the trumpets blowing on the height;
The torch is paling in the coming dawn.

How goes the night?
The night is past and done.
The torch is smoking in the morning light,
The dragon banner floating in the sun.

FIRST LESSON (20 minutes)

METHOD:

INTRODUCTION:

1. The teacher initiated the discussion by asking this question: "What do you mean by nature?"
2. The children mentioned: clouds, water, rain, trees, birds, flowers, the rainbow and the earth.
3. The teacher said, "Let us say something about each of these "nature-things" by using an adjective or a verb.
4. The children then gave such phrases as: "the blowing clouds"; "the crystal-clear water"; "the trees were leaning with the wind"; "the blackbirds were flying in great flocks above the corn-stubble," etc.

LISTENING MOTIVE:

1. I shall read you a poem about something with which you are very familiar. There are several growing in your own school-yard.
2. With what does the writer compare the pine tree?

READING THE POEM:

1. Page 37—"O pine-tree standing" . . .

DISCUSSION:

1. The children replied, after listening to the poem, that the writer had compared the tree to ancient men.
2. In reply to the question as to why the writer had been impressed in this manner, the children said that the pine-tree looked old, rugged and rough.
3. The teacher re-read the poem.

Second Poem

LISTENING MOTIVE:

1. Have you ever felt on a summer day as this writer felt?

READING THE POEM:

1. Page 23—In the Mountains on a Summer Day.

DISCUSSION:

1. The children told of instances of seeing people sit in the shade of trees and fan themselves in the summer time.
2. The teacher said, "How has the poet taken a simple bit of action and made it into something beautiful?"
3. The children pointed out that the poet has said,
   "Gently I stir a fan" rather than "I fan myself"
   "In the green wood" rather than "in the woods"
   "on a jutting stone" rather than "on a stone"
   "trickles on my head" rather than "blows on my head."
4. The teacher re-read the poem.

Third Poem

LISTENING MOTIVE:

1. What effect does the rain seem to have on nature?
2. The children replied, "It makes everything seem fresher." "It washes the dust from the leaves." "It makes the air cooler." "Everything seems cleaner."
3. The teacher said, "Notice the effect on nature of the ceasing of the rain."

READING THE POEM:

1. Page 23—Clearing at Dawn.

DISCUSSION:

1. The children said, "It is cooler." "The colors seem brighter than before the rain because the dust has been washed away." "Colors seem brighter when they are wet—they seem deeper." "Fish jump up in the water after a rain." "Birds come out of the thicker woods where they have sought shelter and begin to sing when the rain is over." "The tall grasses are bent with the weight of the water."
2. The children asked to hear the poem again.
3. The teacher re-read the poem.

During the teaching of the unit the teacher had led the children to see that the themes of the poems were "simple expressions of beauty aroused by commonplace objects and happenings."

The fourth lesson of the unit was devoted to the children's searching their own environment and their own experiences for objects and incidents which would make material for poetry. The children were encouraged to write their own expressions freely—in the rough—and to make whatever corrections and changes that they felt were necessary later.

Some of the written results are as follows:

"The little birds have flown to the south
Where it is warm all winter,
And for many weeks there will be nothing but snowbirds
Which I take crumbs to every winter evening."

MARJORIE STEWARD (age 8)

"The beautiful old pine
Is still standing over in the field,
Clinging close is a little cluster-vine
As beautiful as can be."

MARGARET HELEN RASH (age 9)

"Old pine tree standing alone by the fence,
I wonder if you are lonesome
If I thought you were I would find you a friend
To keep you company."

J. HOWARD BAILEY (age 13)

"One night I looked in the eastern sky
And saw a pretty light.
It was the moon.
'I wonder what you ever suffer,'
I asked the beautiful moon
Up in the sky so high."

J. HOWARD BAILEY (age 13)

"The chirping little blackbirds
Flew in great flocks across the sky."

VIOLET ANN SATTERFIELD (age 10)

"The old cedar tree
That stood on the hill
Is gone.
The hill is bare."

RUFUS TOWERS (age 8)

"The old pine tree
Stands over a beautiful hill;
There it stands and never stirs."

CHAUNCY DEPEW (age 12)

"The fog looked like a great cloud
That had fallen to the ground
And that had surrounded me
On all sides."

ESTHER STEWARD (age 11)

"O, moon with your big round face
Up in the sky
Among all the twinkling little stars,
You seem to me like a mother
Looking at them
While they are at play."

ESTHER STEWARD (age 11)

"O maple tree
So tall and bare
With arms stretching
Up to the sky,
You look like
A wondrous big giant
Looking down
Upon little me."

ESTHER STEWARD (age 11)

"The house beside the pond
Is bent with age."

PHILIP PARROTT (age 12)

"The stone that lies
In the brook
Is brown with the rust
Of the water."

PHILIP PARROTT (age 12)

"That pine-tree standing
Down on the hill
Is standing there
And standing there,
Standing there still."

GEORGE WILLIAMS (age 10)

"As the brown leaves
Fall downward from the trees,
A thought comes to my mind:
A thought of cold, cold winter."

KENNETH BARWICK (age 11)

"As the blackbirds go towards the South
You know that winter is coming.
It makes your heart more cheerful
When you see them coming back."

KENNETH BARWICK (age 11)

"On the hill
There stands an old pine tree.
She has not one leaf
On her."

HAZEL BAILEY (age 10)

The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

JEAN MCLAUGHLIN — E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Athletics
IRVIN BROSE
BETTY HITESHEW

Social
ROSALIE LEPHARDT

Jokes
ISADORE SILBERT
REUBEN BAER

Business Manager
HAMMOND CANTWELL

Circulation Managers
VIDA LUDWIG — KATHRYN HENDERSON

Advertising Staff
RACHEL SMITH
ANNA SANDS
DOROTHY WEAVER
EDITH STROMBERG

Secretarial Staff
SADIE HUNTER
KATHARINE SMITH
MINNIE V. LAPIN

$1.50 *per year* — 20 *cents per copy*

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Christmas—A Symbol

By RUTH CAPLES, *Junior* 8.

"WHILE the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease;" neither shall Christmas, the world's greatest holiday cease, for the cycle of the years will continue to bring it regularly.

As children we had a childish delight in Santa Claus and in the story of the birth of Jesus. We had a childlike belief in the stories we were told about the reason we had Christmas, and in the stories of Santa. We have now only fragmentary memories of personal incidents that happened then. We have images of pictures that we studied when we were small; the brooding picture of Mother and Child; the strange picture of three star-led Shepherds, seeking the Infant Jesus; the intimate scene in the stable, as the Wise Men looked wonderingly upon the tiny child. These memories of things growing distant are dear to us, because they remind us of the fairyland to which the door is now shut. We were rich in wonderment, very eager, and very

teachable so that no doubts of the truthfulness of the stories occurred to us.

As we grew older, we questioned, "Is there a Santa Claus?" until we found that the story was a fairy-tale; Consequently, for the next few years Christmas lost much of its magic, but we tried hard to make up for this loss by putting more interest into the presents we gave. As we grew still older, we began to ask, "May not the story of the Shepherds be a fairy-tale too?" When we accepted these as fiction, we began to analyze our personality, trying to find out what we are; then we began to analyze the universe, trying to learn its meaning. If still we wonder what it is all about, we are apt to conclude that Christmas is an unreality, is for children, not for grown-ups.

The fact is, however, that grown-ups can enjoy Christmas, and this is strong proof that they retain some traits of childhood. Not to be *childish,* but to be *childlike;* trustful, teachable, eager, full of wonder, and of admiration, is an ideal for which each of us may work. Holding to this ideal will help us to see in Christmas and in the Christmas spirit, Love and Beauty, and these constitute Truth. The light of this Truth, as the light of the star of Bethlehem, will lead us to find in each and every Christmas that sense of new joy that Tiny Tim had when he cried,

"God bless us everyone!"

A Contrast

By Rachel Smith, *Senior* II.

If you have ever walked down Broadway or the Great White Way of any flaming metropolis of our modern civilization you will know what I mean by bright lights. And by way of contrast, if you have ever been out on a prairie road of a winter's night—when you could scarcely see your hand before you—you may know what I mean by darkness.

These seem but meaningless contrasts—but wait! Did you ever stop to think that life is just that? A blaze of light—an abyss of blackness—To me, Christmas is a ray of light—penetrating the blackness of the bleak Sovereign, Winter. The Christmas Spirit of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," takes hold of us so that for a few weeks we are new beings, transformed by nobler thoughts and higher ideals of love and generosity. Somehow the Christmas season makes up for the barrenness of winter by shedding a wealth of sunshine into the hearts of people everywhere who recognize the One whose birth we celebrate as the Messiah, the Hope of an erring world.

Oh, how ideal would be this earthly existence, were the spirit of Christmas to pervade the whole twelve months of every year! But, sadly for us, too many persons forget the feeling of love and brotherhood that is almost divine.

Christmas Through the Ages

By E. Gersuk, *Junior* 3.

Christmas, through all ages, has always appeared as a period of rejoicing. Our pagan ancestors had a mid-winter feast coming somewhere near the end of December to celebrate the turning of the sun, after its disheartening trek toward the South. The days, instead of becoming shorter, now began to grow longer. The sun gave a hint of the very distant, but much desired spring-time.

The winter solstice was observed by the Romans under the name of Saturnalia, in honor of the deity, Saturn.

In ancient Germany this period was known as "Twelve Nights". During Yule-Tide the Scandinavians built huge fires in honor of Thor. This is the probable origin of the Yule Log, which still holds a prominent place in our Christmas.

The Puritans of Plymouth celebrated their first Christmas by building homes. In the earliest days of Virginia the feasting was attended by uninvited guests who usually appeared dressed in red war paint and carried tomahawks. And so on . . .

Finally, we arrive at the 1930 edition of Santa Claus. Whether he be addressed by the younger generation as, Saint Nick, Kris Kringle, or some other name, he will always give the same answer! Courage for the future, good will toward men, peace on earth, sober enjoyment of the good things of the earth, generous giving to those close to us and to those in need, reverence for things of the spirit; these are some of the gifts of Christmas, which all may have and share.

September

By Kathryn Joram, *Junior* 10.

I forget
The famed fete
For the day that a king is crowned,
But I remember
The calm September
When apples and asters abound;
When the dainty, dancing golden rod
Steps swiftly, softly on earth brown clad,
When a purple aster
In the wind bows faster
To the earth where the morning has trod.

Security

By J. J. Baranco, *Senior* 7.

The days are long and the nights are short
And a warm cozy fireplace calls;
The sun is high yet its light is dull
As winter forebodingly falls.

North winds herald the coming frost
As they fiercely and coldly blow,
Huddling mortals in winter wraps
And chilling cheeks to ruddy glow.

The trees are in their deathly garb
As they bow to the rushing wind,
Lifting their leafless limbs in fear
And pleading to Aeolus kind.

All I ask is a cozy fire,
To cheer me as wild winds cry;
A book to take me lands away
As the hours slip silently by.

"In a Mighty Voice they Sang"

By Paul Yaffe, *Senior* 8

THE steady drone of voices guarded against conspicuous sound, now and then is augmented by a shrill laugh which proclaims its feminine origin. A sudden hush—the lights are dimming—a final restless settling into the seats, and—all eyes focused to the stage where the footlights cast a steady glow on the ten empty chairs which await their talented tenants.

Ah-h-h. Ten young women cross the stage in stately file. They sit down as one. They are good to look at, these Russian singers, garbed in their bright native dress. The opera glasses throw their faces into sharp relief—their sparkling tiaras deceive the eyes—they all look fair as they sit there passively, their hands limp in their crimson laps. The men are eleven in number. They are not stage types. Their voices are deep and melancholy—I think they have worked hard—these men. They are big men, heavy men, masculine men in picturesque garb from which the neutral background does not detract. They are a good looking group, this choir, a splotch of color underneath the glaring lights.

The conductor is outstanding—his evening clothes do not blend with the gay colors before which he stands apart—as one not of their number. He is an exacting conductor—he does not carry a baton—but he becomes irritated when someone in the audience coughs as he is about to start—all quiet—bodies tense—his hands are poised—they make a scarcely perceptible movement—he is not a gesticulating type.—

Ahhhh!—a symphony of sound—gentle and smooth at first—rising to a fury that thunders at the roof. A peculiar setting, this monstrous hall—the performers seem so far from us and their voices come as from a distance—it all seems like a placid fantasy if such a thing can be conceived. Just as if one were gazing perplexedly at a modernistic painting, one done in a cubist style—just as though one were peering down a deep well and there in the depths saw staring back at him his tiny reflection. Remarkable—the atmosphere, here—charged with dynamic force that grips the imagination and does tricks with it. What is this! They are chanting in a mighty voice that surges about the ears, pounding upon them in a dreadful monotone that is beautiful. People are squirming about uneasily—when will they take breath—the tone continues in a rhythmic intonation—pulsing, throbbing, beating like the dread beat of the tomtoms—what can this be—they have not yet perceptibly breathed, —They are singing the same rhythmic chant that gradually—ever so gradually—descends from a mighty cry to a sound that is hardly a sound —it is more like a gentle breath, thence rising to a clamorous climax. There is rapture in the faces of these Russians—a stolid sort of rapture—it is a fervent prayer they are chanting—chanting as tho' in the heat of delirium—"Be thou merciful to us, O Lord!"—and they sing it again, and again and again—with a pleading voice and a kind of dull animal stolidity—"Be thou merciful to us, O Lord!"—"Merciful, O Lord."

There were other selections—all fine compositions—all well executed. Yet there was not another which welled up like a great fist and clutched the throat and said, "I dare you to swallow."

That was all. They are a fine group of singers—a group which, I think, has known misery, perhaps—hardworking men—a little tired, I think—they are a remarkable group.

A Student's Impressions of New York

(*With apologies to Walter Winchell, O. O. McIntyre and anybody else who cares much for apologies*)

By Artur Lichtenstein, M.S.N.S. '27

THE FIRST thing that strikes the provincial entering New York is probably its pastoral peace and quiet. The subway cars are underground, so you can't hear them. You can only smell them. Trolleys, held up by red lights every two or three blocks, can't get up enough speed to make a racket. Taxis, on the other hand, go so fast you can't see them at all. They are also apt to be the first thing that strikes you on entering New York,—if you don't look both ways and around the corner before you step off the curb. So, all you hear is the distant lowing of cattle (automobile horns?—OK, it sounds just like cattle to me) and the chirping of crickets in the sewers.

The streets are empty of people—everybody walks on the pavements. You are carried along by the beauties of the city—and the elbows of the citizens. You ask a question of a passer-by—"How do I get to Columbia University?" He replies with a clever sparkle in his eye, "No spik!" You try another—and are panhandled out of your taxi fare. You take the subway, and ask the guard to let you off at 116th street. He doesn't speak English either, make no mistake about that, but he finally gets your wish through his skull. And if you are lucky, you are let off—somewhere between 96th and 137th.

You are polite, we assume. You give your seat on the subway to a lady—at least you make an effort to do so—and nine men are killed and injured in the rush to grab said seat. You look about for the original lady—she got off at the last station. You stand the rest of the way.

You push your way through the turnstiles, and come out. Your nickel has been untouched by human hands. Everything is kept clean in New York, and hence is automatic—human hands have nothing to do with anything. You can eat in an Automat, placing nickels in slots and getting the food as it pops forth. You can have your picture taken by a machine. You ride in the subway, the door opens and closes automatically. You go to your classes in the University—well, perhaps we had better hold it up right there.

You find Columbia a miniature reflection of the metropolis—and not so miniature at that. The city has a population of 7,000,000—the school 40,000. The city has its Chrysler Tower and Empire State Building—Columbia has its fifteen story dormitory for men—John Jay Hall, and elevators in every building are necessities. Nobody knows anybody else in the city—nobody knows anybody else in the school. The population of New York comes from all over the world; the population of Columbia even more so. New York has its magnificent library at 42nd St. and 5th Avenue, the traffic center of the city; Columbia has

hers at 116th St. in the center of the quad, and pedestrian traffic is heavy enough. There seem to be no limits to where we can push this analogy—we should have started earlier. Well, just one more: New York has its public schools; Columbia has its Teachers College.

Teachers College wasn't always part of the University. 120th Street still separates the two in more ways than one. "Oh, you go to Teachers College" used to be an expression of contempt. Now, the T. C. student says, with a leer, "Oh, you are at Columbia! Tsk..tsk." Because, you see, Teachers College has officially become a professional school, and soon, oh very, very soon, now, we hope, teaching will be considered a profession.

Now, the rules for lesson plans are rigorous; they say, always summarize before making your assignment. So, we will summarize before giving you your work, which is going to keep you mighty busy for the next few weeks, we can tell you that. Summary: New York is a great place, but I wouldn't want to live there. I'd rather live in Towson. Strange nobody has ever thought of just that idea before.

Now, for the assignment. Why, where have they all disappeared?

FINIS

The following brief biographical note may be added, if deemed desirable:

The author was born in Maryland during the present century, or the one preceding, or the one following it. The exact time is unknown as the family Bible was destroyed in the Baltimore fire, or perhaps it was the Chicago fire. He entered the Maryland State Normal School at the precocious age of 6, and graduated (or is it was graduated) soon after. He took only one course—Music. Considered too young to teach, he was sent to the South Pole with Byrd to mature a little. He matured, all right, and nearly froze to death in the bargain. This essay was written shortly after his untimely death.

To You

By A. E. REIER, *Senior 2.*

Your eyes are blue—as those of any fish,
Your lips are red—as clay banks by the road,
Your face—is round like Ma's best china dish,
You walk—with hopping motion like a toad.

You sing—just like the ice man calls at morn,
Your voice—is like my Lizzie when it's hot.
Your laugh—sounds like a lamb's that's being shorn.
Am I in love with you? You bet I'm not!

Street Car Observations

By Edward Gersuk, *Junior* 3

Is that the seventh or eighth number seven car to pass . . . What! the next car is an eight!!! Oh! well what's the use . . . too many women, for us to get a seat . . . Do my eyes deceive me . . . no, it really is an empty seat . . . a stout negress on one side . . . a gentle man in rather dilapidated clothing on the other . . . Oh well, I've squeezed into tighter places in my life . . . here goes . . . "Pardon me please, is this seat occupied" . . . "No" . . . Thank you . . . may as well make an attempt to study . . . what was that we had in psychology . . . "a person should never study where he is likely to be distracted . . . well, that's that. . .

Only up to 33rd street . . . this sure is a tiresome ride . . . need something to fill time . . . observation . . . great . . . five young men huddled together on rear platform . . . argue football . . . "and did you see that run made by Benjamin . . . "tough he had to be tackled on the five yard line" . . . "the old team nearly scored on that" . . . directly opposite . . . a young negro dressed in new overalls . . . an old man with a pipe in his mouth . . . a young lady completely absorbed in some reading material . . . can't see the title . . . oh! she's turning her page now . . . "True Love Stories" . . . next a bespectacled young lady is staring moodily directly ahead . . . a penny for your thoughts . . . I bet they're worth more . . . car is stopping for passengers . . . five women . . . and not an empty seat . . . Just my luck . . . she had to stop in front of me . . . I hope my ears aren't red . . . May as well delve in this book . . . Whew! thank heavens she moved . . . the three members of the female species, near the front are engaged in conversation . . . I can't hear . . . must be gossip on clothes . . . what else can women speak about . . . another fare . . . Oh well, here goes . . . dig down for another fare . . . five cents more for the conductor . . . why don't some people learn a few new cracks . . . there it goes again . . . One for the company, two for me . . . my two companions leave at the same stop . . . only about three minutes longer now . . . As the car slowly climbs the hill, the stately walls of the M. S. N. S. rear themselves against the blue of a clear sky . . . I must be getting poetical or else sentimental . . . but it *does* send a tickling sensation down one's spine . . . Well, here we are . . . And so . . . another day begins.

SCHOOL NOTES

International Assembly

THIS MEETING was opened by the entire assembly, singing "My Native Land." Miss Tall then announced that the group on the platform had come from the International Institute of Teachers' Colleges, and that this was one of several trips they were taking to become better acquainted with educational methods in the schools of the United States. She called attention to a phrase from the song we had just sung:

"The freedom of true brotherhood,
The wealth of love, the highest good."

Miss Tall pointed out how appropriate this phrase was, concerning the work of the International Institute and then gave a brief idea of the program for the hour, i. e., a presentation of a Transportation Unit. Miss Armstrong was the first speaker. This Unit described by members of Senior 2 was given as typical of the work carried on at the school. This piece of work covered the field of Transportation by land, sea and air. Miss Armstrong described the organization of the Unit, giving as reason for the choice of subject that it could be used in any grade, at any time, and at any place. Miss Angerman explained the books used, other sources of information, and the excursions. Miss Fiedler completed the explanation by showing the models constructed by the section during the period in which they worked on the Unit. These consisted of an airplane, a covered wagon, and a Viking ship. At this point the combined Glee Clubs sang "The King of Thule."

In this gathering there were twenty-one nations represented. There were persons from places which before had been to us dim names. Dr. Lester Wilson of Teachers' College introduced to us Mr. Lal of Tagore School, India. It did seem queer to hear our English spoken so well by a Hindu. However, he represented, as he said, not India, but the entire group of International Students. Some of the group had been in America only a few weeks and therefore their impression of our school is one of their first of American schools. In his talk Mr. Lal emphasized the fact that it is the teachers who advance science, for they are the ones who try out experiments.

Dr. Wilson next introduced a lady from Geneva, who is a technician. She said that though the entire group was interested mainly in education they had other interests. She said that nationalism was not

a bar to internationalism as she has seen it at Geneva. In fact, it is a decided help in the right direction. In the schools she found an honest effort to bring about an understanding. She asked that we read the newspapers critically when they deal with national and international affairs, and that we study them before we jump at conclusions. The Assembly was closed with the singing of "America's Message" and "America."

R. M. L.

Junior Mothers' Week-End

As a result of weeks of preparation on the part of the dormitory staff the Juniors' mothers were invited to spend the week-end of November 7th at our school. Many of the mothers arrived at the dormitory even before classes were over on Friday afternoon. The purpose of inviting the mothers was to help them become better acquainted with the living conditions at the school as well as to meet the instructors.

This was quite an event for the Juniors as many of them had not seen their mothers since they left for school early in September. There was quite a full program planned for the mothers. As they arrived on Friday they were met by their daughters and shown to their rooms. Nearly every Junior had much to tell her mother and with the trip through the kitchens everyone was quite busy until dinner time. The dining-room, lit solely by candles, was truly beautiful. An orchestra played popular melodies while dinner was served. Later, all joined in singing airs of long ago and old school favorites. The mothers seemed to enjoy the solos and musical numbers immensely.

Saturday a sight-seeing and shopping trip to Baltimore was planned. The mothers were conducted through the Infirmary and allowed to see the health records of their daughters. Another item planned for the mothers was a meeting with Miss Tall and the faculty. Here the many questions which the mothers asked were answered, after which tea was served.

There was still another treat in store. Many of the fathers came on Sunday to take the mothers home, so we invited them to stay to dinner. During the afternoon the parents left, all declaring that Mothers' Week-end was a huge success.

Song Recital

On November 7, Miss Louise H. Schroeder, teacher of applied music at the Normal School gave a song recital in the Auditorium. Miss Schroeder was accompanied by one of her private piano students, Miss Lydia M. Spielman.

Miss Schroeder's very enjoyable program was a varied one, begin-

ning with an aria from "The Daughter of the Regiment" by Donizetti and including a folk song of Tuscany, Massenet's "Open Thou, My Love, Thy Blue Eyes," as well as several English songs. In the last and in her two amusing encores, Miss Schroeder evidenced an excellent command of English diction; while in the aria from Donizetti, which seemed particularly suited to her voice, the purity of the high notes were delightful. Miss Spielman lent efficient accompaniments at all times and played two piano solos in which for one so slight she displayed a surprising breadth of tone.

Miss Schroeder and Miss Spielman followed the pretty fashion of dressing alike, being costumed in two harmonizing shades of blue.

E. P.

The Y. W. C. A. Bazaar

By Edith Davis, *Senior* 10

THE ANNUAL Y. W. C. A. Bazaar was held from November 19th to the 21st in Room 223. This year we were allowed two and one-half days instead of two. We were exceedingly glad to have our wares on display another day, as there were so many lovely things for one to examine and buy.

Our tables were laden with commodities. Brassware, homespun, pottery, Japaneses articles, novelties, and Christmas cards were exhibited on separate tables. A fitting setting was furnished by the use of tapestries on the walls and the very unique little tea, ice cream and cookie table in one corner of the room. The Camp Fire Girls had a share in the bazaar —selling candy of many delicious varieties.

We think the whole atmosphere of the bazaar was delightful. We are well satisfied, too, with the results in "terms of proceeds" and will try to make our Y. W. C. A. better with the funds we have received.

Our November Dance

By Lavinia Weaver, *Senior* 8

THE SECOND dance of the Maryland State Normal School was held Friday, November 14. This one was unique in that it was held on Friday night and lasted until twelve. It was more or less a trial dance to see which night would prove more popular. To make a long story short this dance was successful, about one hundred and fifteen couples making a record attendance. The music was as good as usual and we are wondering which evening will be the one chosen for our future dances.

Junior 4 Assembly

By Rosalie Lephardt, *Senior* 8

On November the 10th Junior 4 presented its Assembly. As we all know, the assemblies are to be an outgrowth of our class work. This section, considering that its class work depended to a great extent on the Library facilities, decided to give the Library a "break." Their presentation consisted of a plea for quiet, studious conduct in the Library. Miss Virginia Stinchcum portrayed the poor student constantly interrupted by the more exuberant members of her section. Her facial expressions were quite adequate to show her attitude toward the disturbers. The platform had been set as a section of the Library. The interruptions were quite typical: slamming books, scraping chairs, rushes at the desk, and loudly announced " and I said to him" 's and "He asked me" 's. The studious person seemed quite annoyed by the amorous interludes taking place at the next table. When these characters left the stage, a bevy of very studious girls advanced and began busily and quietly to work. Miss Osborne then strolled across the stage, dropped a pin which reverberated unmistakably as a pin should in the library, and retired to the back of the stage while a smile of wide proportions spread over her face.

This assembly was not given over entirely to amusement. It was announced that there was to be a serious campaign for a more studious atmosphere in the Library. After a plan was made by this section, representatives were selected from all other sections to put it on a practical working basis. There are many opinions as to the value of this plan, but it has not yet been given a fair trial and Junior 4 still hopes for good results.

Dr. Crabtree's Party

By Vida Ludwig, *Senior* 10

Surprise! Thus began the delightful party given by the Senior Class in honor of Miss Crabtree, adviser for the class of '31. After greeting Dr. Crabtree with appropriate songs and yells, the faculty and seniors joined wholeheartedly in the playing of such games of Looby Loo and Did You Ever See a Lassie. The next feature was a tap dance by Miss Armstrong. This was followed by guessing contests in which the faculty participated. Miss Van Bibber and Miss Birdsong were the winners of these. Next a little skit entitled "In a Railroad Station" was presented by the Mummers' League. Every doctor prescribes, so Dr. Crabtree handed out prescriptions for hydrophobia, scarlet fever, jaundice, indigestion or whatever ailed you. Refreshments were then served, and the guest of honor was presented with a gift which turned out to be a roly poly. The party ended with dancing.

Hallowe'en

By Rosalie Lephardt, *Senior* 8

Saturday, November the First, affairs of a ghostly nature progressed in and about the Auditorium. Early comers to this eerie festival were hastily sent to the bottom of the circular staircase, there to await further directions. At about 9:15 the merrymakers were led single-file up the steps and across the platform. Here it was quite dark and as you stepped across you were forcibly invited by white-clad beings to feel the various parts of their inner anatomy while they kept up a constant ear-racking moaning and groaning, wailing about the lost parts of their earthly bodies. You stepped across a clanking chain and dodged a body hanging above the steps leading down from the platform.

Here it was a little lighter and you could see along one side an old grave-yard with tombstones bearing the epitaphs of noted or trouble-some members of the student body. There were also epitaphs for the devices, such as units, which the teachers have planned to save our idle hands from mischief. The Spirit of Music was covered by a stone bear-ing the inscription:

We all began our music Units,
We thought we were pretty hot;
But try-outs showed us differently—

You can probably guess the rest. Near where Brose the mighty and the proud slept, lay Tadpole, whose tombstone commemorated the occa-sion of his first and last experience with chewing gum. So you see our earthly status counts for little in our final resting place. The ghosts haunting the grave-yard were quite disturbed when people sat on their coffins in order better to see the "stone" tacked on the back of the next chair. As you reached the end of the grave-yard and looked back you saw the stage adorned with an enormous skull and crossbones. Fierce looking pirates, witches, and owls glared at you from every corner, mak-ing it truly a gruesome sight.

After the Grand March the hall was again darkened and we saw on the platform a huge caldron. A fearful person (Mr. Yaffe) ap-peared and brewed a powerful potion, invoking a skeleton, still wet with clay from the grave, to come to his aid. After a dance this figure sank into the caldron to the closing notes of the "Dance Macabre". From the huge pot were then drawn prophecies. Other features of the program consisted of games and contests in which Miss Dunlavy and Miss Med-wedeff distinguished themselves by their ability to skip rope. Miss Tall awarded the Costume prizes. The prize for the funniest went to a group of natural-looking hoboes who astonished us by the soprano qualities of their voices as they sang to show their appreciation. A final number was a balloon dance—the object was to burst the balloons tied to the

ankles of the other dancers, while keeping your own balloon intact. At the end of this strenuous exercise refreshments were served, and the last guest left as the Tower-clock struck twelve.

The Trysting Place

"THE TRYSTING PLACE," a Mummers' League presentation, was presented on November 18, 1930, to an audience, which was both enthusiastic and appreciative.

After feverish weeks of anxiety on the part of the members of the cast, the adviser, and the coach, the play was finally moulded into a form suitable for presentation. The roles of the various characters were very ably portrayed by members of the Mummers' League.

The cast consisted of: Minnie Lapin as Mrs. Briggs; Edward Gersuk as her ex-fiance, Henry Ingoldsby; Ruth Bonnert in the part of Mrs. Curtis; Sidney Cohen as Lancelot Briggs; Margaret Spenkow as Jessie Briggs; and Rupert Smith, played by Sidney Liberman.

Much credit is due Ralph Bargteil, coach, and Mrs. Stapleton for her wise counsel in directing the play. The members of the cast too are to be congratulated on their splendid performance.

It has been rumored that another play by the Mummers' League is in the offing. We are looking forward expectantly to another enjoyable afternoon.

Tri-State Student Conference

By EDITH M. DAVIS, *Senior* 10

WHEN one hundred and twenty students from at least eight of our leading colleges and universities assemble at such an attractive place as Levering Hall, Johns Hopkins University, something is bound to happen —it did. What kind of a meeting was this? It was a conference of Campus Y. W. and Y. M. cabinet members to share new ideas, helpful methods and to get the inspiration of such a fine personality as that of Dr. Bruce Curry of New York University.

Truly, it was good to have been there.

Aside from the determination to make our Y. W. a better and more satisfactory student activity, there were other things to be gained by being a part of this group. Many of the other students had good ideas that had worked and we were glad to hear about them. I think that many of us after this conference faced our own problems and ideals from a rather different angle than before.

And besides that—we had a good time. We enjoyed talking about the football clashes, school dances, necessary or unnecessary amounts of work, and we met some very charming people.

ATHLETICS

THE MARYLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT TOWSON

Varsity Basketball Schedule—1930-1931

Friday—December 5	8:00	Susquehannocks	at	Normal
Friday—December 12	8:30	American Univ.	"	Washington
Tuesday—December 16	8:30	Catholic Univ.	"	Washington
Friday—January 9	8:00	Susquehannocks	"	Normal
Friday—January 16	8:00	American Univ.	"	Normal
Friday—January 23	8:00	Gallaudet Col.	"	Normal
Wednesday—January 28	8:00	Blue Ridge Col.	"	New Windsor
Friday—February 6	8:00	Blue Ridge Col.	"	Normal
Friday—February 13	2:30	Elizabetht'n Col.	"	Normal
Friday—February 20	8:00	Gallaudet Col.	"	Washington
Tuesday—February 24	4.00	Beacom College	"	Normal
Friday—March 6	8:00	Alumnae	"	Normal

Basketball

WE BEGAN the year with Jansen, Davidson, Himmelfarb, Trupp, Silbert, Brose, and Lipsitz from last year's team. Add to that Saltzman, Goetz, and Levin from the Juniors and you have the present basketball team. A large group came out for the team, but there were no experienced men and the coach found it necessary to cut the squad to twelve men. This was done and now that we have two games under our belt we may be able to say something.

Jansen looks as good as ever this year, but the coach has shifted him to a guard position instead of a forward. With him as guard we have Saltzman, Trupp, or Silbert. Saltzman is a steady Junior who shows considerable ability and he may develop into a first class guard. Silbert is held back by his bad ankle which he received in soccer, but we know we can depend on him. Trupp is the famous speed-boy who will probably pull more than one game out of the fire for us. At center we have used Brose who got his necessary experience last year and shows up a much improved player. At the forward posts we have Himmelfarb, Davidson, and Goetz. Himmelfarb is a fast, tricky boy who usually goes through and gets the points when we need them. Davidson is a colorful player on the team with his fast starts and stops, his spinners and his dives, but he gets his baskets and that's what we want.

In Goetz we have another promising Junior who has the speed and the good shot but he is still unsteady and has the tendency to rush the ball. Give him the necessary experience and he'll come along fast.

In the two games so far, we have shown spots of good playing and spots of poor playing. In the first game, we defeated St. Cecilia's by the score of 18 to 17. The game was won in the last five seconds by a long shot. In the first half we looked bad. Our opponents' plays went through us and our plays failed. In the second half we broke up their plays and our plays succeeded. There you have the story of victory.

In the game with Franklin we started off like a house afire. In the first half we led 22 to 0. Our plays worked like charms. In the second half many substitutions slowed up the game and marred the teamwork. Fast, unheady play entered the game on both sides and the game looked more like a foot race than a basketball game. The game ended with the score 36 to 13.

In the games Jansen was high scorer with seven points in the first game and about fourteen points in the second game. Brose was second by tying Jansen in the first game with seven points but only getting six points in the second game.

Soccer

WITH THE season nearing completion, we find several interesting things which most of you have not thought about. In the first place our season, this year, was not so good, nor was it bad. Since the first two or three games there has been a continual sick list of four varsity men: Bowers, Mazarus, Silbert, and Taylor. Taking these four men from the team, what have we? I'll let you guess.

We had a forward line that showed plenty of fight and speed but they were never there when the ball was waiting to be kicked through. If they were there, we usually were fortunate enough to have a referee who would insist on declaring the man off-side, thereby keeping our record inviolate. Our half-back line started off the season with a loud bang. With Taylor at left, Brose in center, and Silbert at right, we had an exceptionally strong halfback line, but very soon Taylor was injured, then Silbert, taking away two of the three. Mazarus was injured and this necessitated shifting Brose to full back. Not content with that Bowers received an injury and Brose was shifted again to goal where he was only good for stopping goals. Enough said—you see what happened to our half back line. On the full-back end, we had Mazarus and Woolston at the beginning of the year. Woolston was injured for a while and when he returned he had lost his dependability and this made it necessary for Bryant to move back with Brose. In goal we had Bowers playing a good game until he was injured. You know the climax better than I.

Junior-Senior Football Game

On November 21, 1930, the Junior-Senior football game, which gives promise of becoming an annual classic, was held.

A damp cold day greeted those early spectators, who turned out to witness the fracas. The Junior team was the first to appear on the field and it went through a few formations before relinquishing the battle ground to the Senior team for some preliminary practice. Of the two teams, the Junior team was easily seen to be a better team and throughout the game displayed a better blend of playing prowess than did their opponents.

In the first few moments of play, the Juniors came into possession of the ball and after a few short runs by Baer and Land, the ball was placed within the shadow of the Senior goal posts. On the next play, a beautiful pass, from Saltzman to Denison, resulted the first touchdown of the game. The try for point was made good and the score stood 7-0, in favor of the Junior team. Thus the score remained until the whistle blew, ending the half.

A group of hilarious, but not over-confident Juniors retired to the barracks for the ten-minute rest period allotted to the two teams. The Seniors were allowed possession of the field for additional practice.

At the beginning of the second half the Juniors were met by an aggregation of determined Senior football players. In almost the same amount of time needed by the Junior team to make its first touchdown, the Seniors were able, due to the blunder of one of the Junior backs, to gather their first touchdown. This almost impossible feat was accomplished by a quick pass from Woolston to Brose. The Junior team led by one point, which, to the Seniors, had assumed extraordinary proportions. By successfully thwarting the determined attempt of the Junior line to rush in and block the try-for-point kick, from the nimble toe of Woolston, the Senior team was able to tie the score of the Junior team.

Both teams were by this time displaying exceptional qualities of football. As the minutes of the time-keeper's watch slowly ticked away, each team endeavored to place the ball in a scoring position, but were unsuccessful. Passes were attempted, but were for the most part incompleted. The whistle sounded, ending the game, with the score deadlocked, 7-7.

E. G.

Hockey Game

SATURDAY, November 15, officially ushered in the girls' hockey game. Despite the fact that the weather was rather threatening, it was just a case of "on with the game," because all members of the teams appeared on the field, grim-faced, tight-lipped, eager for battle and victory. One thing that marred the day's pleasure was this: there were scarcely any "fans" to spur them to better "shots" for goals. Maybe that accounts for the fact that the Senior first and second teams defeated the Junior teams by a score of 2-0, and 1-0, respectively. Mabel Taylor scored the single goal for the second Senior team, and "Jackie" Ruppert and Ann Saathoff helped roll up the score for the Senior first team.

Really, the game was a sight well worth standing on muddy ground to see. Both teams played remarkably well, and a spirit of good will, fun, and sportsmanship prevailed throughout.

Another game is scheduled for Monday, November 24, and this honest plea is made to all: Please—Let's have everyone out to make a glorious day!

The Orchestra

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION gave the Orchestra its first opportunity for a public appearance by inviting us to play at their luncheon at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Saturday, October 25. We accepted the invitation with pleasure. Our program consisted of six selections by the entire orchestra and two solos—one played by LeRoy Hollison, cornetist, and the other by Maynard Harper, saxophone player. When the musical program had been completed, the Orchestra was taken into another room, where we enjoyed a very delicious luncheon, for which we wish to thank the Alumni Association. L. P.

League of Young Voters

Calendar for Year 1930-1931

November 25—Richmond Hall, night meeting of foreign college students.
December 16—Town meeting.
January 13—Richmond Hall, business meeting to arrange trips.
January 27—Open Forum.
February 10—Richmond Hall.
February 24—Town meeting.
March 10—Richmond Hall.
March 24—Open Forum.
April 14—Richmond Hall.
April 28—Richmond Hall, election of officers.
May 12—Town meeting.

November

Frosty crisp mornings
And a hazy veil
Left by the moon in her hurry.
Dead leaves rush to corners
Chased by biting wind.
The sun, with cold fingers
Afraid to climb high
Clings to the tops of bare trees.
Gray clouds, silent, still
Football weather—
Breathless.....

A Christmas Carol

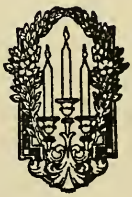
Straight from heaven it came down to me,
A bit of the still, starlit night.
An old Christmas message it seemed to be,
A carol, whispering peace and quiet.

I had forgotten the joy of Christmas tide,
My heart was doubting, lonely, and sad,
Until this carol came there ever to abide
Telling me to have faith and be glad.

Oh, sweet carol, what blessings you've brought,
In your tune new hopes for future gleam,
A lesson of lasting faith you have taught,
The Spirit of Christmas reigns supreme.

God must have sent you to my heart
My doubts and dreading fears to still,
That his love you might to me impart
Whispering low "Peace! good will!"

ELIZABETH MOONEY, Jr. 9



Seen and Heard from the Tower

Mr. Minnegan's proteges in his tap dancing class have slowly dwindled. Between Reuben Baer and Milton Bergen a fine team should develop.

We hear that some members of the student body wish to present a certain Junior with a medal for school spirit. So far this member has volunteered for every extra-curricular activity, achieving a position, in none. Keep it up.

We notice that at least twenty Juniors are still "doubling up" on the lockers, with individual lockers available. Men are queer, aren't they?

We wonder if the cane which "Keel" Silbert was carrying, was not to put on a dapper appearance. We suggest a derby also.

Some people think they're good, others know it. If you don't believe we're good, ask us.

Several members of the student body have professed the desire to see and hear Fills of Junior 3 sing a spring song and do an aesthetic dance.

We think, the acting of Minnie Lapin was great, in her capacity as Mrs. Biggs, a character in "The Trysting Place."

And while on the subject, Ralph Bargteil deserves much credit for his coaching in the Mummers' League presentation.

A certain Junior was seen proposing to a statue of Venus de Milo, at the right of the entrance to the assembly. Miss McComas' lecture accomplished its purpose.

Will the young lady in Newell Hall, who persists in calling Sidney Land, as he passes the dormitory, please introduce herself properly. (Request.)

We wonder how many of the girls learning to play tennis, on our courts, will turn out to be "Helen Willses."

We hear that the favorite spot on the campus to certain students is on the roadway in front of the school at 3:05 o'clock.

While on the subject, gentle reader, if you have endured it this long, the writer of this column wishes you a Happy Christmas, and a Merry New Year.

We recently received a note from a troubled member of Junior 3, claiming he has been accused of editing this column, because his initials were identical with those of the author of this column. We, therefore, in view of these facts presented, refuse to answer this question, as the author of this column wishes, for reasons known only to himself, to be entirely anonymous.

The rest cure that State Normal has so graciously presented to Mr. Trupp is now completed. He has been recently appointed Editor-in-Chief of the "Crystal."

Senior 8's units and term papers rank highest in the school by virtue of the following constituents:

1. Well planned and critical material.
2. Authorities used as references.
3. Practical objectives, clearly stated.
4. Material typed by Silbert's portable Corona.

A DOG'S LIFE

If we tell of Senior 8 we're partial to our section.

If we write of other senior sections, readers will claim that we love some of the girls.

If we resort to the Juniors, we lose caste.

If we laugh at our teachers, we lose our sleep.

What a life!

Call our sense of humor what you will, we still maintain that the funniest incident that happened this year was the one in which Miss Weyforth seriously compared the aesthetic qualities of a picture she had purchased for ten cents with the one for which she had extravagantly paid thirty-five cents.

Miss Dowell (In Health Ed. Class)—As determined by statistics the average person uses between 150 and 200 gallons of water per day.

Mr. Lipsitz (sotto voce)—I'll fool her. I am going home and let the water run all night.

Mr. Cohen (wearily)—Raising the average again!

Senior 2 has talked a mean Transportation Unit. Now let's see the girls teach it.

With a mere "passed" or "failed" given as grades, many parents will see a report card for the first time in their lives.

She: Why didn't you shave before taking me to the Prom?
He: I did.
She: When?
He: Just before I came over to wait for you.—*Octopus.*

EVOLUTION

Junior: Well, er—it can be explained, etc., etc., etc. . . .
Senior: I'm in a daze, I don't know what you're talking about.
Mother: "Mary, come upstairs immediately."
Mary: "But I'm all wrapped up in my problem."
Mother: "Tell him to go home."—*Widow.*

Cheer Up, Seniors!

By JEANETTE STEIN, *Senior* 3.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of a pleasing tale that will ease your fear,
Many new schools are being born,
That shall be ready next September morn,
So if after student teaching you find
That you have failed, after a terrible grind,
And if when professionals you take,
You feel that everything isn't "just jake",
Cheer up, for as you all must know,
New schools must have us to make them go.

Prof: All right, Jones, give your impromptu speech.
Jones: I'm not prepared, sir.—*Juggler.*

Sula: "I wonder why a woman repeats everything that you tell her?"
Anthansius: "My dear girl, a woman has but two views of a secret. Either it's not worth keeping, or it's too good to be kept."—*Medley.*

A noted writer once said: "A woman's clothes are her sentiments expressed in fabrics." Then it must be true that there isn't as much sentiment as there used to be.—*Sun Dial.*

"You want me to raise your salary?" said the stern employer. "Give me two reasons."
The meek employee gazed sadly at his boss and murmured, "Twins."—*Mugwump.*

Prof: This lecture is apt to prove embarrassing. If any men or women care to leave, they may.
Voice from the rear: Sir, may I invite some friends?—*Punch Bowl.*

D. A. R.: There's a rug grandma hooked.
N. U. T.: Tsk, tsk.—*Juggler.*

She: You have a hole in your stocking.
He: Sure, how'd ya think I got it on!—*Desert Wolf.*

Stude: Why did you stop hunting an honest man, Diogenes?
Diogenes: Somebody stole my lantern.—*Longhorn.*

PREVAILING
TYPES AT NORMAL
JUNIOR
Junior
SPECIOUS SENIOR
TADPOLE
SOPHISTICATED
Senior
TALENTED JUNIOR

Where
Clothes are Smart
and
Prices are Right

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.

Outselling
All Other Eights

Valve-in-Head **BUICK** Straight Eight

"Take the Wheel and Marvel"

The BROOKS-PRICE CO.
TOWSON

SCHLEISNER CO.
220 North Howard Street, Cor. Clay

THE FASHION CORNER

Where College Misses & Youth
Get Collegiate Styles

The Hub

"of Charles Street"

Phone Towson 962
Juanita B. Schuster, Prop.
MAR-NITA
BEAUTY SHOPPE
JEAN MOYLAN
in attendance
Beauty Specialist
Scalp Treatments and Permanent
Waving Our Specialties
35 YORK ROAD
Near Burke Ave. Towson, Md.

THE NEW!

Baltimore has learned that if it is new —and smart—Stanwick's introduce it. The most distinctive Coats and Frocks in the new silhouette—are showing now. Moderate prices.

STANWICK'S
204 W. Lexington St.

SMART APPAREL

For the College Girl

and the pleasure of receiving courteous service amid spacious surroundings

HUTZLER BROTHERS Co.

"Say It With Flowers"

Everything That Is Artistic in
Cut Flowers and Plants

ISAAC H. MOSS
INC.

5315 York Rd. Baltimore, Md.

JENKINS & McCALL
COAL CO., Inc.

Domestic, Steaming
and Smithing Coals

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND

Lexington Market: PLaza 2510-11-12
Hollins Market: PLaza 1083
CAlvert 0068

D. Callahan's Sons
SEA FOOD

BALTIMORE MARYLAND

SAMUEL KIRK & SON
Incorporated
421 N. Charles Street

GOLD JEWELRY *DIAMONDS*
CLOCKS *WATCHES*
SILVERWARE
FINE STATIONERY

Founded 1815

The Second
National Bank
of Towson, Md.

HENRY RECKORD

Ford

At Towson Since 1913

BALTIMORE'S LARGEST
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY STORE

LAMPELL'S

Home of
SORORITY HATS

31 W. LEXINGTON ST.
PLaza 2524

THE SUPREME ICE CREAM CO.

"Your Sweetest Neighbor"

1224-28
GREENMOUNT AVENUE
BALTIMORE, MD.

Your Banking Needs Are Courteously Supplied at

The Baltimore County Bank

YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

Unusual Gifts

25 Cents to 25 Dollars

Greeting Cards of All Kinds

AMY B. HISS

Chesapeake Ave. Towson, Md.

Phone, VErnon 0261

Garman's

TRUNKS, BAGS, LEATHER GOODS

329 N. Howard Street
Baltimore, Md.

Repairing a Specialty

GRIFFITH & TURNER CO.

Our Large Improved Store
Is Equipped to Fill Every Need

FARM GARDEN LAWN

205-215 Paca St. 338 N. Gay St.
Phone CAlvert 2300

TUxedo 0146-2627
Members of F. T. D.

FRED. C. BAUER

Florist and Nurseryman

181-187 Gittings Avenue
Govans, Md.

Weber

Invites the Students and Teachers of Towson State Normal School to avail themselves of the special prices extended to Educational Institutions on Artists' Materials.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Drawing Papers, Inks, etc., at our local headquarters.

F. WEBER CO.

227 Park Ave.

HERGENRATHER DRUG CO.
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
Agents for
Max Factors Society Make Up
Bourjois Evening in Paris Perfume
Barbara Gould Facial Treatment
Whitman's Chocolates
Martha Washington Bon Bons
Sheaffer Fountain Pens
Eastman Kodaks and Films
Films Developed 24 Hour Service
Motorcycle Delivery Phone Towson 39
Jersey Ice Cream

Distinctive Portrait Photography

SCHINDELE

519 N. Charles Street
BALTIMORE

Phone MAdison 1851-W

JOHN WUNTZ

Piano Tuning and Repairing

3041 Arunah Avenue
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE
McMAHON
TRANSPORTATION CO.
Buses for All Occasions
HAmilton 2078 Overlea, Md.

Let Your Light Direct You to
The Towson National Bank
As the Place to Do Your Banking
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE

Phone, Towson { 201 / 204
Louis W. Held & Sons, Inc.
Established in 1868
Towson Bakery & Goodie Shop
Wedding Cakes a Specialty

Telephone Towson 856
GEO. H. STEIBER
Table Delicacies
531 YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

Compliments of
BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD.

The Monroe Co.
206 W. LEXINGTON STREET
Baltimore
Costume Jewelry, Evening Jewelry, Ensemble Sets, Etc. Full assortment of Rings, Watches, Lighters, all at moderate prices.
WE WILL CASH YOUR CHECKS
JEWELRY REPAIRS

SILVERWARE *WATCHES*
A. H. FETTING COMPANY
Manufacturing Jewelers
314 CHARLES STREET, NORTH
BALTIMORE, MD.
CLASS PINS *CLASS RINGS*

Compliments
MASON'S GARAGE & SERVICE STATION
TOWSON, MD.

Momjian's
Where Normal Students Meet to Eat
DELICIOUS SODAS AND SUNDAES
HOMEMADE SANDWICHES
See Them Made

Sheet Music and Books
Victor and Columbia Records
RADIOS
THE G. FRED KRANZ MUSIC CO.
327 N. Charles St.
PLaza 3732

Ladies' Up-to-Date Hair Bobbing
Shampooing and Curling
WM. KOERNER
505 York Road Towson, Md.

"The LINDEN"
Visit Our ICE-CREAM PARLOR
Light Lunch, Confectioneries and School Supplies
Edgar DeMoss, Prop.
Phone TOWSON 372-J

THE MARYLAND RESTAURANT
The Only Place to Eat
York Road at Pa. Ave.
Towson, Md.

McCALLISTERS
for
HIGH GRADE ATHLETIC GOODS
124 W. Baltimore St.

SUBSCRIBE
To
"THE CRYSTAL"

Merry Christmas

to

All

UNDIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY!

We have a Department devoted exclusively to work of this nature!

UNIVERSITY—
COLLEGE—
SCHOOL—
ACADEMY—

Annuals
Quarterlies
Monthlies
Weeklies
Hand Books
Programs
Song Books
Blotters
Humorous

View Books
Catalogs
Literature

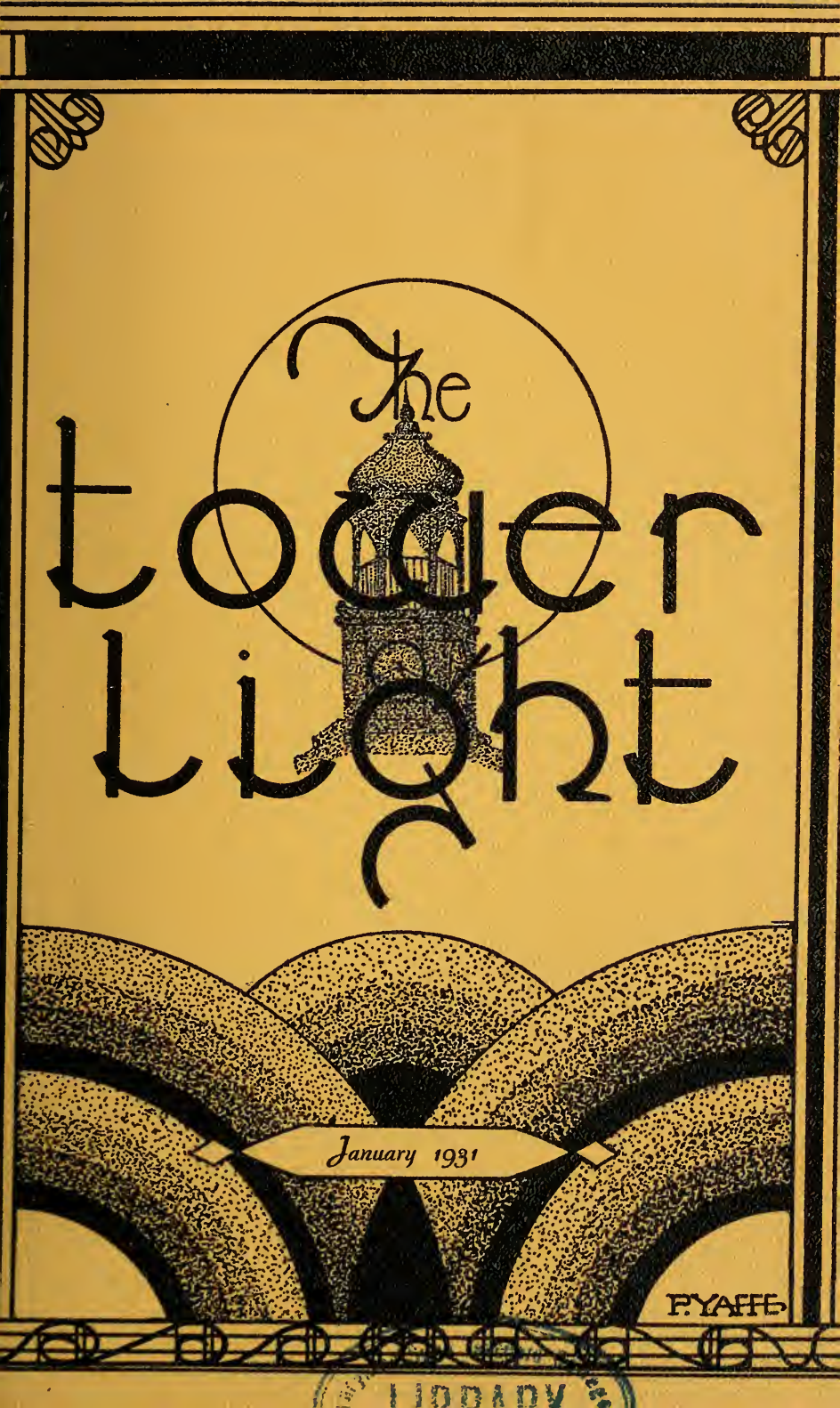
Designing
Engraving
Printing
Binding

The READ-TAYLOR CO
ADVERTISING
BALTIMORE

Lombard & South — CAlvert 1800

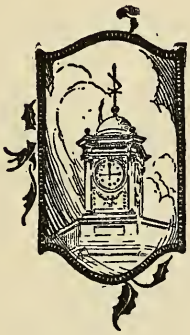
Producers of "Tower Light"

The Tower Light



LIBRARY

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

Contents

	Page
How Near Ideal Are You?	3
The Modernist "Goes" Medieval	4
The Secret of the Galley	6
"Wanderjahr"	7
What Happens to the Teacher's Sense of Humor?	9
Load	10
Poetry	12
An Adventure in Poetry	14
The Value of Handwork in the Elementary School	18
Editorials	20
Compensation	21
Books We Like	22
A Second Grade Appreciation	25
Notes from "Fifth Grade Flashes"	26
A Student Teacher's Final Lesson Plan	27
School Notes	28
The Gold Charm	32
Jokes	35
Advertisements	37

The Tower Light

Vol. IV | January, 1931 | No. 4

How Near Ideal Are You?

THE DICTIONARY says that ideal means "conforming to a standard of perfection". Did you ever stop to analyze yourself, to see if you are anywhere near perfection? Did you ever ask yourself these questions?

1. Have I boxed up all the unkind things I have heard and have not let any of them out?
2. When I want to make a good friend, am I a friend myself?
3. Do I say, "I caught a trout a foot long this morning", when in reality it was only eight inches long?
4. Do I act the truth, tell the truth and live the truth?
5. Do I go around with a chip on my shoulder daring someone to knock it off?
6. Do I falter in a downpour of criticism, or do I see my plans through to the finish?
7. When I criticise others, am I unconscious of the fact that I disagreeably affect others, that I am not free from offensive traits?
8. Do I say "thank you", when someone obliges me, and do I say "pardon me" when I fail to be courteous to someone else?
9. When I make a mistake, does it raise my standards of life, or do I just "drop it"?
10. When I do something worthwhile do I "toot my own horn", or do I let the world do it for me?
11. When Johnnie gets A on an examination, do I say, "Oh, he was only lucky"?
12. Are my exclamations, such as "Ogeegosh", You Bet, etc.?

These questions are not original on my part; they are collected at random. They have been preached, taught, discussed, argued and what not, yet they never grow old or out of date and I am asking you again, did you ever ask yourself these questions?

H. C.

The Modernist "Goes" Medieval

By Bissell Brooke

(*Woman's Editor of the SUNDAY SUN*)

THE EXISTENCE of Aladdin and his magic lamp leap far within the realm of probability, when, in this highly sophisticated and modern day one can be carried back through the centuries to live in the Middle Ages with a folk that recognize the joy of having a genuinely jolly Christmas.

Such a rare and rich experience is the result of one of the few striking but truly delightful instances of the modern generation turning Medieval. Maryland's example par excellence is seen in the magnificent Yuletide celebration of the students and faculty of the State Normal School.

The fortunate individual invited to spend the evening at the Court of the Duke of Richemond is inclined to believe that Aladdin or that cunning wizard, Merlin, traversed the Old York Road just a step or so ahead of St. Nick. A short distance from the much frequented thoroughfare of this machine age one enters a sumptuous medieval castle that radiates the hospitality of the holiday season of Merry England many decades ago.

The very walls call out a warm welcome with their colorful banners, pennants, shields, tapestries, and rugs. Evergreens and candles complete the artistically arranged decorations that provide a picturesque background for the brilliant costumes of the lords and ladies and villagers. Jesters and clowns, whose agile wits would have put Touchstone to shame, abound here, there, and everywhere. The Duke and Duchess arrive with their retinues.

Gayety and jollity reign supreme on this night of nights. A merry hey and hallo, and the Yule Log is carried in. A youthful flame arrives to light it. Ghosts of the miracle and morality dramas hover about as old Father Care is tossed into the fire to make way for Mistress Mirth. This lady of laughter and fun leads the Court into the gaily decked dining hall to quaff ale and partake of victuals that made famous the Epicures of the Middle Ages. Applause greets the procession of savory dishes: the massive boar's head, the flaming plum pudding, and the proud peacock . . . Encores of applause . . . singing of carols . . . chatter . . . laughter . . . minstrels in the gallery above make soft, sparkling music.

The servants gather together and sing. Then the Duke rewards his faithful retainers with purses of gold and emblems in appreciation of their long years of service . . . The Jesters frolic about and tap guests upon the shoulder, commanding them to make loud a wish . . . Lords slyly loosen their belts. Avoirdupois is creeping upon the Court . . . More singing.

The feast is finished. The Duke leads his guests into the great hall. The fanfare of trumpets announce the arrival of some pilgrims—ones

that we have met before—several of the Canterbury Pilgrims and among them: the Knight, his Squire, the Scholar, the Franklin, and the Pardoner. Each introduces himself and is made "right welcome" by the Duke.

An unusually entertaining evening awaits the Court. The "Waits" sing old, old carols. The lights are extinguished and a fire brand juggler flirts daringly with two flaming torches . . . trained animals perform . . . a wandering minstrel narrates an amusing tale . . . tumblers frolic about the floor . . . and there are mummers and dancers.

The Court joins in the singing which ends the very enjoyable evening, and with reluctant steps and not a few regrets, one returns to this modern world. But there remains the happy thought the students of the Normal School—the teachers of the near future—are well equipped to show others the joy and fun of the real Christmas spirit.

The Secret of the Galley

By Mabel Porter, *Senior* 3

Old man Judd Winton and Bill Huxley were perched up on the wharf pilings, looking lazily out on the river. It was a warm and sunny summer afternoon, and the town of Westover seemed asleep, it was so quiet. No moving object could be seen no sound heard, except the occasional slow-passing of a row-boat, and the splash of its oars.

"Ya know," Bill Huxley broke the silence after he had drowned a big, black ant with his mouthful of tobacco, "queer thing that ole boat out ther'."

He pointed to a large old three-masted sailing vessel anchored out in the river. It was worn and dilapidated-looking, and the exterior was void of paint except for a few spots here and there, still clinging to the rotting wood. If one looked closely enough he might distinguish across the bow the words, "Star of the Sea."

"She belongs to ole man Tom Carver who lives up ther' on the hill, ya know," Bill continued, "and he won't have 'er scrapped, tho' fer ten years she's been fit for nothing but firewood. Says he loves 'er as a ole fren' and he'd miss 'er too much if she weren't ther'. I've heard folks say that they sees him sometimes in the early hours of the mornin', standin' down here on the shore a-looking over ther' with a kinda dreamy like expression in his eyes. Foolishness, I calls——"

"I happens to know a few things 'bout that ole craft meself," interrupted the other old man, drawing one knee up to his chest with his long bony arms, "I sailed on 'er in me younger days when ole Tom Carver piloted 'er hisself. She was strong and hardy then, an' stood the seas as well as any trusty sea goin' vessel. Some great adventures we had on 'er too. Onct we found a stowaway, who turned out to be a son of a Chinese emperor. We tho't, then, that that was a excitin' experience. Yes, an' there was that boy that ole man Carver took out of a orphan 'sylum in the city, and used to carry with 'im on the boat to do little odd jobs. The ole man took a likin' to the lad, allowin' he didn't have any kids o' his'n, I reckon. The boy allus acted kinda queer to me tho'. Sat around lookin' sick and sadlike and never talked to no-body. I reckon he was 'bout seventeen years ole, then. We'd been carrying 'im on the vessel 'bout six months, I reckon, when one night we had a fierce storm, a regular no'th-easter', and the next mornin' the kid couldn't be found anywhere on the boat. One by one we gave up lookin' for him, thinkin' that he musta fell overboard during the night. I ain't never seen nor heard anything of 'im since. Ole man Carver never did git over it, tho'. He ain't never been the same since, an' that's been nigh on to thirty years ago."

There was silence for a while, and then old Judd broke it again.

"I guess I'll be headin' home," he was saying to the other man who did not appear to hear him. "The sun's gittin' low over ther' and I reckon it's nigh on to eatin' time."

He got up slowly, hobbled down from his perch, and soon he had disappeared down the main street of the town.

For some time Bill sat there on the piling meditating. The fishermen came home, and unloaded their day's catch. The rowboats ceased to pass. The sun went down in the West, and dark shadows began to fall over the water.

Suddenly, the old man rose and looked around him. It was night. Had he been dreaming? He felt sleepy and bewildered, but he was conscious of something unusual astir. Over in the West, there was a red glow in the sky, and it wasn't the sun setting, because it was dark and the stars were out. Why was that crowd down there on the shore? It seemed as if all the people in the town were gathered. He slid down from the piling, and made his way to the scene of the excitement. There, a little way apart, with his back to the mob, stood old man Carver, still holding a glowing torch in his hand. And out in the river, the last flame-swept mast of his old vessel was sinking down into the water.

"What's the matter?" Bill asked a small boy, who was standing beside him.

"Didn't you hear?" the lad answered, coming out of his trance. "Some inspector from the city found the skeleton of a boy on Tom Carver's ole boat, hid away in a little cupboard in the galley. He was all fer takin' it out an' investigatin' but ole Carver wouldn't hear of it. He was kinda upset, and took it right hard an' before anybody knowed what he was up to, he went and burnt the ole boat up."

Slowly the crowd moved off, but old Bill still stood there, silently watching old Tom Carver. He didn't dare go nearer or speak to him tho'. He was afraid. The old man looked queer standing so solemn and sad-like and there was a queer look in his eyes. Finally, Bill moved off, leaving the other, alone in the darkness.

"Wanderjahr"

By WILMA A. SMITH, *Junior* 1

INTERESTING AND fascinating as my present life is I have moments like everyone else when my whole scheme of affairs is extremely unsatisfactory. When "I am fevered with the sunset and fretful with the bay", there is nothing in my own opinion that would be so soul-satisfying as a total disruption of plans and a sea voyage to no one knows where. Who wants to know? What joy there would be in setting out to an unknown Port of Call, waking up some morn to find oneself confronted by a foggy dock, a palm-grown strand, decks awash in an artificial harbor, waken to find the stevedores transferring cargoes, to hear the bos'n's impatient cries, the chattering of foreigners, and the creak of tackle?

When such moments as these come, is there any wonder a school week becomes dull?

And again school is too interesting to leave; a pretty fix, I find myself in. I don't want to leave these halls of "toil and strife." I don't want to say goodbye to all my friends and go forth to meet new ones in other parts of the world. I want to stay home, feed my desire for knowledge, read everything I can put my hands on, and wake up every morn in a soft bed in a steam-heated room. I want an evening in town, seeing the newest play and supper afterwards with my friends. I want my trips North every summer, my fishing, swimming, boating, and beach parties. I want the thrills of a blood red autumn and a cold gray winter. I want to see the world born again in the spring. Most of all, I want Adventure.

If I find it at home, I am content. When life becomes too fretful, I am afraid

> "*I must forth again tomorrow,*
> *With the sunset I must be*
> *Hull down on the trail of rapture*
> *In the wonders of the sea.*"

Life

VIRGINIA DARE SOLLERS, *Senior* SP

What does it mean to live if not to sigh
And laugh before the sigh is wholly o'er?
What does it mean to live, if not to sink,
So that by sinking we may learn to soar?

What does it mean to have a sorrow like
An unhealed wound, to suffer loss and pain,
The desperation of a broken trust,
The aching hurt of worshiped heroes slain?

How eagerly we watch for happiness!
The joy of life, with friendship's ready hand—
For love—a sense of all earth's mysteries
The wonder and the faith to understand!

How futile are the many tears we shed
How useless war and friendship, love and strife,
Except that we may learn through bitterness
And happiness the real true worth of life!

What Happens To the Teacher's Sense of Humor or An Appeal—Teachers!

SIDNEY CHERNAK

YOU TO whom a normal scene, in the corridors of the "ad" building, at the noon hour or the close of day, means throngs of students, embryo teachers if you please, pouring out of classrooms, library, and gym; examine the faces of these young people. Here you find groups of girls, proud possessors of moving picture grins and beautiful teeth framed by lips gently rippling away into cheerful smiles. Temporarily parked before the balustrade, a group of fellows are convulsed in laughter over a classroom incident, retold. Closeups of these faces will reveal devilish twinkles, tantalizing dimples, and dancing eyeballs. Even an announcement of a quiz by Miss———— or a unit by Mr.————only temporarily removes the mirthful attitude.

Now let us seek out our friends who two years later, having passed through the embryo or pupa stages have advanced to title of "Teacher" or "Class I." The same individual, in name, two years later, but what a change. We trek to their classroom doors and find these former students sphinxlike, stoically scrutinizing their pupils as they pass out on their way home. At their demonstration courses, Hopkins courses, and faculty meetings they are coldly and often harshly critical. Their smiles are forced and of the favor-carrying variety. This temperamental transformation from malleable carefreeness to solemn sternness has not been consummated without some sacrifice., Again resorting to the close up for a detailed physiognomic picture we plainly discern furrows in place of twinkles, lines of hardness where dimples formerly scintillated, and a fixed seriousness which has outlawed the rascally dance from the eyes.

Their frantic efforts plus those of practiced cosmeticians fail to restore those now much desired dimples. Our male friends carefully cultivate and nurture meager growths on their upper lips in vain efforts to relieve the bold lines which persist on becoming more pronounced and visible as the pages of the calendar slowly change their titles.

With times as critical as they now are would it not be more economical to smile? An ounce of smiles is surely cheaper than a pound of Madame Nicadee's Very Best, Double Action, Permanent, Crowsfoot Remover. Isn't it more economical to use the thirteen muscles necessary for a smile rather than the one hundred sixty-seven used in frowning? Above all, remember, a new year is about to make its debut. With its advent, resolutions by the ream will be formulated. Teachers! Make this one a universally pedagogical one. Smile—and perhaps you will be able to see a ray of sunshine even in your classroom, regardless of whether you find gardens or clothes lines framed in your window.

LOAD

By Myer Trupp

THE OLD WAR STORIES which we used to read, usually had somewhere a phrase after this fashion: "And then came the grim spectre of war, sowing waste, desolation, heart ache and heartbreak throughout the land." Then would follow a harrowing account of terrors and misdeeds, after which the Savanarola of the tome finished with a learned treatise, proving that neither side benefited by the struggle and made a universal appeal for "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will toward men."

Now today is just a week or so before the end of any term. Another "grim spectre" has bestirred itself and beset the halls of Normal School. This time it isn't the spectre of war, that's taboo. This spectre is the dread ogre of "Load."

Now let us take Judith for instance. Judith was born with the sweetest of sweet dispositions. Ordinarily she dispenses sunshine and good cheer wherever she goes, but today; well, what about today? She has a term paper due in English three days hence, a special report on which her grade will materially depend must be made on the same day and then to cap it off there are impending tests in Math and Reading, which must certainly be reckoned with.

Even these troubles would not bother Judith. What has allowed this grim spectre of "Load" to wipe the smile from her face and erase the twinkle from her eye and place little wrinkles on her brow is the fact that beside the term paper, the report and the tests there is also a unit or two requiring a touch here and there before it faces grade four. There is also Glee Club practice.

Ah, you say, Judith must surely have loafed from day to day to have allowed her work to pile up on her so. But she hasn't really. It isn't only Judith who is in this predicament but practically the entire student body has changed its usually cheery greeting to curt "hellos" and "how do's", which they politely use to cover any more emphatic idea that they have of dolts who do not know enough to let people alone in times like these.

Lest you think that the Faculty possesses some immunity to my grim spectre behold the poor teacher who has units from Seniors 3 and 8 to correct, a test to make up for her Junior Sections and papers and lesson plans and glossaries on her desk demanding immediate attention. She has a meeting of the personnel committee to attend, and possibly an all-important lecture or two which she simply should not miss. And lest you forget, there is always the extra help which must be given individual students.

Perhaps when a term is ended and a search reveals another gray hair, or a deepened crow's foot, she heaps maledictions on demon "Load's" head and lets it go at that. What else can she do?

An educational foundation has financed a study of this problem. Mr. J. Dudley Dawson, educational administrator and assistant dean of Antioch College is going to study faculty co-ordination to lighten student load, and a committee reorganization and simplification of program to reduce faculty load.

The student problem is to maintain scholarship while providing leisure for special intellectual interests and for varied expressions of normal student life. Student pressure is caused in part by a load of studies too heavy or unevenly distributed, and in part by the fact that many students do not know how to study. Both factors are easily remedied and without a great deal of blood letting at that.

The students, the faculty, all, want to work and to study but they also want a chance to—well—live.

Gleanings

By JEAN MCLAUGHLIN, *Senior* 10

CAN YOU imagine my astonishment when I found (by actual experience let me state) that the outermost garment of an Indian woman is all in one piece? It is nothing more than a piece of material (homespun preferably) about a yard wide and six yards long if plaits are desired in both front and back! As if by magic, I saw Kamela Devasahayam, by a few deft movements of her fingers put in plaits and by a "tucking in" every here and there, develop a most graceful garment. Modest maidens, she said, do not let the end hang loosely over the left shoulder, but bring it around under the right arm and tuck it in the skirt.

Catherine, for that was her middle name, was one of the International students—a small Indian woman in native dress. When asked if she would adopt American dress she said, "No, my own is more graceful."

Let me tell you how to perfume your hair Indian fashion. Jasmine is a favored flower in India and there are eight of the white variety which bloom at different times during the year. Jasmine, as you know, has a delightful perfume. Here's how! When you go to bed, pin into your hair several of these flowers. They will be wilted and brown by morning and will have lost all their odor—it is in your hair.

The perfume will last, we are assured, for several weeks and will be most noticeable just after the hair has been washed.

Flowers, in India, Catherine said, are usually worn in the hair or around the neck. The petals or leaves, as of Sandalwood, are pierced and strung—presto—a necklace—an unforgettable, perfumed one. Just picture several of those jasmine framed by a mass of gleaming blue-black hair!

The men in India are clothed often only in a long piece of white linen wrapped between waist and thigh, and small children go about naked!

* * *

The most sympathetic person I talked with was a man from Latvia who himself had been an editor of his high school paper.

American education, he thought, was very practical, and that unlike Europe, the lack of tradition here allowed us unprejudiced views and actions toward new ideas and systems.

He told me that people regarded the group of "International Students" as a "moving zoo", but that they didn't mind. They have delightful times on their trips. Quite like any group of students, they each sing their native songs and then sing those which they know in common.

Travel surely broadens one even if you aren't doing the traveling!

Myself

ANONYMOUS

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know,
I want to be able as days go by,
Always to look myself in the eye,
I don't want to stand with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I want to go out with my head erect;
I want to deserve every man's respect,
But here in this struggle for fame and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know;
I never can fool myself, and so
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.

I should like to play the game
Clean of hand and free from shame
Fighting hard, but when it's done
And the battle's lost or won,
Coming home without regret
Leaving none that I have met
Who could say I failed to be
All that honor asked of me.

Experience

By Ernestine Staples, *Senior 6*

For the world this work should see.
Carefully the artist painted,
Each stroke must the best one be.
Not one effort should be tainted,
For the world this work should see.

After many weary trials,
Near him lay the work complete
All aglow his face with smiles,
Everything looked fine and neat.

But alas, before the judges,
When the art was criticised,
He received disheartening nudges,
And the verdict soon surmised.

Then the artist questioned sadly,
What is left of all my aim?
What have I now left to guide me?
From my work, what did I gain?

And in answer to your question,
You will have from this time hence
Something that has been a lesson,
You have gained experience.

With experience as teacher,
Build upon it wise and well,
Till at last the finished picture,
Your success will truly tell.

An Adventure In Poetry By a Sixth Grade

POETRY—to some it is a magic word, to others, only something to endure, something extremely uninteresting. It is the wonderful enchantment and beauty of poetry which the teacher would have her boys and girls enjoy. She must open the way to untold enjoyment and real appreciation; hers is the opportunity and privilege of building and igniting the fire of poetic understanding and perhaps even poetic creation.

Thus minded the teacher prepared for an adventure in poetry with her class. It was to be, at the start, just a short adventure, but who can exactly limit the extent of its influence?

In what are these boys and girls interested? How can the teacher touch each one? What poetry will best serve this purpose of arousing attention because it is within their understanding and interests?

As carefully and as encouragingly as she knew how, the teacher had her pupils write these interests on a little slip of paper which they could sign as they pleased. Suggestions such as these were used to give the children an idea of what to write: What is your favorite pastime? Of what do you think when you have some time to sit idle and day-dream? Have you a secret ambition that you often think about? Would you be willing to write it down if you do not sign your name? What in Nature catches your attention whenever you are out-of-doors? Do you have a hobby? What season do you like best? Can you briefly state why?

These and similar questions and suggestions were made by the teacher and after a short time the slips of paper were collected. It may be interesting to know that practically as many signed their slips as those who did not. An examination of these papers disclosed quite varied interests. For the first lesson of this type, the teacher selected those subjects on which several of the boys and girls seemed to agree. These subjects were rain, winter, pets, the sea, and sunset or night.

The ensuing week was spent by the teacher in searching out many short lyrics on the topics which she had selected as being representative of the interests of the class. After a careful study of those collected, fourteen were chosen for use. These lyrics ranged in length from four lines to twelve.

The plan was to have two, and perhaps three, lessons to complete this adventure in poetry, which was to culminate in some creative verse writing by the children. It later proved necessary to have three lessons. The first of these aimed for pure enjoyment and appreciation, nothing more. The second was spent in examining a few lyrics to gain some knowledge of rhythm and rhyme schemes. The third period was devoted to the writing of original verse by each individual.

The first lesson. The keynote of the first lesson was to put aside work and to enjoy the period as much as possible. Somewhat to convey

this idea the teacher read "I Meant To Do My Work Today" by Richard le Gallienne. The poem, which also appeared on the board, is here quoted:

I meant to do my work today
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree
And a butterfly flitted across the field
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?

This poem was discussed very briefly for its meaning and appeal. With the last line of this poem in mind, the class as a whole went on to two other poems which were on the blackboard, "Flower in the Crannied Wall" by Tennyson, and "Rain in the City", by Rachel Field. These two poems were selected because of the wide difference of their appeals; the first for its fancy, and the second for its commonplaceness.

Next the group was asked to read ten lyrics with copies of which they were supplied. Each individual was to decide which of the ten poems he preferred or liked most, why it appealed to him, and what he thought the poet wished to convey through his poetry.

Poems appearing on the papers:

1. *The Sea Shell* ..... AMY LOWELL
2. *Wind* ..... JOHN GALSWORTHY
3. *Street Lamps* ..... HARRY KEMP
4. *Beclouded* ..... EMILY DICKINSON
5. *Dawn* ..... FRANK D. SHERMAN
6. *The Skaters* ..... JOHN GOULD FLETCHER
7. *Smells* ..... CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
8. *Song for a Little House* ..... CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
9. *The Wind* ..... LETITIA E. LANDON
10. *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes*.... F. W. BOURDILLON

Every poem had an appeal for at least one child; poems 1, 2, 6 and 7 were most popular, "Smells" even more so than any other. Each child had an opportunity to designate his choice by voicing it to the class himself or by agreeing with some other member.

At the request of several who wished to show a poem to someone else or to keep it for himself, the children were allowed to copy their favorite poem. To show you just how sincere were these desires, one boy said he wanted to show "Smells", by Morley, to his father because he always smelled like his old pipe.

The entire class seemed to enjoy the poetry and it was even quite surprising to see how surely the boys and girls struck at the real meaning of it, and what really sensible reasons they had for their preferences.

The second lesson. A very short poem, "Dancing" by Rachel Field, was used to introduce this second lesson. Some of the children had brought in poems which they had found in newspapers or magazines and books of poetry. A few minutes were devoted to the reading of these.

Then came the definite work of the period, rhyme and rhythm. The poems which had been read in the previous lesson were examined one at a time, first of all for the rhyme scheme. Particular emphasis was laid on the four-line stanzas and the following schemes of rhyming: abab; aabb and abcb. Attention was called to other forms and also to the poems with no rhyme at all.

A little time was spent on metre, again in connection with the same poems. The children were allowed to read, emphasizing the rhythm. The repetition of sounds in beginning letters of words in the same line was also pointed out.

The class was then given a beginning line—"I warmed my hands by the fireplace," and asked for some things that were suggested by the line. They mentioned the cold out-doors, the flames, the warmth, the glow from the fire, and the feeling of content which it gave. The pleasure in just watching flames was suggested by one child.

With these suggestions the class was set to work at supplying three lines to complete the one given to them. This was the best result:

I warmed my hands before the fire
One blustery winter night,
And watched the flames burn higher, higher,
Then vanish from my sight.

The third lesson. This time was devoted to the writing of poetry by the individual members of the class. First of all suggestions were made by the children as to what they might write about. Their homes, their pets, the seasons, their hobbies, and many other topics were offered. Then they set to writing.

The results were very interesting. Some got only two lines, some rhymed and some did not. Others found it difficult to keep to one subject or thought. Still others needed a beginning line suggested such "All day long the traffic goes" and "The leaves are turning red and gold."

Although in most cases the results were far from being poetry, yet many of the thoughts had a poetic tone. The teacher of literature was not the composition teacher for this class, so very little time could be devoted to revision.

The teacher and class enjoyed this short adventure in poetry, and the teacher feels that the interest of the children evidenced in their continuing to bring in poetry which they discover from day to day, and in their continued efforts at verse writing, warrants and even necessitates further adventure along the same line.

Some of the best of the verses by 6B of Montebello School:

SUNSET

A great splash of God's paints
That comes just before night,
And lo—the Sunset.
A glorious sight.

MARIAN LE CUYER.

HUNTING SOUNDS

O hear the hunter's horn!
Hear the horses' hoofs
As they carry hunter and horn
To the hunt, in the early morn.

JOSEPH WHITE.

LEAVES

The leaves are turning red and gold,
Just like torches in days of old;
Soon they will fade and fall,
But they'll come back when spring doth call.

DOROTHEA ELEDER.

THE CLOUDS

The clouds look dark and dreary,
So fast they go they must get weary;
When it rains they must be crying,
When the wind blows they must be sighing.

DORIS LUBKING.

TRAFFIC

All day long the traffic goes
Down the street in great long rows.
Some day airplanes, too, will go
Between the skyscrapers, to and fro.

HARRY MENCKE.

Submitted by

CHASSIE LOOMIS
Teacher at Montebello School.

The Value of Handwork in the Elementary School

IN THE sixth grade of school No. 213 the children relived in their imagination the period of the Middle Ages—The Age of Chivalry. They had not gone far in their study when they discovered that the lords of that time resided in castles. Now castles have a fascination for most of us, and so it was not long before the class decided to build a castle of its own which should resemble, as far as possible, a castle of the Middle Ages. At first the castle was to be built of cardboard on the sand-table, but after one child suggested that they make the building out of bricks which workmen nearby were using, the table proved to be too small. Then someone suggested that the castle wall should be made outside. The problem of choosing a correct place arose, and three sites were chosen before the permanent position was decided upon.

After this problem had been solved, the land had to be measured, after which pegs were driven into the ground to identify the part of the land that was being used. However, when the children came the next day, they found that someone had taken away their pegs. There was nothing left to do, but to measure over again.

Now the work began in earnest. The boys obtained bricks and cement and started to build the wall. The children had to mix their own cement. An outside wall was built first, then an inside wall. The children had some difficulty in that sometimes the wall was crooked and so had to be torn down and re-built. When the boys built the towers on each corner of the wall they used a sharp pointed brick suspended from a string as a plumbline. Between the two walls a moat made of tin was placed. This moat which surrounded the castle held water for protection from intruders.

While this work was being carried on out-of-doors, children were busy working in the classroom. Many of the boys made equipment which was to be put on the castle grounds. A barn, a church, a mill, a toolshed, a castle, a store, and two peasant's homes were made out of wood and painted. The girls dyed rope, and sponges from which they made trees. Then small haystacks and bags of meal for the mill were made. The grounds would not be complete without people, so figures were cut from balsam wood and painted. Some pupils painted pictures representing life during this period.

During the history lesson, the children learned how the buildings were placed on the castle grounds during the Middle Ages. The children tried as far as possible to place their buildings within their wall, in the same way. They even obtained some sod, and placed it on the ground.

When the castle and its belongings were finished, the class had an excellent piece of work to show for its efforts.

Fine as such work might be in itself, it was finer still because it was not thought of as a project separate from everything else.

On the contrary, everything seemed to center around the project itself. Correlations were made with almost every other subject in the curriculum, namely: Arithmetic, History, Spelling, Handwriting, Geography, English, Science and Music.

Aside from this, simultaneous learnings were taking place. Let me mention just a few as examples: The boys who were working on the wall and the buildings were learning how to work together advantageously. They were also meeting some of the problems that confront real workmen. Those working with wood were gaining more skill in the use of tools. Those girls making small bags for the grain were learning how to sew. Those who were painting pictures were learning what colors could be combined artistically and how to mix several colors to obtain another color. The children were learning that accuracy is necessary for good work. These are just a few of the accompanying benefits of this project. There are, of course, infinitely more.

I think this undertaking meant much to the children because it made vivid and real the descriptions they had read of castles and castle-life. It had developed skills in using tools, and an appreciation for the labor that went into such huge constructions of masonry, but best of all, history had acquired new vitality. The children had a better attitude toward the subject. With increased interest they were now eager to read more books so that the other phases of medieval life would become clearer and lead into further activities not only for this period but for all future history study.

E. Staples, *Senior* 6.

The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

JEAN MCLAUGHLIN — E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Athletics
IRVIN BROSE
BETTY HITESHEW

Social
ROSALIE LEPHARDT

Jokes
ISADORE SILBERT.
REUBEN BAER

Business Manager
HAMMOND CANTWELL

Circulation Managers
VIDA LUDWIG — KATHRYN HENDERSON

Advertising Staff
RACHEL SMITH
ANNA SANDS
DOROTHY WEAVER
EDITH STROMBERG

Secretarial Staff
SADIE HUNTER
KATHARINE SMITH
MINNIE V. LAPIN

$1.50 *per year* — 20 *cents per copy*

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

The Opening Book

FRANCES L. MOORE, *Junior* 6

EVERY NEW year brings with it thoughts sad, yet eager. Sad thoughts for the old year dying, the book which is about to close, eager young thoughts for the New Year beckoning to us. The celebration of New Year's Eve is a peculiarly significant one. It is not a joyous, festive occasion as is the Christmas celebration. The time of crimson berried wreaths and glittering tinsel-bedecked trees is gone. The old year is slowly drawing to its close. The passing year has brought us many things. We read the pages we have written in our book and we find sorrow, joy, mirth, good times, hardships.

The New Book offers us a clean surface, fresh and clear. Let us think carefully, act carefully, speak carefully; let us write upon the pages of Book 1931 only honest, straightforward deeds. We have another chance. Shall we make good?

Our Helpers

As some of our staff are doing their student teaching during the second term, we have some very efficient substitutions.

Slater Bryant, Senior 9, is substituting for Mr. Cantwell as business manager; Emma Marquette, Senior 1, is taking the place of Kathryn Henderson and is most desirous of new subscriptions, and Lucenia Smith, Senior 6, is working hard for Dorothy Weaver to get more advertisements.

Help these people to keep up the good work of their predecessors.

Compensation

Rachael Smith, *Senior* 11

A little laughter floating by,
A little tear to match it,
A tiny smile, a tiny sigh,
A rainbow if you catch it.

A little task for you to do,
Reward, perchance, to-morrow—
More likely you must just pursue,
For wisdom lessens sorrow.

A couple friends—old, tried and true,
A few who are pretenders,
A few kind deeds are done for you,
A few folks still defenders.

A little joke that's meant for mirth,
A biting jest to hurt you,
A friend who loves you for your worth,
And one to scorn your virtue.

A flash of sunshine on the pane,
A bit of shadow hides it,
A rainbow peeping forth again,
A raincloud that derides it.

But that is Life! so do not fear—
Be strong and just remember—
That there's a June in every year,
For every bleak December.

"A book is 'good' only when it meets some human hunger or refutes some human error."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
(Haunted Bookshop).

Whiteoaks of Jalna

WHITEOAKS of Jalna is primarily a book of character sketches, demonstrating how diversified members of one family can be. The characters are introduced one by one—no new personality being brought on the scene until the foregoing is firmly placed in the reader's mind—yet they are not seen as individuals, but as constituents of one story; and the reader feels that he understands the workings of their minds solely by his own processes of induction. Each character is exposed like a manikin—twisting and turning, revealing himself so clearly, that the reader feels himself to be peeping in every intimate room of a home—not in the dark with things half hidden and half understood, but as though a flash light were turned on each dark comer in turn for his special benefit. The book does not tell of a heroine, villain, butler, maid, or hero openly leading up to a climax, but unconcernedly spending time in peeking around corners into something new and delightful. You forget such things as plots, but are content—nay, eager—to be led gently yet persistently into new revelations of character.

Then, so suddenly that the reader does not notice the change, a new interest is launched, after which the reader becomes a pursuer. What was a slow, pleasant tale of a country home becomes an absorbing interest—and he follows it excitedly to the grand finale and the denouement. At the end, he tosses the book on the table—nonchalantly—"Just another story," but he feels an inner admiration for the author—yet admits it grudgingly, just as though he were duped into the acknowledgment.

Of course, the book is a sequence to "Jalna". Readers of "Jalna" appealed for more about this strange clan, and finally, from the home of Miss de la Roche, there came this new novel. The story centers around an Anglo-Canadian family, the Whiteoaks, who lived with a kind of Victorian majesty in the Ontarian wilderness. Each of these personalities is so diverse—Piers, the ploughman; Eden, poet and prodigal; Finch, the martyr; and the little rascally Wakefield; each selfish and getting in each other's way—and yet when threatened with disintegration, they cling together and bring back those that would stray from the Whiteoaks' fold. Finch is a miserable, self-conscious adolescent, a continual butt for the sarcasm of his older brothers; there is not room for him in the family carriage and he is sent home alone on his bike

in the cold drizzle—a forlorn figure. But he himself is not innocent of petty selfishness. When next to his sister-in-law, Pheasant, in the car, he nibbles on his chocolate bar secretly, so that she may not ask for some. He is sensitive, and possessor of a glorious talent—a musical genius. Late at night, he would steal out from Whiteoaks to the church to play on the cherished organ. One night the grandmother heard his stealthy shuffle and called to him to come to her. I say *the* because as such she was known in the family circle. Possessor of a large fortune, this indomitable old lady held all the Whiteoaks under her rule—for to whom would she leave her wealth? Finch and she chatted, and from then on every visit to the church meant a visit to the grandmother, and in those long secret midnight talks those two came to be more intimate than all the rest in the years of humoring her every whim. Then, of course, at the reading of the will, Finch was announced heir. Accusations of treachery, robbery, and sneaking, poured over his head, and when they found out about the midnight visits, their wrath knew no bounds. The poor boy, who had no more idea than the rest, of his heirdom, so suddenly forced into the limelight from out his sheltered insignificant nook, decided that he had always been in everyone's way and that there was but one way in which he could atone for his wrongdoings (?), and so, one spring morning, he ran down through the green sunlit woods to the beach, and throwing off his coat and kicking off his shoes as he ran, dived into the pool of glowing blue. His drowning is described simply, colorfully, yet embodies a deep philosophical theory. Things are straightened out, more or less.

The book is tossed aside, but the characters are unforgettable. The ones that are best remembered depend upon the type of reader. There are revelations in aggressive personalities with fascination for women, martyrs—in fact. Ask one who has read "Whiteoaks of Jalna" which character he remembers best, and you can tell the type of person he is.

I read "Whiteoaks of Jalna" first and felt positively "gyped" because the reader was supposed to be on such intimate terms with the characters. Of a necessity, I then read "Jalna". Of course, one should read "Jalna" first, but if you have "Whiteoaks of Jalna" near, don't wait—jump into the turbid waters of the Whiteoak stream—and you will not regret it.

KATE MILLER, *Senior* 8.

This Believing World

By VIRGINIA BARCLAY, *Senior* 3

IN THE prologue of "This Believing World", is painted an unforgettable picture of Jerusalem—Jerusalem sleeping when the cry of the muezzin rings out from the minaret, and people of all religions, of all

races come scurrying to the mosque. The Arab who a moment before had glowered maliciously at the Greek priest now bows in reverence and the hatred dies out of his eyes. Each person becomes a new personality when he enters the mosque. "Strange potency this thing called Religion! One wonders about it. Whence it came? And why? And how?"

This prologue is but an introduction to the book itself, which is as the author calls it, "a simple account of the great religions of mankind." The development of religion is traced from primitive man up to present day Christianity, tracing its evolution in each of the countries of India, China, Persia, Arabia and Europe. It is noticeable that the founder of each religion was a man of exceptionally high intelligence and morals. In every case the religion in its present day form is almost unbelievably changed from its original form. Each has been exaggerated and built up until in its last stages of development it is almost entirely different from what its founder intended it to be. The author believes that religion has its reason for existing—Fear—Fear of the life to be lived and even more of the life to come. This may or may not be so but there is certainly an element of truth in the statement.

One may agree or disagree with the author's conclusions but none can deny the broadmindedness, the clarity of vision or the unusual interest aroused in the reader's mind. It is a type of book which people of all religions should read and study. It extols the perfections of none, it condemns none. Each had its place—each has its place today. A thorough understanding of its message is well worth the study of all those interested in the subject of religion.

Richard Wagner

By Virginia Barclay, *Senior* 3

THIS BIOGRAPHY of Wagner tells what he did and what he suffered in order to produce his masterpieces. Wagner had a most unhappy life. As a boy his interests lay in writing, music, and the theatre which he adored. In all of the operas of this composer, this love of the theatre is manifested in the elaborate stage settings and dramatic interest of the operas. Not until he heard a performance of one of Beethoven's symphonies, however, did Wagner's desire to compose music become the really dominant thought of his life. Quoting his own words, "I only remember one evening I heard a symphony of Beethoven's for the first time, that it set me in a fever, and on my recovery, I had become a musician." From that time, Wagner's whole scheme of life changed. His one desire was to write dramatic music. The rest of his life was devoted to fulfilling this desire. We follow him in the biography from his exile from Germany on through the most varying privation and want; complete lack of understanding of his music, and the

enmity of influential press writers. Wagner was a man to be hated or loved, never to be liked by halves. Consequently, most of the biographies of this extraordinary genius "who was musician, poet and dramatist all in one" touch the high water mark of hero-worship and most often to a degree which makes it impossible to get a true picture of the man and artist. Runcoman's book is one of the few that treat the subject sanely and is therefore to be recommended to those who through love of music or an admiration of genius desire a fair-minded treatment of a many-sided subject.

A Second Grade Appreciation of the International Institute Visitors

By Helen Shipley

Do you know the story of Miki? We like it. It is by Maud and Miska Petersham and about their little boy Miki who went to visit in Budapest. The pictures are very interesting and make one feel that it would be real fun to see some one who had slept on pillow beds and worn clothes with such colorful embroidery and knew names like Mariska and Rosika and Sari.

When the news came that we were to have visitors from across the ocean, we hoped there might be some one from Budapest. It took two wishes, for we must hope he or she would come as far down the hall as our room.

One man came in, a tall fine looking man from Switzerland, who lived among the mountains there. He wanted to know all about how we learned to read in our school. Their second grade children learn to spell very well before they learn so much about reading. They could spell many words, but do not read as much as we do. He talked to us in German and in his own Swiss dialect which was something like German and asked for some of our drawings to send to his school in Switzerland.

Later on, during a class which some Juniors were observing, another one came in. He sat down and listened to us. When we were through, we asked him from what country he came and he said, "From far away."

"From England?"

"No, not from England."

"From Spain or Germany?"

"No, not from Spain or Germany—from Hungary."

"That's where Budapest is!"

Did he know Miki? No, but he liked the pictures. The second grade did not even know that he could not understand a word they

said to him. He had always spoken a language so different from ours. But he knew the pillow beds. They were in the pictures and he had slept in one like that many times. He said the pillows were often very beautiful and always very large, soft and warm. They used them for covers.

He knew the names of Mariska, Rosika and Sari as we know the names John, Mary and Jane. The children there all have names like that.

And most delightful of all he had worn the costumes himself, the boots and big long cloak that has a winter side and a summer side. Did he wear them now? No, it was a pity for they are much finer than these suits one wears here. It was a pity.

Unfortunately, it was time for assembly and people came to take him away, but it was a wonderful day, almost like a fairy story in which one's wishes always come true.

Notes from "Fifth Grade Flashes"

Our Roman House

During the first part of the year the Fifth Grade was studying Ancient Rome. One of the things about which we were anxious to learn more was the type of houses which the Romans had.

We found that there were four types of Roman houses. We made a study of each type, from the simplest to the most elaborate, and decided to build a model of one of the most elaborate Roman houses.

Before we started to work, the class was divided into committees. One was in charge of the construction, while the others attended to the artistic work, the decorations.

The construction committee drew the plans for the house. The most important parts of the house are the atrium, the tablinum, and the peristyle. The atrium served the Roman as a reception room. The tablinum was the master's study, while the peristyle was a sort of court. Most of the rooms opened into the peristyle.

After the plans were completed, we ordered the material and started to work. The house is just about finished now, and we are quite proud of it. Come and see it!

Our Roman House

Each committee worked on a definite part of the house. The boys cut and measured the materials. The girls decorated the parts with Roman decorations. The pillars for the peristyle were made next, after which we made the roof.

When the construction work was completed, we painted the house, trying to use the colors which the Romans used on their houses long ago.

A Student Teacher's Final Lesson Plan

M. Comegys, *Senior* 4

SUBJECT—*Student Teachers' Tea*

I—Aims

A—To make a happy ending for the "old" student teachers, and a happy beginning for the "new" ones.

B—To impress the outgoing students that student-teaching wasn't so bad after all.

C—To give a few helpful hints from the various centers.

II—Introduction

A—Miss Treut invited the "new" student teachers to enter the kingdom of childhood.

III—Procedure

A—The "old" and "experienced" gave a few tips on the administration of a model class-room, during the absence of the training teacher.

(1—Beware of their techniques.)

B—One student from each center told at least one thing about that center.

(1—They told good things, too.)

C—Slater Bryant showed the humorous side of his twelve weeks' adventure. He gave also, to those students going to Dundalk, a few hints concerning street car checks and what-not.

I—We profit by other peoples' mistakes.

a—Here's hoping the "new" Dundalk student teachers will always carry their identification cards.

D—"Bob" Hambury and Slater Bryant proved to us that they *could* be ideal music teachers, by singing for us, "Waters of Minnetonka."

1—"Dot" Jones demonstrated her musical ability by accompanying them.

E—The entire group joined in with yells for Miss Brown, Miss Treut, Miss MacDonald, Miss Jones, Miss Keys, and student teaching itself.

1—"Gene" Hardy and Slater Bryant would be a credit to any school as cheer leaders.

F—Miss Brown pointed out the teacher's need of vision. She complimented the committee which planned the program, by saying that she thought they had used vision in the preparation.

IV—Conclusion

A—We all sang "Happy Days Are Here Again."

1—We left it to the students to apply that song as they preferred to the "old" or the "new."

B—Last but not least, tea was served.

V—Outcomes

A—The "new" student teachers have a good opinion of teaching.

1—The "old" student teachers feel that they have accomplished their aim.

B—Everyone enjoyed the tea and cookies.

C—A good time was had by all, thanks to Miss Brown, Miss Treut, and Miss Keys.

Seen and Heard from the Tower

(Heard in any class.) Section chairman: "Class, I wish to make an announcement." Class (resignedly): "How much do you want?"

The placing of the two new lamps on the pedestals fronting the administration building's steps lends much dignity to the school.

While on the subject of the building, have you noticed the grass on the campus is turning green?

As a beauty spot on our campus, we propose to Miss Tall, a clear star-lit night and the snow-like effect of the gravel as we look down the roadway.

We were surprised at the sudden interest of the female members of the student body in basketball, when City College journeyed to Normal.

We notice that whenever a girl driver starts down the driveway, those students loitering on the drive are seen to dive with much alacrity for the bushes.

Probation has been a very good excuse for some peoples' lack of activity, but probation is over now.

Seen on the Bulletin Board: Monday, Glee Club; Tuesday, 1.45, Glee Club; Tuesday, 3.30, Glee Club; Wednesday, Glee Club; Thursday, Glee Club. The astonishing fact is that there is always a majority attendance.

Solve the following problem: One's High School Alma Mater engages in an athletic contest with Normal; who should the person "root" for?

We should like here to offer our congratulations to Miss Blood for the beautiful decorations of the Auditorium for the Christmas festivities.

(Overheard conversation): "What's the matter with the foot, 'Irv'? "Oh, I smashed a couple of toes the other day, that's all."

"Now the next step is simple, and before we put it to music, we'll go through it a couple of times. All right, weight on the left foot, ready—go—"

(Overheard and not an advertisement): "The Men's Revue is three years old this year, and with our promising talent, it's going to be one of the best ever produced." All we can say is, "Wait and See."

J. V's. Plan Season

After a mediocre season last year, in which State Normal's Junior Varsity basketball team won four games, losing the same number of contests, an entirely new squad reported for practice to Coach Minnegan, December 19, in Room 215, at 3:15 P. M.

Although Coach Minnegan is faced with a most difficult task of building up a green team which may have to bear the varsity's colors next year, some of the candidates for the quint are showing good form and may develop.

The schedule for the 1930-1931 edition of Normal's Junior Varsity calls for about eight games. Arrangements for a game with City College's undefeated Junior Varsity are under way. If a game with the "little Collegians" is arranged, a victory would bring a great deal of prestige to Normal's prowess on the court, whereas a defeat would not leave a black mark against the five's record.

The following boys are out for positions on the team: Haggerty, Liberman, Kremen, Land, E. Stolberg, G. Stolberg, Street, Rachinow, Cohen, and Bornstein. S. LAND, *Junior* 3.

Junior Elections

By EDWARD GERSUK

The result of the Junior Class elections, as announced by the balloting committee of the class of '32, were as follows: faculty adviser, Miss Medwedeff; president, Reuben Baer; vice-president, Naomi Friedman; secretary, Ruth Michael; treasurer, Louise Burns; social chairman, Frances Moore; and vice-social chairman, Ethel Chelf.

By re-electing Miss Medwedeff and Reuben Baer to two of the highest offices, the class of '32 clearly demonstrated in a very concise manner what faith it had in its officers, elected temporarily. All officers elected at this election will hold office until the end of the school year.

Junior Three Dance

By EDWARD GERSUK

On December 19, 1930, Junior 3, held its second social affair of the school year, led on by the splendid success of a previous social venture.

A dance was held in room 223, with the Junior "Duo-Syncopators", Russell Denison and Sidney Liberman, furnishing the music for the occasion. Miss Blood, section adviser, was present at the affair.

Entertainment was furnished by the following: Reuben Baer and J. Milton Bergen, "The Tap Wizards"; Miss Elsie Rudolh, soloist; Ernest and George Stalberg, harmonica melodists, and Ben Kremen, impersonator.

The section feels that the affair was very competently handled by the social committee.

Our Indian Assembly

On Thursday, December 11, the Indians about whom we had heard much finally arrived in real Indian pomp and glory, and such a representation as we had; Navajos, Sioux, Seminoles, Iroquois—a truly representative group of all the Indians living within the border of the United States.

This assembly was the culmination of a class unit prepared by Senior Three under the supervision of Miss Van Bibber.

The "Sunrise Song" sung by Miss E. Hartje ushered in a program which was composed of scenes depicting the characteristics of the above mentioned Indians. The Navajo scene—the first to be presented—brought to us a picture of the typical home of those Indians, commonly called a hogan, which is a miserable temporary structure consisting of a conical frame covered with dirt, reed, and bark. The men of this tribe wore long tunic-like shirts, trousers, and moccasins. The chief dress of the women consisted of two blankets fastened at the waist and sewed up the sides. The front and back parts of the blankets were fastened over one shoulder and under the other. The one thing for which this tribe is especially noted and in which it excels all other tribes within the borders of the United States is blanket weaving.

The second tableau—a scene from the life of the Sioux Indians—showed the dependence of this tribe upon hunting. The materials obtained from the animals are used for their food, clothing, and shelter. Their habitation consists of a tipi which is a conical structure covered with the skins of animals which have been scraped and beautifully decorated.

The Sioux males wore buckskin shirts, breechcloths, and leggings.

A short intermission followed during which the orchestra played several very lovely Indian selections.

The second part of the program was opened with a scene of the Seminoles, a tribe who inhabit Southern Florida. Hunting and fishing constitute their chief means of livelihood and they live in thatched houses, elevated on poles. Their costumes are quite colorful, being very elaborately designed.

A life scene of the Iroquois followed. This tribe who were highly civilized, lived in groups of about twenty families in a large structure called a Long House. This house was made of poles covered with birch bark. The women and girls of this tribe wore wrap-around skirts and shirts the sides of which were adorned with very beautiful beadwork. The Iroquois were an agricultural rather than an industrial nation.

The assembly closed with a most beautifully rendered and inspiring symbolic dance performed by two members of the Wood Craft Society. This society is under the able direction of Mr. King, an authority on 'Plains' Tribes.

Dr. O'Malley's Address

On December 4, Dr. O'Malley gave a very superior address on Virgil. It was undoubtedly one of *the* assemblies of Normal. In order that we may do justice to Dr. O'Malley in reviewing his address, we are saving it for the February issue. So fine an address upon so great a subject we feel deserves such recognition.

Uncle Ed

Uncle Ed, a favorite of the radio children, came to entertain us for an Assembly period. He began his program with what he called a Long Introduction to Nothing. Part of this Nothing was the information that in his younger days he was able to sing anything from base to tenor equally well. He gave us the impression that he did not reach a high degree of perfection in any of these fields. We learned also that his favorite key was six flats because his first musical accomplishment was playing chopsticks in that key.

Next, when Uncle Ed presented "Singing a Song" and "Peek-a-Boo", we discovered that he talked his songs. All his errors were excused because he had never studied English or Music, and had never graduated from anywhere. He laid the blame for his supposed lack of voice, on the fact that he had washed his hair and hung it out to dry. Some of us thought he must have forgotten to put most of it on again. Next he sang "The Coming of Baby Brother," "Little Tom Boy," and "Song of the Tin Soldiers". The story of Banbury Cross has been familiar to Uncle Ed ever since his boyhood when he was a girl.

As Uncle Ed considered his voice too heavy for an effective rendition of "I've Got a Pain in My Sawdust", he asked for help. Miss Weyforth kindly consented to take the part of the doll. She developed quite effectively a "Pain in Her Sawdust" as Uncle Ed accompanied her. Miss Weyforth even died quite realistically. However, she came quickly to life when the applause began.

After playing the "Rag Doll" Uncle Ed asked permission to try a new song. He thanked us for the opportunity to practice his new song for the next Sunday and then let us hear his original singing of "A Smile" which was vigorously applauded. Uncle Ed had to make "Sunshine" his last number because the bell ending the assembly rang then.

R. M. Lephardt,
Senior 8.

The Gold Charm

By J. J. Baranco, *Senior* 7

THERE WERE fifteen prodigious reasons why Jimmy Andrews remained hesitant in tendering his resignation as clerk in Mr. Smith's grocery store. These were the fifteen dollars he received for his week's expended energy.

On the other hand, there were other reasons why he wanted to quit.

First, Jimmy, a lean and lanky lad, with massive shoulders, was getting tired of work. He cursed that abominable day he left school to earn a livelihood, to be incarcerated in a dingy and unkempt store for ten hours a day. And what aggravated his sulky and peevish mood was the thought that his mother had incessantly begged him to continue his scholastic career, but, Jimmy, obsessed with the irresistable desire to avoid the three R's, disobeyed her and left school. And now he realized his folly.

Another reason was the company Jimmy was keeping. Possessed with an inveterate propensity for lingering in loathsome places, he had become familiar with a certain Harry Oats, a clever pickpocket, in Kelly's pool parlor—a rendezvous for callous characters. When in a loquacious mood, this dexterous pickpocket would relate to the boys some of his fascinating experiences, Jimmy would often be found listening with dilated pupils and sagging jaw, assimilating the incongruous ideas while in a meditative mood.

Why, thought Jimmy, should he coop himself like a hen in the musty atmosphere of Mr. Smith's store and wait upon fastidious customers when such an opportunity of making easy money was awaiting him? He had no aptitude for indoor work and detested the obnoxious odor of meats and groceries. For two years he had diligently and faithfully served Mr. Smith and that was a long time to work in one place. What he needed was a change of scenery. Something new.

Such were the thoughts that had been beating at Jimmy's brain for the past few weeks—thoughts that were making him a nervous wreck. He could no longer continue in the throes of such mental anguish. He must quit. That was the only alternative.

That Saturday night, as he received his week's wages, Jimmy in a respectful manner addressed his boss who was assiduously checking the day's sales, "Mr. Smith, you'll have to get another clerk next week 'cause I'm quitting."

"Quitting?" ejaculated his boss as he peered over the rims of his glasses in profound amazement. "Why, my boy, what's the matter? Do I not pay you enough?"

"Why, Mr. Smith," drawled Jimmy. "It's not that. You see, boss, the reason is, that this type of work is getting on my nerves and I can't stand it any longer. You know, it's the same thing over and over again. It's too dull for me, that's all."

The proprietor, a middle-aged man, with lean and haggard fea-

tures, obviously due to many years of indoor work, after thoughtful contemplation replied,

"Well, my son, I think you're making a grave mistake and I hate to see you leave after two years of faithful service. Of course if you want to quit, I can't make you stay. Nevertheless, if you ever need a friend, remember that I shall always be willing to help you. Goodbye and good luck. Wait a minute, Jimmy . . . You know next week you'd have been with me for two years and I intended giving you a present for my appreciation of your faithful services. Well, since you're going tonight, I guess I'll have to give it to you now," he concluded, as he opened a drawer behind the counter and extracted a gold pocket watch which glittered under the dim glow of an electric light overhead.

"Why—er—thanks, Mr. Smith, I—I never expected this from you," stammered Jimmy, as he secreted the watch in his vest pocket.

A paternal smile lighted up the proprietor's face. "That's all right, Jimmy, don't mention it and don't forget what I said about needing help. If you change your mind by Monday, your job will be waiting for you. Goodbye and good luck, again."

"Goodbye, Mr. Smith."

Stepping into the invigorating and purifying night air, made Jimmy feel like a rejuvenated human. The realization of leaving Mr. Smith's grocery store for the last time, had finally come. He had been waiting many weeks for this moment. On second thought he disliked parting with Mr. Smith, who possessed an amiable disposition and an understanding heart. True, at times, he was subject to vehement outbursts of temper, but so are other humans. And how many would present their employees with gold valuables as an appreciation for their diligent and honest work. Not many, indeed.

Jimmy's thoughts were interrupted by the pealing of distant church bells which proclaimed the hour of eleven. The streets were still peopled with nocturnal shoppers who were completing their last tour. Some walked while others ran—all eager to reach their destination before the stores closed. The scurrying shoppers made Jimmy contemplate the idea of testing his ability as a pickpocket. He had heard some of the boys in Kelly's pool-parlor remark that to be a successful pickpocket one had to work in a crowd where there was less possibility of being detected. There were many people on the streets tonight and especially on the suburban-bound street cars which transported the belated shoppers to their homes. Why not try it tonight, thought Jimmy?

Placing his hat at a precarious angle, Jimmy proceeded up the street in a nonchalant manner. His perambulating ceased when he came to the intersection of the town's two busiest streets, where he boarded a railway car bound for the suburbs. Paying his fare, he managed to push his way to the front and found himself lodged tightly between passengers. He meticulously scanned those nearby and his gaze alighted upon the corpulent form of a man who was engrossed in the pages of a newspaper. It seemed to Jimmy that the passenger had a prosperous look.

His presumption was verified by the dangling of a watch chain from the prospective victim's vest pocket. One end was attached, undoubtedly to a watch while the other had slipped and was oscillating in mid-air, waiting for Jimmy's nervous fingers.

His opportunity to relieve the victim of his valuables came when the car swerved sharply to the right, throwing the passengers violently forward. As Jimmy fell against the fat man's body, his hand instinctively flew out and before he could regain his balance, had the watch and chain reposing safely in his palm. He quickly transferred them to his coat pocket and signaled for the next stop.

Alighting in the outskirts of the city, Jimmy began to retrace his steps toward town. The smell of grass and the ominous shadows of trees that flanked the sidewalk made him feel uneasy. He had a premonition that someone was lurking behind those shadows. He slackened his pace as the rumbling of the street car abated. Somehow that feeling of being trailed still persisted. Furtive glances only yielded the silhouettes.

Jimmy turned into an intersecting street and extracted from his coat pocket the stolen watch and chain, to appraise it in the mellow glow of the moon. Imagine his surprise when the timepiece and chain proved to be of little intrinsic value. Well, thought Jimmy optimistically, this was only his first attempt and, perhaps, his second would prove more lucrative. He replaced the stolen articles in his coat pocket and resumed his journey toward home. The resounding of heavy footsteps caused Jimmy to stop abruptly. He quickly turned around and found himself vis-a-vis with the corpulent form of a man accompanied by the burly policeman.

"Is this the young fella that stole your watch?" bellowed the officer in a voice that not only shook Jimmy but also the surrounding territory.

The fat man eyed the youth coldly. He confirmed, "Why, yes, that's him all right. Search him, officer."

The policeman briskly slapped Jimmy along the chest and his gesticulations stopped at a bulging vest pocket. Withdrawing a gold watch, the one Mr. Smith had presented to Jimmy, he turned to the obese man and asked, "Is this your watch, Mr. Jones?"

"Why-er-er," Mr. Jones stopped suddenly and after a moment's hesitation, continued, "Why-er-er-yes, that's mine all right, officer. Thanks for recovering it for me."

Jimmy was just beginning to regain control of his vocal chords as he stammered incoherently, "That's not his. It's mine . . . Here's the one I stole and belongs to him," he added, displaying the cheap watch and chain which he had secreted in his coat pocket.

"Say, what are yuh trying to do, kid me? I've been in this business long enough to know better than that," again roared the policeman. "Come along with me."

"Don't arrest him, officer," interrupted Mr. Jones. "Perhaps he'll know better next time. Let him go."

"Well, it's okay with me if you don't want him arrested," agreed

the policeman. He turned to Jimmy and continued, "Yuh oughta thank this man for not having you locked up. Now beat it, and don't let me catch you picking any more pockets."

Monday morning Jimmy strolled into Mr. Smith's grocery store.

"Good morning, Boss," he nonchalantly exclaimed.

"Why I thought you quit," replied Mr. Smith astonished.

"Well, you see, Boss, certain things happen in life that make one change his attitude overnight," explained Jimmy Andrews.

JOKES

Genius—But you've hung my "Sunset" upside down.

Dealer—That is soon remedied. We'll call it "Sunrise."—*Passing Show.*

"So Jack finally married Betty? Well, he spent enough money on her."

"Yeh, he married her for his money."—*Punch Bowl.*

Angry Guide—Why didn't you shoot at the tiger?

Timid Hunter—He didn't have the right kind of expression for a rug.

Tom—I know a girl who swallows swords.

Dick—That's nothing. I know a girl who inhales "Camels."—*Jester*

Customer—I'd like some rat poison.

Clerk—Will you take it with you?

Customer—No, I'll send the rats over after it.—*Malteaser.*

Judge—If you did not steal the $3000, where did you get it?

Prisoner—I saved it from buying Listerine tooth paste.—*Sour Owl.*

Theme song of the surgical congress:

"I dismembered you from something."—*Punch Bowl.*

Is he making good at college?

Well, he sits on the fifty-yard line.

"I've got a Sherlock Holmes tooth," lisped Lilly.
"What sort of a tooth is that?"
"Slooth."—*Colorado Dodo.*

The cannibals had just cooked up a party of missionaries and the feast was being passed.

"Would you like a nice, fresh roasted priest?" asked the chef.

"Nun, thank you," rejoined the chief.

It's great to have a ruler with a sense of humor, isn't it?—*Amherst Lord-Jeff.*

Son—Ma, what's the idea of making me sleep up here every night?

Mother—Hush, Bobby, you have only to sleep on the mantel-piece two more weeks and your picture will be in the "Believe-It-Or-Not" cartoon.—*Colgate Banter.*

"Say, pard, the sheriff wants you for that murder at Bernie's Gulch. Hev yeh got an alibi?"

"Shore. That was the day I shot Maverick over in Tony's joint downt' Hell's Station."

College is an institution of loaning.

There were two partners in the firm, and one of them happening to pass on, a young employe approached the surviving partner, with whom he wasn't exactly what you could call a favorite.

"I am sorry, sir, to hear of Mr. John's demise, and I have come to ask if you would like me to take his place."

"Yes, I should very much," was the reply, "if you could get the undertaker to arrange it."

Tailor—Euripides?

Customer—Yeh, Eumenides?—*Malteaser.*

Where
Clothes are Smart
and
Prices are Right

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.

Outselling
All Other Eights

Valve-in-Head **BUICK** Straight Eight

"Take the Wheel and Marvel"

The BROOKS-PRICE CO.
TOWSON

SCHLEISNER CO.
229 North Howard Street, Cor. Clay

THE
FASHION
CORNER

Where College Misses & Youth
Get Collegiate Styles

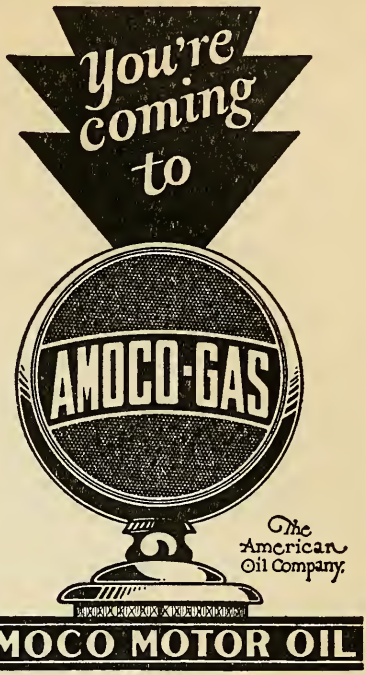
The Hub

"of Charles Street"

Phone Towson 962
Juanita B. Schuster, Prop.

MAR-NITA
BEAUTY SHOPPE

JEAN MOYLAN
in attendance
Beauty Specialist
Scalp Treatments and Permanent
Waving Our Specialties
35 YORK ROAD
Near Burke Ave. Towson, Md.



THE NEW!

Baltimore has learned that if it is new —and smart—Stanwick's introduce it. The most distinctive Coats and Frocks in the new silhouette—are showing now. Moderate prices.

STANWICK'S
204 W. Lexington St.

SMART APPAREL

For the College Girl

and the pleasure of receiving courteous service amid spacious surroundings

HUTZLER BROTHERS Co.

"Say It With Flowers"

Everything That Is Artistic in
Cut Flowers and Plants

ISAAC H. MOSS
INC.

5315 York Rd. Baltimore, Md.

JENKINS & McCALL COAL CO., Inc.

Domestic, Steaming and Smithing Coals

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND

Lexington Market: PLaza 2510-11-12
Hollins Market: PLaza 1083
CAlvert 0068

D. Callahan's Sons
SEA FOOD

BALTIMORE MARYLAND

SAMUEL KIRK & SON
Incorporated

421 N. Charles Street

GOLD JEWELRY *DIAMONDS*
CLOCKS *WATCHES*
SILVERWARE
FINE STATIONERY

Founded 1815

The Second National Bank of Towson, Md.

HENRY RECKORD

Ford

At Towson Since 1913

BALTIMORE'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY STORE

LAMPELL'S

Home of
SORORITY HATS

31 W. LEXINGTON ST.
PLaza 2524

THE SUPREME
ICE CREAM CO.

"Your Sweetest Neighbor"

1224-28
GREENMOUNT AVENUE
BALTIMORE, MD.

Your Banking Needs Are Courteously Supplied at

The Baltimore County Bank

YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

Unusual Gifts

25 Cents to 25 Dollars

Greeting Cards of All Kinds

AMY B. HISS

Chesapeake Ave. Towson, Md.

Phone, VErnon 0261

Gorman's

TRUNKS, BAGS, LEATHER GOODS

329 N. Howard Street
Baltimore, Md.

Repairing a Specialty

GRIFFITH & TURNER CO.

Our Large Improved Store
Is Equipped to Fill Every Need

FARM GARDEN LAWN

205-215 Paca St. 338 N. Gay St.
Phone CAlvert 2300

TUxedo 0146-2627

Members of F. T. D.

FRED. C. BAUER

Florist and Nurseryman

181-187 Gittings Avenue
Govans, Md.

Weber

Invites the Students and Teachers of Towson State Normal School to avail themselves of the special prices extended to Educational Institutions on Artists' Materials.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Drawing Papers, Inks, etc., at our local headquarters.

F. WEBER CO.

227 Park Ave.

HERGENRATHER DRUG CO.
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
Agents for
Max Factors Society Make Up
Bourjois Evening in Paris Perfume
Barbara Gould Facial Treatment
Whitman's Chocolates
Martha Washington Bon Bons
Sheaffer Fountain Pens
Eastman Kodaks and Films
Films Developed 24 Hour Service
Motorcycle Delivery Phone Towson 39
Jersey Ice Cream

Distinctive Portrait Photography

SCHINDELE

519 N. Charles Street
BALTIMORE

Phone MAdison 1851-W

JOHN WUNTZ

Piano Tuning and Repairing

3041 Arunah Avenue
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE
McMAHON
TRANSPORTATION CO.
Buses for All Occasions
HAmilton 2078 Overlea, Md.

Let Your Light Direct You to
The Towson National Bank
As the Place to Do Your Banking
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE

"The LINDEN"
VISIT OUR ICE-CREAM PARLOR
Light Lunch, Confectioneries and School Supplies
Edgar DeMoss, Prop.
Phone TOWSON 372-J

THE
MARYLAND
RESTAURANT
The Only Place to Eat
York Road at Pa. Ave.
TOWSON, MD.

Compliments of
BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD.

The Monroe Co.
206 W. LEXINGTON STREET
Baltimore
Costume Jewelry, Evening Jewelry, Ensemble Sets, Etc. Full assortment of Rings, Watches, Lighters, all at moderate prices.
WE WILL CASH YOUR CHECKS
JEWELRY REPAIRS

SILVERWARE *WATCHES*
A. H. FETTING COMPANY
Manufacturing Jewelers
314 CHARLES STREET, NORTH
BALTIMORE, MD.
CLASS PINS *CLASS RINGS*

Compliments
MASON'S GARAGE & SERVICE STATION
TOWSON, MD.

Momjian's
Where Normal Students Meet to Eat
DELICIOUS SODAS AND SUNDAES
HOMEMADE SANDWICHES
See Them Made

Sheet Music and Books
Victor and Columbia Records
RADIOS
THE G. FRED KRANZ MUSIC CO.
327 N. Charles St.
PLaza 3732

Ladies' Up-to-Date Hair Bobbing
Shampooing and Curling
WM. KOERNER
505 York Road Towson, Md.

UNDIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY!

We have a Department devoted exclusively to work of this nature!

UNIVERSITY—
COLLEGE—
SCHOOL—
ACADEMY—

Annuals
Quarterlies
Monthlies
Weeklies
Hand Books
Programs
Song Books
Blotters
Humorous

View Books
Catalogs
Literature

Designing
Engraving
Printing
Binding

The READ-TAYLOR CO
ADVERTISING
BALTIMORE

Lombard & South CAlvert 1800

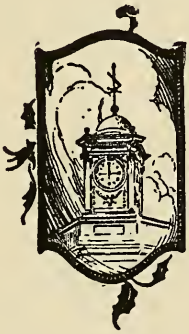
Producers of "Tower Light"

Lower Light

February 1931

Maryland State Teachers College
LIBRARY
TOWSON MD.

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

Contents

		Page
On Leisure		3
A Modern's Valentine		5
It's an Old Spanish Custom		6
A New Birth		7
A Comedy of Error		8
The Evolution of St. Valentine's Day		9
Extracts from a Love-Letter		11
Our Campus in Winter		11
A City of Romance		12
Poetry		14
This Business of Love	*J. McLaughlin*	16
Dr. O'Malley's "Virgil"		18
In the Spring		19
Editorials		20
Biography As a Library Unit	*C. R. Crist*	22
Suggestions for a Valentine Assembly		24
A Tribute		25
From Me to You		26
The Chameleon		27
How to Dance		28
Vortex		28
Seen and Heard from the Tower		29
Athletic Notes		30
Revue Heralded		31
School Notes		32
Advertisements		35

The Tower Light

VOL. IV FEBRUARY, 1931 No. 5

On Leisure

HELEN COWAN

FEW THINGS TODAY are more elusive than leisure. At times even its meaning escapes one. Ponder it during the daily round,—in the market where the aster bunches nod at the aristocratic rose, on the crowded morning car when fields and woods slip by fantastically and only man is insistently real, in the swirling quiet of the theatre lobby, the musty bookshop while the customer marks his leaf in the book he always meant to buy and, leaving, remarks that he will be in tomorrow.

Ponder it where you will, exact definition is still baffling. Is leisure that quality which Andre Siegfried predicts will vanish from France when Americanization is finally complete? Is it one of the profundities accessible only to an Eddington or an Einstein? Or that fabled monopoly of the great for, enigma that it is, the mighty have most of it? Can it be attained or is it one of the blessed intangibles which come but cannot be found? Or is it something that can be measured statistically by the method of research now popular all the way from the infants' school to the doctorate?

Evidence purely objective, for instance, can be assembled. The Readers' Guide devoted to leisure

in the five	years	1900-04	½	inch	of space
" " "	"	1905-09	1¾	inches	of space
" " "	"	1910-14	2	"	" "
" " four	"	1915-18	1	inch	" "
" " three	"	1919-21	1	inch	" "
" " "	"	1922-24	4½	inches	" "
" " four	"	1925-28	9½	"	" "

It is thus apparent that there was more written about leisure in the three years 1922-24 than in the three 1919-21, more than four times as much. Also, there was more written in the four years 1925-28 than in the five 1900-04, to be exact, nineteen times as much. Either this increase of space means that America's interest in leisure *is increasing* because it has *more* time for leisure now than it had a quarter of a century ago, or it means that America's interest *is increasing* because it has *less* time for leisure than it had a quarter of a century ago. And so one might go on, ad infinitum.

Having arrived at the statistical desideratum, one might proceed analytically, psychiatrically indeed some say, with the titles. In 1901, for example, Veblen was writing of the *Theory of the Leisure Class,* and until 1910 the emphasis fell on the *Lawful Business of the Loiterer* and the *Classes.* Again conclusions are attainable. Possibly America was ridden, during the first decade of the twentieth century by an aristocracy which controlled literature with arguments for its own defense. Then before the World War the worm turned, the voice of the masses was heard in its *Fundamental Right to Leisure*, its plea for *The Uncrowded Hour.* By 1922 the old restraint and dignity had gone. *You Can Change the World,* presumably with leisure, one evangelist proclaims. *Now I Have Played For Two Years* another shouts. *Use Leisure. You Can't Afford to Spare Your Spare Hours. Learn While Loafing.*

Such a change of tone would be, of course, deeply significant. The whole movement had fallen into the hands of the professional optimists, those sentimentalists whose self-imposed duty it is to scatter sunbeams, filling the country full of organized gayety, of commissions to investigate the better use of extra hours, of professors in appreciation, of Recreation Congresses,—all of them busy "denying the dull the right to vegetate, and the tired, the privilege of inaction." Let the psychiatrists have their way with them; they earn no better fate.

Leisure striven for is lost in the winning. But to him who can abandon himself the indefinable comes.

Here, for an hour, bending over a counter of finest laces, noting the Viennese point, the Irish knot, is one of the world's famous physicians. "He'll be back next week," the sales girl announces as he hurries off, "you see. Laces is more nor golf nor wife to him."

There, where a bit of Roman wall emerges from the side of a thirteenth century gateway stands a miniature modern Falstaff. The busses and trucks of a teeming European city thunder by, but the eyes in the ponderous forehead are trained on a procession of crusaders that seems to file from the turreted gateway. "The most moving century I ever spent a year in," he muses as he bicycles away to the great palace conference hall where presently he will sit in dignity.

Banks of stormy cloud blow down a mountain path upon a man who climbs wearily. After a mile he comes out upon a terrace where the mist drives straight in from the sea and there, drawing his cloak about him, he lies down to sleep. Six hours later the dawn has etched the world below in glowing brilliance. A government airplane waits at the foot of the mountain path. Down to it the same figure strides, refreshed, a leader of men.

It is lunch hour for one of the largest legislatures in the world. In dining room and lobby rise the usual hum and wrangle. One door only is silent. Presently from it floats the sound of a violin. It

continues evenly, sweetly, till the door opens and the speaker of the whole assemblage wends his way back to the fray.

Such leisure is all about. By it one reaches the mountain tops of the great. From it the valleys of the lowly take meaning. One has but to abandon himself, as Stevenson, to his rambles companioned by the fellow of his choice; with Barrie on his Thames-side meanderings; with Lamb to his fireside darlings or to mountain madness on Helvellyn; with Emily Dickinson to a book, that frigate which takes "us lands away." For "frugal is the chariot that bears a human soul."

A Modern's Valentine

I send thee an offering
Of ribbon and lace,
Enclosing sweet words
Of illimitable flattery,
Which you read
And toss aside.

Were I to send you
Words of my own;
On a blue card
I would write:
"In these many days
I have learned to know
Your faults and deeds of woe,
And so I love you."

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE,
Senior 8.

It's An Old Spanish Custom

VAL, THE prehistoric man, came home to his cave-dwelling with an overwhelming grudge against his neighbor. The latter had been bragging too much of his exploits lately, and had moreover flung guttural taunts and insults at him on his return from the hunt. Watching for his chance, he prepared a stone upon which he had rudely scrawled a caricature of his hated rival. At an opportune moment, he sent the first comic valentine crashing against the thick skull of his enemy.

This novel way of dispensing with one's enemies aroused the delight and admiration of the remainder of the tribe, who strove to mimic their new leader. In less than a fortnight, caricatured missiles in prodigious numbers were flying so promiscuously around the tribal cliffs that it became dangerous to venture beyond their threshholds. Something had to be done, so the new chief called a general assembly in extraordinary session with the avowed purpose of regulating the dispatching of valentines. The result was a code of laws which stated, in part, that "owing to the wanton destruction of life resulting from the wholesale flinging of these missiles, the practice of sending valentines would have to be limited to just one day of the year, the date to be set on the anniversary of the sending of the original." Fearing lest the tribe become extinct, the assembly further recommended that these valentines be brought to a general mass-meeting to be held on that day, where they were to be distributed to their intended recipients. It was further determined to give these missiles the nomenclature of valentines, in order to perpetuate the memory of their originator. Thus began the ancient and honorable custom of sending valentines.

Valius Tinus, a plebian of ancient Rome, was madly in love. There was no doubt of it. He was stark, raving mad, for Caroline had repulsed all his numerous advances. As Valentine Day drew nigh, Valius became desperate. Each year at the Ides of February he had been in the habit of sending her comic valentines—not as a matter of contempt, but simply to amuse her. Long had he guffawed at the quaint humor shown in the selection of the valentines intended for him. Now, however, she would refuse to accept his baubles. He burned the midnight oil for many a night, racking his brains for some method of telling her of his deep-seated love. At last, the day before Valentine Day, he had an inspiration. Why not send her a valentine telling her how far gone he was, how much he loved her, and how much he desired her for a companion in matrimony? Why not send her a serious valentine instead of the customary light-hearted messenger of joy? With a glad cry, he betook himself to his personal scribe, who engraved and delivered the first romantic valentine.

The success of this innovation was instantaneous. Carolina received our hero with open arms, begging his pardon for having treated him so shamefully. The twain were so exuberant that they could not resist the temptation to call up the Daily Blah and tell the world their

glorious tidings. A fickle public took to this novelty like wildfire. From then on, comic valentines took a back seat while the amorous type came to the fore. So originated the second stage of the development of the valentine.

Joseph Valentine, a boy who had recently started the period of gentle adolescence, thought he was in love. The girl who sat across the aisle in school had been leading him on, thinking pensively of a box of candy for Valentine Day. Utterly taken in, as are all inexperienced lads, Joe thought that Louise really cared for him. Accordingly, on Valentine Day, he sent a comic valentine to his teacher and an elaborate one of the romantic type to Louise. Great was his disappointment when he received none in return. Greater still was his chagrin when Louise gave him the ozone. Her only explanation was that he had not given her the box of sweets upon which she had set her heart.

Since that day, the valentine has lost its former significance. No longer is it tossed at hated rivals, as in the Stone Age; nor is it a sure means of entering into marital ties, as in the Roman Period. It is used merely for the pleasure it affords its donors, to say nothing of its recipients, which is as it should be.

GEORGE STOLBERG, *Junior* 3.

A New Birth

When the earth has suffered long enough
Then let the earth turn over with a mighty sob.
And I?
I shall be buried deep beneath the lifeless dust.
And cold, cold.
But I shall rise like a groping seed.
Into a lovely lilting flower.
I shall unfold my petals shyly
In the white dawn of the Re-creation.
And while I stand a-shimmer in the sun,
May some gold-headed, laughing god-child
Tear off my flaming petals
Until my heart gleams naked,
A hard bright tear to glisten in the sun.

MARY ANN DOUGLAS,
Junior 4.

A Comedy of Error

A lass sat in a rocking chair,
A letter in her hand;
She guessed 'twas from her lover dear,
The best in all the land.

She thought it was a valentine,
A valentine of lace,
To tell her of his love so dear,
And set a trysting place.

With sigh of joy she broke the seal,
Expecting something fine;
Alas! alack! inside she saw
A comic valentine.

She glared down at the ugly face.
"An old school marm!" she cried;
"If he thinks me to be like that
I'll not be his fair bride!"

The next time that he came to dine,
She killed him then and there,
With ne'er a chance to clear himself,
Or utter yet a prayer.

On yonder green the villain stood,
Who'd sent the valentine,
And made the maiden to believe
'Twas from her lover fine.

With rasping voice he bragged to all
About his trick full rare;
When news reached her 'twas surely sad
To see her rive her hair.

From Lover's Leap she cast herself
Into the stormy brine.
Beware, my friend, to whom you send
A comic valentine.

JANE MARTIN, *Senior* 9.
ANNILEA BROWNE, *Senior* 9.

The Evolution of St. Valentine's Day

"FAR BACK in folk and village customs the festival of February fourteenth originated. No one knows precisely how. No one knows its true significance. The Valentine festival appears to be a day of fun, dedicated to the little fellow with the bow and arrow whom we call Dan Cupid. Today the holiday is almost obsolete, but at one time it ranked with Christmas and the New Year in importance."

This we read from Lillian Eichler's "The Customs of Mankind" and the statement is accurate. Encyclopedias and books of customs and traditions speak vaguely of this day. The holiday is said to have been named for St. Valentine known as "the lovers' saint" and it is generally agreed that he was a Roman Christian and martyr. Miss Eichler tells us an interesting story of this man. It is said that Emperor Claudius, at Rome, issued a decree, forbidding marriage. Husbands in those days were faithful to their families, especially during war time. The glory of war did not appeal to them and Claudius realized that married men were poor soldiers, so he decided that the lesser of the two evils was war and banished marriage. Being in sympathy with the young lovers, Valentine married them secretly and when he was discovered, he was dragged to prison. There the "Lovers' Saint" died, a martyr of love, on February 14, 271 A. D. Valentine was made a saint, at that time, by the Church as it was very busy replacing pagan divinities by ecclesiastical saints. The Roman youths and maidens set aside February 14th to do St. Valentine honor and so we have "the day for all true lovers." This is a traditional legend and can be taken only for its worth. St. Valentine's Day is a day of mystery as far as its origin is concerned.

There are many traditions and customs connected with the celebration. Shakespeare alludes to the tradition that "birds choose their mates on St. Valentine's Day" in his "Midsummer Night's Dream". The oldest and best known custom is that of the Middle Ages, commonly called "drawing of names". The young people gathered together and drew a slip or "valentine" from a bowl, on which was written the name of one of the young people present. Thus the owner of the name became the drawer's "valentine" or sweetheart for a year.

Miss Eichler gives us an interesting insight on St. Valentine's Day and its origin and customs through a quotation of Bourne. Of the custom of drawing "valentines" he says:

"It is a ceremony never omitted among the vulgar to draw lots which they term Valentines on the evening before St. Valentine's Day. The names of a select number of one sex are, with an equal number of the other, put into some vessel and after that everyone draws a name which, for the present, is called his Valentine.

Of its origin, Bourne, who refused to believe in the old Roman Saint, says:

"The Egyptian words will tell us more about the customs of Valentine's Day than all the falsehoods concerning the saint. 'Va' (Egyptian) or 'Fa' means 'to bear.' 'Ren' is 'the name' and 'to name'. 'Ten' means 'to determine'. Thus the day Va-len-tine is that of determining whose name shall be borne by each person in this mode of marriage by drawing lots. Valentine's Day is a day of coupling, and the custom points to the time when chance rather than choice was the law. Marriage is still said to be a lottery. The custom of sending caricatures on Valentine's Day is probably based on asserting the freedom of choice, and making a mock of chance."

So we go on to the custom of sending Valentines. In 1797 a verse suited to one's purpose was copied with great care upon the scented cards or sheets of paper, decked in lace, from a book called "The Young Man's Valentine Writer", and sent to "MY Valentine."

I remember seeing a very old Valentine, smelling faintly of lavender, crumpled and brittle with age. The tenderness and eloquence of that missive would have touched a heart of stone or even impressed a modern young lady. How our grandmothers must have blushed over those bits of art. Like everything else, Valentines were given over to the throes of industry and so we have the printed cards and manufactured lace. The moderns "howl" when cards, bearing amorous verse are sent to them. "The mushier—the funnier." I can remember the huge Valentines of grammar school days and the secret thrill one got when her best "Beau" sent her the largest Valentine in the class. Those days have passed and now one holds a soft place for the biting satire of the good old comic Valentine—or should I say the "modern" Valentine. No longer do maidens color with blushes. As they read the "tender messages" the glitter of revenge gleams in their eyes. Today in my mail box I find from my "friends":

"All the powder you apply
Won't beautify your foolish face.
Though you have fat—a big supply,
Of beauty you have not a trace.
MADE IN U. S. A.

No road is ever wide enough,
You twist and twist again,
The folks behind you have to guess
Which way you'll turn and when.
MADE IN U. S. A.

St. Valentine's Day has undergone a change and become ultra-modern with us. We are no longer given to "soft soap", but I wonder if we don't enjoy the "biting satire" quite as much as our grandmothers thrilled over the declarations of love. Perhaps we are endowed with a keener sense of humor—and so we dedicate our TOWERLIGHT to St. Valentine's Day.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, *Senior 8.*

Extracts from a Love-Letter

(NOTE: Perhaps Miss Jones' English classes would find this valuable on the subject of earliest types of communication.)

"I make no excuse for not writing sooner but I'll tell you why I didn't. It's a long story with a tragic ending, handed down thru' the ages from hand, I mean mouth to mouth. It also trots out the family skeleton from the Adams' pantry for an airing.

"In the dim past when man was wont to live in caves, and Pike's Peak was a hole in the ground, one Algernon Adams (then written something like this—x/'0;:1-1) who was noted for his string of high-powered, underslung dinosaurs in the garage, decided to write a letter to his femme. He fared forth, dragging back a likely looking slab of granite he found floating down the Marsh Run. He plied hammer to chisel upon granite long and laboriously, stopping every leap year for a Lucky.

"After seventy-eight years or its equivalent in days, old Algernon arose with the writers' cramp in the legs, and a mashed thumb, but his massive missive of love was complete to the last row of x's.

"The postman, who was outside just then, making his semi-annual round, was given instructions about the delivery of the letter. That worthy, not caring to assume a back-breaking and unnecessary job informed Adam of the sad death of his letter's inspiration. Woe betide us! She died of old age and housemaid's knee.

"Algernon in his chagrin pulled forth his trusty pop-gun and shot himself. Great was the explosion thereby and greater the results thereof. But the foul deed was done and old Algernon left his mark upon the family. Even to this day an Adams is a reluctant letter-writer."

(signed) A. ADAMS.

Our Campus In Winter

Broad expanse of fields—
Snow-covered—white!
Sunlight gleaming—
Making crystals—bright!
A myriad of colors—
Diamonds in snow—
Every tree star-touched,
Shadows below.
While high above all—
Majestic—stands the tower.

SYLVIA W. LUDWIG

A City of Romance

This delightful letter is quite typical of Miss Parrish's charming personality. During her stay at the Maryland State Normal School, she was associated with the library staff, being at the head of the Children's Library and assisting in the main library when she was needed. Miss Parrish left at the conclusion of the 1930 school year to be married. The faculty and seniors who remember her will, no doubt, be truly pleased to hear from her. To the new members of the faculty and to the juniors, we are happy to present Miss Parrish through a medium so characteristic of her nature.

Buenos Aires,
Dec. 2, 1930.

Dear Miss Osborn,

Your letter was received with great joy, I can tell you. It is great to hear about all the things that are happening at home, and I think so much about you all and wonder what is going on in the library. It is hard to realize that only last year I was leading such a calm well-regulated life. Everything down here is turned upside down. The traffic keeps to the left, or rather is supposed to, but in reality there seem to be no traffic regulations, and traffic in New York is tame compared with the way automobiles and busses go tearing around here.

Of course the sun and moon are in the North instead of the South, and that makes directions all different to me. It is funny to look for a southern exposure so as not to get the hot summer sun! Right now, we are having delightfully cool spring weather, and that is all wrong when we are into December.

At first glance, one would not think that the city is very different from many cities at home, but a second glance at houses and people will make you realize that you are a long way off after all. The houses are either built right on the street, and around a lovely patio, or else they are set back from the street and have a high wall all around the lawn so that you have to peep through the iron grating in the gates to see the lovely flowers and trees. One always rings the bell in the gate, and the servant comes out through the yard to let you in. That seems so queer to us. The houses usually have very high ceilings, and the most atrocious wall paper and furniture imaginable. They like dark wall paper, dark blue with awful flowers, or red or green or purple, anything dark and as ugly as possible. The shutters are usually kept closed so as to keep the heat and the flies out, so most of the houses look deserted.

The people also look very different and are nearly as dreadful as the wall paper. It is seldom that you see on the streets at home any man that looks as terrible as most of these do here. There is a law that no man can go on the streets without a coat, so in order not to be too hot, the men wear pajama coats of some delicate color, or at least it might be delicate if they were clean. With such a coat there goes an unshaven face and a cap. You see more men of this type out in the streets than right down town, for there you see much better looking people, although over there, the nicely dressed people always look like Americans or Englishmen. The women are better looking than the men, but the nicest Argentine women do not appear on the streets, so I am told.

It is supposed to be quite customary for men to speak to women on the street, but it is not supposed to be as terrible here as we should think at home, as it really originated from quite an old custom. Many years ago it was customary every afternoon for a mother to take her daughter for a walk along Florida, which would correspond to our Charles Street. From about four o'clock until six, only pedestrians are allowed on the street and people come in from all over the country to walk up and down the street. This idea is still so much in favor, that Mr. Poggi says he thinks there would be another revolution if the custom should be changed. Well, to return to my story, the daughters would walk a few steps ahead of the mother and the men would line up on either side of the street and watch them pass and remark on their beauty, and as the mother would go along, she would bow to the men who had complimented her daughter and say "Gracias,"—and so the men have continued to remark although the ladies no longer thank them for their expressions of praise!

I can imagine how busy you have been this fall and I do miss being there to help you, for I enjoyed my work there in the library more than I could ever tell you. It was always more pleasure than work for me.

Please remember me to all the folks at school and I send much love to you.

MARGARET PARRISH.

Mind Over Matter

Have you ever thought of this;
What superb and perfect bliss
Could be ours?
What delights and joys untold
Would before our eyes unfold
If 'twere true?
Scientists have long debated,
The dispute is unabated,
To hear more still we are slated,
I am sure.
We are told the mind has power
Every day and every hour
To improve.
There are some who idly chatter,
Whose tongues unceasing patter,
Say the mind has dominion,
Over matter.
Now I'm a friend of science,
With modern thought I made alliance,
But there are some things in defiance—
Oh, pray, place no reliance—
In mind over matter!
For if this thing were true,
Either I or either you,
Now picture this;
Could snugly lie abed,
Covered warm from heels to head,
(Don't you love it?)
And with gruff commanding tone
That would fill the frigid zone
(That is your room);
Tell the window open there
To let in the frosty air,
"Be thou closed"
Ah-h-h-h-h.

E. L. Bowling, '28.

Sing Low, Sweet Wind

Sing low, sweet wind, about the rose, the
honey-suckle in the sun.
Sing low.—
I know a lad with eyes like morning
sunlight on the fields.
Sing low, sweet wind, sing low.
His hair is like corn-silk waving
When the breeze ripples over the fields,
And his smile like the curve of the breast
of the hill
To the blue-bowl curve of sky.
He'll come to me at sunset
Through the sweet-wet clover field
To eat my blue-berry tarts and cream.
Sweet wind, sing low, sing low.

MARY ANN DOUGLAS,
Junior 4.

At Sea

Rocking on the dipping waves
A fishing schooner glides,
With blown white canvas sails
She's sailing to the sky.

At evening
The sails are drawn—
And the masts
Of the moorless boat—
Protrude
To the dark heavens
Where hazy
Gray clouds float.

The steady smooth splash of the tide
Rocks the sleeping ship to and fro,
While the evening star shines
Brightly above the bow.

PAULINE RINKER, *Junior* 1.

This Business of Love

"JERRY" WAS SHORT for Jerome; Sherry was just Sherry and ever since their teachers had paired them off as dancing partners they had hated each other. It seemed strange to everyone that two such perfectly suited human beings should so consistently evade each other. Sherry didn't think it strange! That conceited boy always making up rhymes about my red hair—could I like him—never!

The duty of their mutual friends was plain—very plain, especially since both families concerned were so congenial. Don't invite the one without the other—if they just can see more of each other—so to parties and on down the list of what the young set does to amuse itself during college vacations—they were together!

Sherry thought it disgusting; Jerry gritted his teeth and gave a really diabolical grin at each new evidence of their friends' desires to reveal their suitability.

At the beginning of the summer before Jerry's senior year in college, Mrs. Dale, Sherry's mother, and Mrs. Jerome Larcom were discussing vacations. The climax came when they decided to again occupy neighboring cottages at Lakeside. They both knew that their respective daughter and son would be with them and secretly each was delighted that "the children" would be together. So much fun for them—they said—you know even their names seem to go together.

August found both households comfortably established in the midst of a beautiful pine-strewn wood beside the lake. Comfortably—yes—peaceably—no! Each cottage was the unsuspecting possessor of a dissatisfied and rebellious member. Sherry thought she saw through the ruse and vowed she'd not budge one step off the veranda—but water's awfully inviting and tennis can't be played alone—well, there are various things which require a partner, so what were two young veritably marooned inhabitants to do but accept the decree of fate and do them together.

Many times they were in duty bound to make fourths at cards. After one such afternoon Sherry was delightedly scurrying to the Dale hammock in pursuit of a newly arrived novel when she heard a call behind her. She recognized Jerry's voice and told him to come on. When he caught up with her he said he had a place—would she listen? She would and there under the despised pines a wonderful scheme was concocted.

They would pretend to be engaged since that seemed to be what every one, including their parents, seemed to expect of them. Then—Sherry flung out—"we can do our fighting right in front of them so they'll see what beautifully matched dispositions we have!" The interview was ended, for the red head made beautiful by a setting sun was turned to a book. Jerry walked nonchalantly off. This was a purely business proposition.

The first quarrel would take place when both families were assembled for dinner and just after the engagement had been announced. The theme of the disagreement was decided upon next morning on the tennis court. Oh—it was so easy—what a beautiful plan this was!

Easy it was; they violently opposed each other in an argument. The families were astounded—so soon after the engagement, but as Mr. Larcom said, it must be hard for "the children" to become reconciled after so many years of battle.

For a time it was ridiculously easy to find fault with each other but as they were associated more and more in a "seemingly" peaceable manner—subjects for arguments were—strange indeed to say—harder and harder to find.

Sherry was amazed. "Why I used to hate ever so many things about him—what is the matter with me—let me see—the rhymes—but that was when we were kids—he never mentions my hair any more—conceited?—no—it's this abominable heat—Hey, Jerry, goin' swimming?"

Yes, Jerry was going swimming as he had been "going" every thing else with Sherry. It's funny how a fellow'll get used to dancing with a girl—and like it—sort of grows on him like—and darn if I don't believe she's a good sport.

Strangely, no quarrels were begun. Evening after evening found them strolling under the pines, beside the lake sitting in the hammock and even looking at the moon as if to seek there an answer to the dilemma in which they seemed to find themselves.

One such evening, they ceased to try to find fault and sat there silent except when Sherry remarked how beautiful Lakeside was in the moonlight—wasn't the moon luscious looking?

Jerry agreed, not daring to say that no scenery was as beautiful as she in the moonlight—that gorgeous hair—to think he had once ridiculed it! Oh—the blindness of youth!

When the families were next assembled at dinner "the children" were strangely quiet. They spent their time pretending to eat while surreptitiously glancing at each other. The enforced engagement which was to have lasted such a short time seemed to be creating a bit of worry, or bother or trouble or something! Jerry grew bolder, you could tell by the sort of wild look he gave and the telltale twisting of his lips—a slight modification of the earlier diabolical grin! Before Sherry knew it, something was pushed into her hand from beneath the table; it was Jerry's napkin—on it was written:

Grant me this, my red-haired queen,
  I fain would ask a boon of thee:
Be mine for keeps and I'll be true
  If you'll say and mean you're loving me!

Surprise and delight can't be kept secret for long and I fear a near-sighted old man could have read the answer in her eyes as she raised her head—yes, even in that dim candle-light.

Dr. O'Malley's "Virgil"

At any time and under any circumstances, an individual's character is great or insignificant according to the sum total of what he has accomplished together with what has been said or written about him. Too often a truly deserving personage is not given his due acclaim because of the sorrowful fact that his virtues have not been publicly revealed. It is quite as unfortunate, however, to have volumes written about oneself and still be only an inconceivable myth.

We rather surmise that the life and works of Virgil come under the latter category. In his case, his eclipse has been due not so much to neglect on the part of his contemporaries, as to the style of their treatment of him. As a result, Virgil appeals today only to conscientious professors who are equipped to appreciate his ideals, and, from another point of view, to a class of students whom we suspect of attempting to pass a Latin course through any medium.

When Dr. O'Malley spoke on Virgil before the student body and faculty of the Towson Normal School, he had nothing on which to base his talk except a carefully planned outline and a profound familiarity with his topic. His audience was to him an unknown quantity, and in that seemed to lie his great problem. However, speaking paradoxically, in this very fact lay the solution of his problem; by not thinking of his audience, Dr. O'Malley won them.

There was something to be said and that "something" was the outstanding characteristics of Virgil's personality as it is portrayed in his works. Without a hint of pleonasm, Dr. O'Malley settled to his talk. Just how much was absorbed by his audience is problematical—the individuality of the listener plays too great a part for a generalization. The discourse was concentrated. Many students claimed it was too concentrated. This complaint had been brought up in the informal discussions held in the various classrooms. The general opinion of the students held that there was no real cause for this argument, since it was the impressions and not the factual subject matter that was the desirable outcome of Dr. O'Malley's "Virgil".

Certainly the doctor's point on "restraint" was well taken. This fine quality of Virgil's works was vividly pictured by the speaker, and not only was it intensely interesting to the listeners but also was most timely. At this particularly exuberant time, there is a great necessity for a bit of tranquillity. Students are too easily lead astray by the wild call for licentious freedom and unbridled reality, and today's fiction (with its colorful aspect of modernism) too readily influences the plastic mind.

The student body has much for which to thank Dr. O'Malley. If the students have another opportunity, as they had in the beginning of the school year, to express their wishes on what they desire for future

assemblies, a prophecy can be made that they will probably state their hopes in terms of both what they want and *what they need.* No one should take upon himself the bold position in which he states authoritatively what young people want. In the latter case this stand is justified and undebatably tenable; it is speakers of Dr. O'Malley's caliber whom we need.

I. S.

In the Spring

It's a joy to just be living
In the spring,
We feel peppy and like living,
In the spring.
Nature wakes to voice of bird,
Sweetest voice you've ever heard,
Man is happy, carefree, jolly,
With no thought of care or folly,
In the spring.

It's a joy to just be living
In the spring,
Just to love and just be happy,
In the spring.
Flowers sleeping in the dell,
Wake and find that all is well.
Brooks are singing, laughing, falling,
Lovers to their mates are calling,
In the spring.

RACHAEL L. SMITH

The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

JEAN MCLAUGHLIN — E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Athletics
IRVIN BROSE
BETTY HITESHEW

Social
ROSALIE LEPHARDT

Jokes
ISADORE SILBERT.
REUBEN BAER

Business Manager
HAMMOND CANTWELL

Circulation Managers
VIDA LUDWIG — KATHRYN HENDERSON

Advertising Staff
RACHEL SMITH
ANNA SANDS
DOROTHY WEAVER
EDITH STROMBERG

Secretarial Staff
SADIE HUNTER
KATHARINE SMITH
MINNIE V. LAPIN

$1.50 *per year* — 20 *cents per copy*

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Analyze Your Enjoyment

THE FEUDAL LORD of Medieval times was an unctuous personality. He drove his vassals with an unsentimental harshness, he soundly beat his wife on frequently hilarious occasions, and he was given to the disgusting habit of wearing red stockings. Added to all of these delightful characteristics, the baron was an excessively joyous fellow. The gusts of his baudy laughter were as common as they were loud, and his idea of what constituted fun was almost as rough as the turbid roads of the period.

Public opinion of today favors this lord. He has long ago fallen to worthless dust and the succeeding years have effectively pasted a more presentable mask over his bloated face. The moderns not only excuse his garish tastes, but also seem to look up to them as a highly desirable, but unable to be gained, manner of living fully. All of his lurid styles are hastily overlooked and buried. Today, we prize the baron's capacious ability for having developed, as is so seductively understood. a "broad sense of humor."

We speak glibly of charity covering a multitude of sins. The area of this idealistic blanket has been greatly increased by the addition of this "sense of humor". A man painfully crushes his thumb under a misdirected blow of a hammer and the incident is duly chronicled in our so-called comic sheets forever and a day. It is even more humorous for an aged person to slip on a banana skin. The list of similar events that give rise to mirth is along this exceedingly jovial line.

At no times are the modern ideas of fun so clarified as when the populace is given a holiday. Hallowe'en, the Fourth of July, May Day —all give rise to atrocities under the innocent cloak of mirth. Of these pleasant holidays, the day of St. Valentine is usually a glaring offender. With Humor as the recognized apology, all crude deeds are legal and any knavish action is lauded.

So complex a situation as a mirthful St. Valentine Day is really quite simple under analysis. Laughter is belched forth through the instrumentality of being brutal to those people who have tried to be of human assistance to their fellow men. What is true of the Bowery is also true of Riverside Drive. The abused grocer, the belabored pharmacist, and the earnest clerk receive a generous share of this sweet vituperation.

The exact nature of the chemisms causing us to be of this ungentle disposition is quite beyond explanation. It is recognized and approved; investigation can go no further. Any person so sour as to decline to disport in these exuberant engagements is definitely gauche. So speaks convention and sore woe to the hesitating joymaker.

Many words have been written upon this subject, but everything that has not been senseless jargon, has been, more or less, fearfully apologetic. No one cares to assume the ticklish position where a stern denouement will bring, when printable, the obvious retorts of "unsocial", "radical", "pseudo-intelligentia" . . .

However necessary its cause, reforming is a thankless task. Receiving a blast of railing accusations for essaying a truthful analysis has no virtue or gratification—not even that of self-satisfaction. This editorial attempts only the presentation of a straightforward and unfanatical account. No reformative effort is made in terms of what should and should not be done concerning the enjoyment of anyone's holiday. It is at this point, therefore, that a moderate endeavor can come to a mutually happy conclusion and still allow for possible self-reform where it is needed.

K. S.

Biography As a Library Unit In the Seventh Grade

THE BIOGRAPHY SECTION of our school library seemed neglected when the reading of the biographical books was compared with the use of the books in the fiction, geography, history, and science sections. Believing that biography should have a real place in the reading experience of the upper grade children, a library lesson was planned to present, in as interesting a manner as possible, a number of books on the lives of noted people.

The biographies used in this period included authors, presidents, explorers, scientists, aviators, artists, philanthropists, and several other types. A complete bibliography is given at the end of this article. Some of the books were complete biographies, as, "The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt" by Hagedorn. Some were short biographical sketches, as, "The Lad Who Understood Hearts," a story of Kipling's boyhood found in "Younger Days of Famous Writers" by Cather. A few books suggested, such as "The Cruise of the Snark" by Jack London were really fiction, but it seemed legitimate to include them as they told the true story of some part of a man's life.

The books were presented in several ways. For instance, a complete thrilling incident was read from "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain" by Albert B. Paine. The delightful conversation between the small girl, Kate Smith—later Kate Douglas Wiggin—and Charles Dickens when they met on a train was told from the chapter, "Lass of Laughter" in the book by Cather mentioned above. In order to introduce another favorite author and to bring to their attention a book replete with fine, short biographical sketches, the story of Robert Louis Stevenson's childhood from "When They Were Children" by Steedman was presented. Through this, they realized that his early days were the source of the ideas for his charming, imaginative verse for children. We discussed the wide difference between this and his stirring sea stories: Another chapter in Cather's book relates an incident in Stevenson's youth that led to his acquiring a background of facts for his stories of the sea. The displaying of a picture of the four "Little Women" and a brief discussion by the class led to an interest in Louisa May Alcott. A part of "Adrift on an Ice-Pan" by Dr. Grenfell served to arouse a desire to read this and other books about this illustrious doctor and missioner. Some of the free-hand drawings in "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children" were shown. A few of the rather striking and unusual modern illustrations in Carl Sandburg's "Abe Lincoln Grows Up" were displayed and parts of "The Perfect Tribute" by Mary R. S. Andrews were told and read. Portions of Helen Keller's life, as found in three books, were told, special attention being given to her autobiography, "The Story of My Life." In introducing "Loki, The Life of Steinmetz" by Leonard, I questioned the children about Loki and we discussed why the name of this Norse god should be applied to Steinmetz. Another distinct type of

biography presented was "Little Blacknose" by Swift, the true story of the De Witt Clinton engine. These books were shown to the class as the various reports were made. Other biographies were arranged in small groups, classified as to type, for convenient examination by the children.

The greater part of this period was devoted to the actual presentation of the books. In the remainder, the children looked through the various biographies in order to make their selection of one to read.

Within a week, some children had brought in pictures and articles on Grenfell, Kipling, and John Masefield from the Sunday newspapers and magazines. One girl was interested in Kate Douglas Wiggin and spoke of her so enthuisastically that, upon her birthday the next week, she received a copy of "My Garden of Memory", an autobiography of that writer. From talking over a way to use these added pieces of information and to report on the biographies read, grew the desire to make booklets.

As a number of children were frequently interested in the same person, groups were formed. In another library period the physical make-up of a book was discussed, so that the booklets would resemble real books in form.

The teacher of English helped the children with their written reports in several composition periods. The art teacher devoted some lessons to designing artistic covers for their booklets.

The booklets have assumed various forms—a rather detailed study of a complete biography with reports on a number of important chapters; a short biographical sketch of an author with a book report on some book or books he has written; a series of reports on the life of a person, as, his early life, boyhood, and later life. Some of the booklets contain bibliographies; some are illustrated; one even contains as a last minute addition a news item about Dr. Grenfell as heard over the radio.

Through this work on biographies, the children have read extensively, both in library periods and at home, gaining much valuable information about worthwhile people. They have grown in their ability to select the most important incidents and to arrange their information logically. They had great opportunities for group work, the apportioning of work being determined by the members of each group. Their composition and art needs led to a natural series of lessons in these subjects on work in which the children were sincerely interested as they understood its value in the successful accomplishment of their biography booklets.

Bibliography of Interesting Biographies

HELEN KELLER
"The Story of My Life"—*Keller.*
"Lives of Girls Who Became Famous"—*Bolton.*

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN
"Younger Days of Famous Writers"—*Cather.*

MARK TWAIN
"Boy's Life of Mark Twain"—*Paine.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
"When They Were Children"—*Steedman.*
"Younger Days of Famous Writers"—*Cather.*

RUDYARD KIPLING
"Younger Days of Famous Writers"—*Cather.*

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT
"Louisa May Alcott"—*Belle Moses.*
"Younger Days of Famous Writers"—*Cather.*

CORNELIA R. CRIST,
Librarian, Montebello School.

Suggestions for a Valentine Assembly

SENIOR 8 HAS DISCOVERED that it will never be happy and therefore never be in a receptive mind for a Valentine Assembly or any other assembly until it has firmly convinced Mr. Walther that the solution to at least one of the problems in the teaching of Geography lies at the extreme end of one of our instructor's famous poles and not somewhere in between the poles.

No Valentine Assembly would be complete without having a certain ardent lover of politics in our midst give a talk on "How Politics Has Affected the Giving of Valentine Assemblies in the Past and How a Thorough Knowledge of Politics Would Help in the Giving of Better Valentine Assemblies in the Future."

One of the Juniors has meekly confessed that she misses the good old high school days when it was deemed quite proper to send and receive Valentines. Will some big-hearted Seniors see what they can do about aiding these poor, misunderstood unfortunates?

How about a Valentine song written to the tune of the St. Louis Blues?

The above suggestions were written in the hope that they would guide the students toward bigger and better Valentine Assemblies in the future. I trust that my efforts have not been in vain.

H. R. LEVY.

A Tribute

Dorothy Frank was a great friend and a greater companion; one who worked unceasingly to make those about her happy. Unassuming and modest, she nevertheless had a strong influence upon everyone with whom she came in contact. Her opinion was something we all valued and we found her ever ready to give us her time and her energy. She was an unusually stimulating and inspiring person. Perhaps one reason for this may have been the fact that she was so keenly interested in everything she did whether it were work or play.

We can never forget her. Her loyalty and her service to Normal School and the class of 1931 is something that will remain ever fresh and living in our hearts.

From Me to You

DANNY NONCHALANTLY kicked the stone in his path. No one would have imagined that Danny was as "blue" as he felt; but, he had to keep up appearances. He was the class' bad boy. You know the type, he didn't like girls. He always pulled their hair. (So Margie Lee would have told you.) He thought boys were "sissies" if they didn't "hook school" at least once every week, and he was always drawing funny pictures of the teacher, and cutting up the desks, and writing, "Closed for the Season" on books. And once, Bessie Jones said she saw him smoking a cigarette. "But don't tell anybody. It's a secret."

Something else, however, was a secret, too. Janie West, one day, saw Danny taking a blind man across the street. He had looked up and down the street to see if anyone he knew was looking or making fun at him. Then he had seen Janie and as he passed her, he had given a rather-but-not-quite embarrassed grunt, "Hullo."

Do you begin to understand, now why Danny had to keep up appearances? I'll tell you some more about it.

That day, the class had opened the Valentine Box, and everybody in the class had received at least three valentines each, and Danny, the boy who said valentines were "applesauce and sissy," didn't get a one! ("Just what he deserved," the class thought). Danny scornfully refused to remain at the Valentine party. He had "something more important on". But after he left, he began to wonder what the boys and girls were doing, and what they had to eat. Then, the problem of not getting any valentines came up and Danny's mental condition fell another degree. It was then he kicked that stone.

He heaved a mental sigh (if there is such a thing) and continued the journey home. However, on the way, the "Wildcats", a baseball team, asked him to pitch for them and Danny gladly threw down his books. But something was wrong. He kept pitching the easiest balls! and his batting!! Danny decided to go home.

That night, he opened his arithmetic book. He had to study a multiplication table. Might as well surprise the teacher once. He chanted: 9x1 = 9; 9x2 = 18; 9x3 = 27, etc. As he chanted, he ran his fingers over the leaves of his book. Something hard stuck between the pages, hampered the procedure. He opened the book to the place and found an envelope. On the front was written, "Daniel Phillips"! Danny tore open the flap and pulled out—a valentine!! One with a big heart, and a little boy and girl on it. Danny grinned foolishly, but he felt so good! A valentine for him! Who was it from? He looked for a name: there wasn't any name, but in a corner there were the numbers—10, 23. Oh, Danny knew how to figure it out. It was from Janie West! Daniel Phillips, Jr., was guilty of blushing furiously; he grabbed his hat and ran to the store. He boldly asked for a valentine (it was lacy and frilly, just the kind girls like). He leaned against the wall and wrote something on the envelope.

Five minutes later, Janie West's doorbell rang. No one was there, but a letter or envelope *was*. On the envelope she read, "From Me to You, Signed 4-16."

M. Di M., *Junior* 4.

The Chameleon

by Annilea Browne, *Senior* 9

Almost every Junior at times engages in speculation as to how she will act when she is a Student Teacher. She finds it comparatively easy to indulge in reverie concerning the distant yet near day when she will be able to venture forth with a brief case, and books, charts, victrola records and scales at her command. However, there is another aspect to student teaching which is not quite so tangible. The student may scheme as to how she is going to act in the class room, but all her efforts will be futile. No one can plan reactions to pupils' actions which are oftimes spontaneous.

After the Junior has been converted into a Student Teacher through the process of time, she walks into her class room. When she first enters the room, the atmosphere is hazy and even the pupils themselves seem more or less vague. Curious to relate, by the end of three or four days, each and every pupil has in some manner or other acquired a definite form. Then and there she casts aside her plans. She discovers that her actions and reactions are to a great extent being dictated by her pupils.

Then too (although for a time she realizes it not) her actions are being reflected in the attitude of the pupils. When she is a smiling, happy, interested teacher, she sees before her thirty or forty vivacious personalities; when she does not put herself into the lesson, neither do the children, unless in a very conspicuous, unplanned-for manner. It is frequently said that emotions are contagious. This statement could be proved in the class room to any one's satisfaction.

If at the end of twelve weeks the student teacher pauses long enough to analyze her actions, she reflects upon something not at all astonishing. She finds that she was merely being herself; that she was just putting her personality into play in constantly changing situations. If one were to ask her, "Did you act as a school 'marm' is supposed to act?", she would respond, "Nay, not so."

How to Dance

LAST YEAR, a friend of mine had been invited to a Valentine Dance but was undecided whether or not he should accept the invitation. His indecision was caused by the glaring fact that he had never danced. I lent a sympathetic ear to his sorrowful tale and offered my prudence and experience on dancing to help him out of his quandary.

My advice was so successful that he urged me to have it published in order that others in a like predicament might take advantage of it. Well, here goes:

"Dancing is purely a matter of confidence. Go up to the best dancer on the floor and ask for the next dance. When the music starts, edge close to the nearest wall, put your right arm about her waist, and push off. Circle the floor in a clockwise direction, and if you bump into anyone, glare fiercely; they will apologize.

Keep up a running fire of conversation on such topics as the weather, Einstein, passive resistance, Ba Thonga savages, economic depression, and Van Heusen shirts. When you step on your partner's foot, excuse her. Try all the new steps you know and any that you might originate on the spur of a happy inspiration. If she fails to successfully dodge your flying feet, smile sweetly and say, 'Excuse me, I thought you knew that step.' Tell her of the many good dances you have been to and noisily complain about the slippery floor and the wretched playing of the orchestra.

When the dance ends, help your partner to a seat and look for another and more lively victim."

A. W. JANSEN, *Senior* 8.

Vortex

Smothered existence
Whipped into action—
Stung by sharp thorns
Of realization.
Prosaic existence—
Suddenly whirled
Into the mad rigadoons
Of Love and Life.
Complaisant existence—
Shattered by the intangible strangeness—
Splintered by the bitterness
That is Life.

GENEVIEVE FORRER SHULES.

Seen and Heard from the Tower

Mr. Minnegan reports that after an insistent salesman had failed to interest him in a fence for a tennis court, he proposed a high steel fence for the dormitories.

A report has reached us that a young man drove up to the dormitories and inquired of one of its inhabitants if this was the Sheppard Pratt Hospital. To his astonishment, she answered, "Oh Henry VIII, I'm Queen Elizabeth!"

Junior 3 has recently posted their type-written newspaper, "The Daily Bla", on the bulletin board. According to reports this is not an original idea.

We hear from Miss Tall that while on a recent trip to Raleigh, North Carolina, she had the experience of visiting the State Penitentiary in that city. While inspecting the place she was asked if she would like to sit down in the electric chair. Miss Tall declined.

We nominate Miss Mignon Newman as champion ping-pong player. Incidentally, she beat us, and by what a score!

After watching Ernie Stolberg wrestling, we are convinced he is prepared to meet all comers. He intends to challenge Londos.

After attempting tap dancing and tumbling, we have decided to stick to tap-dancing! It's much safer.

The J. V. basketball team looks very promising. Coach Minnegan has now something to anticipate.

(Familiar Question): Have you got the pressure yet?

For this, our February number, Mr. Isidore Silbert of Senior Eight is our student editor-in-chief.

Athletic Notes

In our game with Catholic University at Washington, The Normal team threw quite a scare into the Catholic boys. In the first half, we trailed them by four points, and at the beginning of the second half, we quickly pulled to within one point of a tie. At this point, we lost Jansen and Trupp via the foul route and hopes of winning the game went with them.

In the last eight minutes of play, Catholic University scored over fifteen points, and made the score so uneven that it looked like a bad game. But, anyone who saw it will convince you differently.

The final score was as follows: M. S. N. S.-19; Catholic U.-39.

Lineup:

Himmelfarb	F.
Silbert	F.
Trupp	C.
Davidson	C.
Jansen	G.
Salzman	G.

The second game with American University took place on our floor. The boys from Washington had a tall, heavy team that outscored our boys badly. The first half ended with the score twenty-four to eight. In the second half, the weight and height of the American University team still held sway and again they outscored us to the theme of twenty-four to ten.

Revue Heralded

1931 EDITION IS PREDICTED TO EXCEED ALL PREVIOUS PRESENTATIONS

The Show of Shows, that monster production of talented stars, glittering scenes, lavish settings, and entertainment galore, is at hand. On March 28, 1931, promptly at 8.30 P. M., this gala event—the Third Annual Men's Revue of the Maryland State Normal School—will again be offered to connoisseurs of amusement.

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Donald E. Minnegan for his competent work in attending to all the duties of arranging such an elaborate affair. The following committee also deserves all possible co-operation and support: Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Seidenberg; General Manager, Mr. Brose; Settings, Mr. Yaffe; Publicity, Mr. Silbert; Programs, Mr. Carliner; Stage, Mr. Vogelhut, and Finances, Mr. Hyde.

The Men's Revue has been in existence a scant three years, yet annually it becomes more expansive in scale. At the present time, there is more variety of acts, more talented numbers, more gorgeous settings, and more ingenuity manifested than ever before.

Advance reports show conclusively that this revue will be far greater than either of its predecessors and will set a standard for future revues.

REHEARSALS FOR MEN'S REVUE GO INTO FINAL MONTH

Room 215, 223, or the Assembly Hall any afternoon after 3.00 P. M. contains perspiring men students in shirt sleeves and suspenders, hard at work rehearsing for the Men's Revue. In one corner there are exponents of the Terpsichorean art who have tap-danced to the point of exhaustion, here are a group of students endeavoring to get some semblance of vocal harmony.

Now all is confusion, but a little more than a month hence chaos will be molded into a harmonious whole. This is possible mainly because of the co-operative support of those connected with the Revue.

It is only through such a splendid spirit and unselfish labor that it is possible to put over a show worthy of the capabilities of the men students.

REVUE FUNDS GO TO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

As in former years, all funds collected at the Men's Revue will be turned over to the A. A. coffers, once again revealing the gracious magnanimity of the men students of the M. S. N. S.

The A. A., which makes possible the athletic programs and gym classes, is a vital factor in keeping students physically and mentally alert.

FOUNDERS' DAY ASSEMBLY

One of the most important and impressive assemblies of the year was that held on Friday, January 16, commemorating the dedication of the Normal School in 1876. The auditorium was beautifully decorated with palms and reproductions of old mottoes.

The programs were especially interesting in that the original program was printed on one side and the adaptation opposite, the adaptation following the original as closely as possible.

The orchestra played two selections, Miss Rudoff gave a rendition of the Aria from Der Freischutz, originally sung in 1876 by Miss Annie Roemer, and excerpts from the speeches of Hon. Barnes Compton, Gov. John Lee Carroll, Prof. M. A. Newell, Mayor F. L. Latrobe, and Pres. Daniel Coit Gilman were given by several of the Senior students, elected from Dr. Snyder's History of Education Classes.

Mr. Harry C. Caples, a professor of English at the Polytechnic Institute and president of the State Normal Alumni Association, gave the school a message from the Alumni and left with us a few thoughts for the building of new ideals. The assembly closed with the benediction by the Rev. Edgar C. Powers of Towson and the singing of the school song by the student body.

E. L. R.

THE ALUMNI ENTERTAIN

The success of the Founders' Day was augmented when the Alumni gave a reception and dance for the Seniors on Friday, January 16. Between eight and nine o'clock the receiving line, including Miss Tall, Mr. Caples, president of the alumni. Miss Brown, Miss Bersch, Dr. Crabtree, and Miss Grosham, welcomed the old and experienced alumni, and many, many gay and vibrant Seniors. Excitement and friendliness were in the air. The usual formal business office was transformed into a bower of flowers, lighted candles, and soft colored tapestries and prints. Punch and cookies were served in Miss Tall's private office by several charming Juniors. It brought back memories to the Seniors who served the year before. Hidden by palms, the school orchestra played, conducted by Miss Prickett.

At nine o'clock the strains of the first dance began. The newly varnished floor was perfect, the music was the best yet, and it is generally agreed that the crowd was the most sociable we have ever had.

It was with not a little regret that we danced to the old melody, "Home, Sweet Home," and left. The Seniors thank the Alumni for one of the best dances at Normal. We believe, too, that the Alumni must have enjoyed getting back to their Alma Mater.

E. L. R.

THE BENTZTOWN BARD ADDRESSES MEN'S MEETING

Mr. Folger McKinsey, better known as the Bentztown Bard, of the Johns Hopkins University, and a noted columnist, addressed a large group present at a recent Men's Meeting. Mr. McKinsey spoke on journalistic life. He sketched also the life of a cub reporter and the mannerisms of a city editor. Then he commented on several of his own journalistic experiences.

"As editor of a county newspaper," he stated, "I found more thrills than a metropolitan newspaper worker finds." Mr. McKinsey has had experience in both phases of this work, and he regards his county newspaper work as characteristic of his life.

His first assignment was to report on a Democratic meeting. He, at this time, was on the staff of a Republican newspaper. The Democrats, in order to lend color to their meeting, held a parade, which was led by a huge elephant, rented from a circus. Through his powers of persuasion, he induced the man leading the elephant to allow him to ride on top of the elephant. From this point of vantage Mr. McKinsey was able to report on the parade.

The Bentztown Bard then proceeded to give what he considers three of the most interesting chapters of his career as a county newspaper editor. In this ambitious post, Mr. McKinsey took to heart the fact that the town streets were of cobble stones. After starting propaganda in his editorial column, he was visited by a delegation offering to give him a free ride out of town on a rail, covered with tar and feathers. This did not daunt the future Bentztown Bard. With the aid of a prominent banker, he had laid three blocks of smooth brick streets, as this time was before the day of macadam roads. The streets were accepted with much appreciation. Soon after the Town Council was swamped with requests for more such streets.

The next two chapters of the life of this county newspaper editor were concerned with taking down the fence surrounding the courthouse and installing a street electric light system.

This is the second appearance of Mr. McKinsey at the Men's Meeting. His speeches on both occasions, we are told, have been full of interesting and humorous experiences which were greatly appreciated by those present.

EDWARD GERSUK,
Junior 3.

THE JANUARY BIRTHDAY PARTY

The evening of Thursday, January 15, was quite a gala one for all the dormitory students whose birthdays fall in January, for then was celebrated the January Birthday

Party. In one corner of Newell Hall Foyer was a jolly old snowman (unmeltable, of course) surrounded by sleds, poles, toy dogs, and other paraphernalia.

After dinner things began to happen. All the birthday people, among whom were three members of the faculty, Misses Crabtree, Medwedeff and Scarborough, gathered near the snowman. All had donned galoshes and tams for ice hockey and skiing.

The first event was ice hockey. The floor of the Foyer took the place of ice very effectively and chairs made splendid goals, in fact, very difficult goals. The game was on, and what a heated game! All enjoyed it immensely, chiefly, we think, because at least two or three on each team had never played it before. The onlookers told us later that they voted Miss Scarborough the best hockey player of the evening.

Skiing followed almost before the players had their breath. This selected sport was new to all, but Miss Medwedeff certainly made a record as she skillfully skiied to the end of the Foyer and back!

The sleds and toy dogs were used for a dog race. Each team got two dogs and a sled. The object was to carry on the sled, a dog, and on return trips, two dogs, from one end of the Foyer to the other. If either dog or dogs altered his position, the person pulling had to stop and steady Mr. Pup. It is now the general opinion that all gingham dogs have distinctly wobbly legs.

Each team strove to construct the most artistic snow fort. Benches were covered with sheets and spreads and thus were evolved the noble forts. (Pins would have aided enormously in helping to secure the snow-like effect, declared the earnest drapers.) Each side took refuge behind its fort. Two bushel baskets of newspaper balls were given to each side. For a few minutes there was a perfect downpour of balls. At least one fort was completely wiped out.

This ended the active part of the evening's entertainment but not the best part by any means. All sat down to chat and recover from the battle. It was during this time that someone discovered that Miss Crabtree loves to roller skate. (Hint: Some section might have a skating party and invite Miss Crabtree.)

Then came the big event, the "sugaring-off". Maple sugar had been boiled and placed in pitchers. Two big pans of cracked ice were on the table plus two jars of tooth-picks. Miss Sperry and Miss Gross poured the "syrupy" sugar on the ice and then, armed with tooth-picks, everybody pulled it off in the form of beautiful golden-brown taffy.

"Sugaring-off" was indeed a big event!

As a favor each received the nicest little snowman, each with a different expression on his fluffy white face. They surely were the sweetest snowmen anyone of the birthday celebrants had ever—no, not seen—eaten!

M. Gorman,
Senior 1.

My New Hero

By Ambrose L. Suhrie*

Professor of Teachers-College and Normal-School Education
New York University

My new hero is the man who sat at the controls and served as my sky pilot while driving my air-taxi across three hundred miles of cloud-land from Buffalo to New York. His eye was clear; his hand was steady; he had no nerves. He sat looking out upon the fleecy cloud-land and quite casually peering through the rifts at lakes and rivers and cities below. His calm and composure made me think of an eagle soaring in the deep blue above and looking down upon the creatures that run or crawl in the forests and fields a mile below where he soars in solitary grandeur.

My new hero gave me a comfortable and steady flight over miles and miles and miles of fleecy clouds in the direction of the rising sun. He made it easy for me to forget all my concern about the affairs and cares of the world below. For the time being I was able to live serenely in the Perfect Realm of the Spirit. I must have been very close to the Pearly Gates for I could see the sunbeams sparkling and glistening and glittering and scintillating with a beauty I have never seen on land or sea. I have many times stood on the mountain tops in Colorado, in Washington, in Montana, and in Alberta, to see the sun-rise or the sun-set or to see the silvery moon, but never before have I found myself so near the City of Gold. In my boyhood I read stories about journeys in "the balloons that were sailing around the moon" but I had never supposed that I should some day find that hero of the celestial deep above who could carry me further in fact than I have ever gone in fancy.

My hero is a regular fellow. He is the kind of man the best boys in our public and private schools are destined to be—clear of eye, steady of purpose and worthy of complete confidence and trust. He knows and he does because he is. When I look for my new hero I always look up.

*Dr. Suhrie is one of the members of the New York University Faculty who fly regularly to extension courses in Western New York. He conducts a weekly conference course with the officers and faculty of the Fredonia Normal School in New York and another one with the officers and faculty of the New Britain Normal School in Connecticut.

Where
Clothes are Smart
and
Prices are Right

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.

Outselling
All Other Eights

Valve-in-Head **BUICK** Straight Eight

"Take the Wheel and Marvel"

The BROOKS-PRICE CO.
TOWSON

SCHLESNER CO.
220 North Howard Street, Cor. Chas

THE
FASHION
CORNER

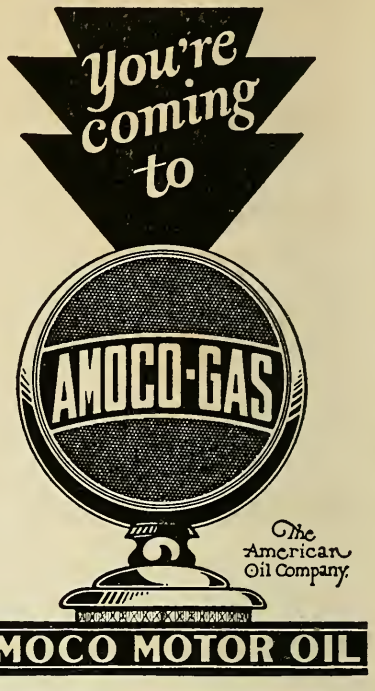
Where College Misses & Youth
Get Collegiate Styles

The Hub

"of Charles Street"

Phone Towson 962
Juanita B. Schuster, Prop.

MAR-NITA
BEAUTY SHOPPE
JEAN MOYLAN
in attendance
Beauty Specialist
Scalp Treatments and Permanent
Waving Our Specialties
35 YORK ROAD
Near Burke Ave. Towson, Md.



THE NEW!

Baltimore has learned that if it is new —and smart—Stanwick's introduce it. The most distinctive Coats and Frocks in the new silhouette—are showing now. Moderate prices.

STANWICK'S
204 W. Lexington St.

SMART APPAREL

For the College Girl

and the pleasure of receiving courteous service amid spacious surroundings

HUTZLER BROTHERS Co.

"Say It With Flowers"

Everything That Is Artistic in
Cut Flowers and Plants

ISAAC H. MOSS
INC.

5315 York Rd. Baltimore, Md.

JENKINS & McCALL
COAL CO., Inc.

Domestic, Steaming
and Smithing Coals

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND

Lexington Market: PLaza 2510-11-12
Hollins Market: PLaza 1083
CAlvert 0068

D. Callahan's Sons
SEA FOOD

BALTIMORE MARYLAND

SAMUEL KIRK & SON
Incorporated
421 N. Charles Street

GOLD JEWELRY *DIAMONDS*
CLOCKS *WATCHES*
SILVERWARE
FINE STATIONERY

Founded 1815

The Second
National Bank
of Towson, Md.

HENRY RECKORD

Ford

At Towson Since 1913

BALTIMORE'S LARGEST
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY STORE

LAMPELL'S

Home of
SORORITY HATS

31 W. LEXINGTON ST.
PLaza 2524

THE SUPREME
ICE CREAM CO.

"Your Sweetest Neighbor"

1224-28
GREENMOUNT AVENUE
BALTIMORE, MD.

Your Banking Needs Are Courteously Supplied at

The Baltimore County Bank

YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

Unusual Gifts

25 Cents to 25 Dollars

Greeting Cards of All Kinds

AMY B. HISS

Chesapeake Ave. Towson, Md.

Phone, VErnon 0261

Gorman's

TRUNKS, BAGS, LEATHER GOODS

329 N. Howard Street
Baltimore, Md.

Repairing a Specialty

GRIFFITH & TURNER CO.

Our Large Improved Store
Is Equipped to Fill Every Need

FARM GARDEN LAWN

205-215 Paca St. 338 N. Gay St.
Phone CAlvert 2300

TUxedo 0146-2627
Members of F. T. D.

FRED. C. BAUER

Florist and Nurseryman

181-187 Gittings Avenue
Govans, Md.

Weber

Invites the Students and Teachers of Towson State Normal School to avail themselves of the special prices extended to Educational Institutions on Artists' Materials.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Drawing Papers, Inks, etc., at our local headquarters.

F. WEBER CO.

227 Park Ave.

HERGENRATHER DRUG CO.
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
Agents for
Max Factors Society Make Up
Bourjois Evening in Paris Perfume
Barbara Gould Facial Treatment
Whitman's Chocolates
Martha Washington Bon Bons
Sheaffer Fountain Pens
Eastman Kodaks and Films
Films Developed 24 Hour Service
Motorcycle Delivery Phone Towson 39
Jersey Ice Cream

Distinctive Portrait Photography

SCHINDELE

519 N. Charles Street
BALTIMORE

Phone MAdison 1851-W

JOHN WUNTZ

Piano Tuning and Repairing

3041 Arunah Avenue
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE
McMAHON
TRANSPORTATION CO.
Buses for All Occasions
HAmilton 2078 Overlea, Md.

Let Your Light Direct You to
The Towson National Bank
As the Place to Do Your Banking
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE

"The LINDEN"
VISIT OUR ICE-CREAM PARLOR
Light Lunch, Confectioneries and School Supplies
Edgar DeMoss, Prop.
Phone TOWSON 372-J

THE
MARYLAND
RESTAURANT
The Only Place to Eat
York Road at Pa. Ave.
TOWSON, MD.

Compliments of
BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD.

The Monroe Co.
206 W. LEXINGTON STREET
Baltimore
Costume Jewelry, Evening Jewelry, Ensemble Sets, Etc. Full assortment of Rings, Watches, Lighters, all at moderate prices.
WE WILL CASH YOUR CHECKS
JEWELRY REPAIRS

SILVERWARE *WATCHES*
A. H. FETTING COMPANY
Manufacturing Jewelers
314 CHARLES STREET, NORTH
BALTIMORE, MD.
CLASS PINS *CLASS RINGS*

Compliments
MASON'S GARAGE &
SERVICE STATION
TOWSON, MD.

Momjian's
Where Normal Students Meet to Eat
DELICIOUS SODAS AND SUNDAES
HOMEMADE SANDWICHES
See Them Made

Sheet Music and Books
Victor and Columbia Records
RADIOS
THE G. FRED KRANZ
MUSIC CO.
327 N. Charles St.
PLaza 3732

Ladies' Up-to-Date Hair Bobbing
Shampooing and Curling
WM. KOERNER
505 York Road Towson, Md.

EXCLUSIVENESS

in the **PRODUCTION**

of School Literature is one of the many features our *typographic* department can assure you. This department is in charge of a staff of men who have the talent and ability to bring before you ideas and layouts that will contribute to the effectiveness of your literature and place it above the average.

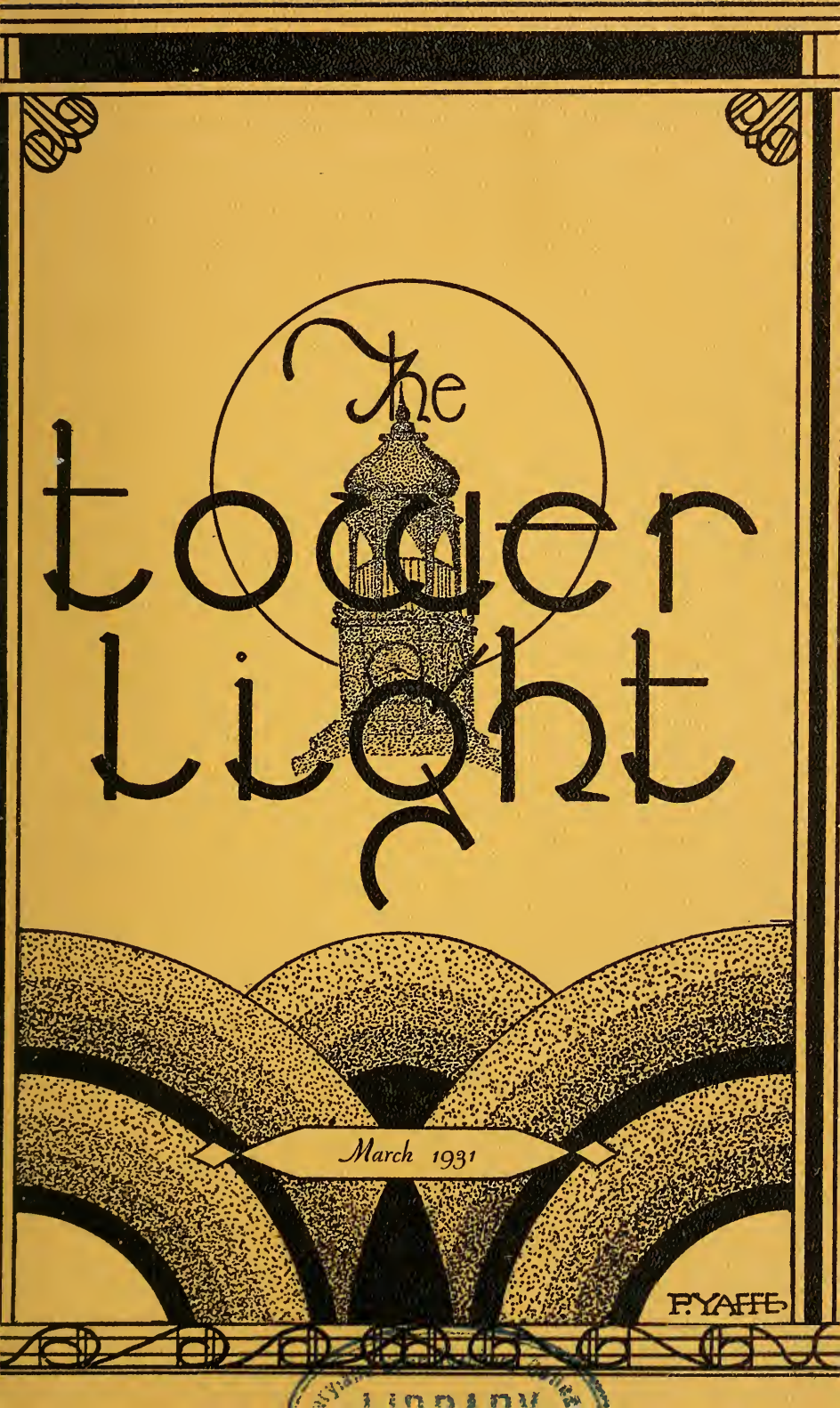
DESIGNING
ENGRAVING
PRINTING

● Progressive schools and colleges the country over are using to every advantage the service our *typographical* department offers. You are not obligated in any way when requesting a member of our staff to call.

"Read-Taylor"

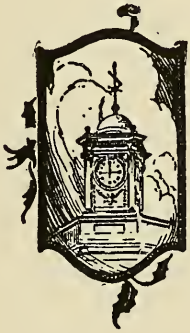
BALTIMORE

The tower light



LIBRARY

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

Contents

		Page
Founders' Day Exercises Reproduced		3
Perseverance	*Rachael L. Smith*	6
A Message to the Alumni	*President Harry L. Caples*	7
Time	*William W. Woolston*	9
Special Class Work	*Thelma A. Scoggins* '26	10
To the Alumni of M. S. N. S.	*Ella V. Ricker*	11
Towson Town	*Harold R. Manakee*	12
A Teacher	*Paul Hoffmaster* '24	14
But What About the Sock?	*Charles R. Renn* '24	15
Ideals	*H. Spilman Burns* '27	16
We Enter the Field	*John H. Fischer* '30	17
To and Fro	*Mary L. Osborn*	18
Child Development		19
Maria Briscoe Croker		20
Children's Literature	*Eunice Crabetree*	22
The Disillusionment of a School Teacher	*Glenn Algire*	25
Parody of Edmund Vance Cooke's "How Did You Die"	*N. Evans*	26
As You Like It	*Selected*	27
Editorials		
The House Useful	*Lida Lee Tall*	28
The Campus School	*Irene M. Steele*	29
What Does the Towerlight Reveal?	*J. Winton Hobbs* '97	32
More Intellectual Stimulation		33
Teacher Training in the Philippines		35
Alumni Notes		36
School Notes		42
The Men of the Maryland State Normal School	*L. B. C. Morris* '91	43
Fantasy	*George Stolberg*	44
A Night Marauder	*Bob Hambury*	46
Athletics		47
Seen and Heard from the Tower		48
Advertisements		49

The Tower Light

Vol. IV MARCH, 1931 No. 6

Founders' Day Exercises Reproduced

Founders' Day Exercises this year reproduced the dedicatory exercises of the Normal School building at Carrollton and Lafayette Avenues of June 2, 1876. We are giving excerpts from the speeches delivered at that time. It is of interest to note that many of the ideals toward which we are still working were those of the speakers of so long ago.

Address of Hon. Barnes Compton, State Treasurer

Until the legislature in 1874 made provisions for the purchase of a lot and the erection of the building, the school, though for years performing its legitimate work, was without a local habitation. Today there is not one dollar of indebtedness resting on the State for the erection of the building. The certificates of stock issued on account of the building were forthwith purchased by the State and placed to the credit of the sinking fund. The legislature has appropriated $100,000 for the erection of the building and the fact stands out today that the letter of the law has been complied with and the building stands here completed within the amount of the appropriation. The last legislature has been asked to appropriate $7500 for the furniture of the building because the Board of Public Works thought that the furniture in the building should comport with the appearance of the building itself. The gentlemen to whom the work of supervising the erection of the building has been committed have executed their work with conscientiousness, and the building itself stands a lasting memorial of the fidelity with which they have done their work.

Address of Governor Carroll

Presentation of Building at Carrollton and Lafayette Avenues, Baltimore, to the State Board of Education

I am here in a representative capacity as a member of the Board of Public Works to present to the State Board of Education this fine building, and to offer through the Mayor to the citizens of Baltimore my sincere congratulations upon the completion of the edifice intended for the education of those who will be instrumental in the perpetuation of free instruction. The citizens of the State may feel proud of the generous effort on the part of the authorities of the State in contributing so liberally to the cause which the people have so deeply at heart. The commanding position on which the edifice has been erected overlooking city,

bay, and rural scenery, the beautiful architectural design, the simplicity of arrangements, its spacious halls and well-ventilated rooms, all record the fact that the work has been efficiently executed.

I will leave others to relate how the Normal School struggled for years with inadequate appropriations but few recognizing its usefulness. True merit, however, is sure to be recognized sooner or later, and so the hour came when the Normal School was greeted by hosts of friends as a most valuable adjunct to the free school system of Maryland. It is a lasting credit to the different Commonwealths in the Union that the public school system in this country is not supported by the National Government. The cause of free education has become a precious—aye, a sacred inheritance to our people. One hundred and twenty-five thousand free schools are scattered all over the country, showing that the minds and hearts of the people are imbued with a lasting conviction of the necessity of a liberal diffusion of knowledge. Nowhere has the cause flourished so rapidly as in this country. There are, however, five millions of illiterate people between the ages of ten and twenty years in this country. This is a vast and mighty field for those who want to educate the people.

From the early dawn of our country, education has been encouraged by statesmen, fostered by the intelligent, and has become so interwoven with our Government that it is our pride and our boast that the spirit of our institutions could not exist without it. It is true that sometimes we hear cries of retrenchment and economy, but there is no set of men so ignorant or unpatriotic or lost to a sense of duty as to oppose a single barrier to the great bulwark of our strength. The very system of our government, in which every man can have a share, necessitates education. With its advancement has gone hand in hand the progress of civil and religious liberty. If we consult books of the days of the reign of the aristocracy we find that a contest has ever waged between those who fostered and encouraged the education of the masses and those who wished to repress and restrain it. During all this period all that could be gained from improvement was carefully gathered up to be hereafter used in a glorification of the priceless jewels of liberty and education. Western Europe has led in this conquest during which feudalism—of which the rubbish only remains—had to be overthrown, prejudices conquered and barriers removed after centuries of suffering. We, in this country, sprang at once, like Pallas from the head of Jove, into a full appreciation of the necessity and beauty of free education.

Let us do all in our power to cultivate the intellect of the people. Without education no government can be sustained and freedom itself would degenerate into license. To the Board of State Education the State looks for the execution of the people's trust. It is my hope that no prejudices, and particularly no sectarian prejudices, will ever enter within the walls of the building. It is my hope, further, that the beauty

of its design may be perpetuated in the character of its offices. To you, Professor Newell, as secretary of the Board of Education, I present the Key of the building and entrust it to your care.

Remarks of Professor Newell on Accepting Key of Building

Governor Carroll, I accept with a deep sense of the trust imposed in me, the Key of the Maryland State Normal School. The State Board of Education indulges the hope that as the school has flourished for ten years under adverse circumstances it will now acquire new and permanent vigor; that year by year there shall go forth from its halls teachers imbued with the sacred spirit of their mission and who shall feel that they are solemnly consecrated to the service of God and their fellow men. The move for the establishment of a State Normal School came from Baltimore City. For many years every report of the Board of School Commissioners was filled with arguments for the establishment of such a school. To carry out the popular demand the Legislature of 1866 passed a law creating the institution. The school was organized in that year in the Red Men's Hall on Paca Street, which was also used in the afternoon as a dancing hall and on Sundays as a house of public worship. In 1868 an application was made to the Legislature for an appropriation of $40,000, but none was received. Four years afterwards another effort was made with the same result. In 1874 the General Assembly made an appropriation of $100,000 for the institution, thus placing it on a solid foundation.

The Normal School is based on the hypothesis that there is as much training required for the profession of teaching as for any other vocation. No one expects ladies to be first class milliners or dress makers without previous preparation—much less, teachers. The school cannot give brains or tact. but those who have it will be enabled to use it more efficiently. It requires years of practice to learn how to teach, and those who want to be teachers must learn how to teach without spoiling minds while learning.

Address of Mayor Latrobe

Of the numerous objects of which Baltimoreans have a right to be proud, none are more worthy of praise than the public schools of Baltimore which have gained a world-wide reputation. At present there are in this city 125 schools with 31,366 pupils on roll. It is now fifty years since the legislature passed a law for the establishment of public schools. The act provided that if within five years no system of free education is established, the act shall be void. In 1828 Jacob Small, Mayor, the City Council passed an ordinance appointing school commissioners and dividing the city into six school districts. Children under ten years only were admitted, and each child had to pay $1.00 unless it was excused by the school.

The first schools were established at 94 Bond Street and on Eutaw Street, and opened on the 21st of September of that year with 254 pu-

pils and a cost of $76,735. The salary of the male teachers was $400 a year, and the female $200. From these small beginnings the schools have reached higher grades of learning, and the doors of public knowledge are now open to every child.

PRESIDENT GILMAN

Address to the Graduates

It is my pleasant task to gather up the congratulations of the assemblage. I have visited many school buildings in many lands, but have never been within the walls of any where so pleasant an impression was made upon me as this well-ventilated and beautiful building has made. With all reverence for the past I do not think that they could have done better in 1776. The life which those before me have chosen is one of toil, of difficulties, and of embarrassment, but also of supreme delight. Though the work is arduous it will have its daily reward. It is a life of popular service, a service rendered to the community. One after another, institutions are taking shape. Now it is a high school, then a city college, then a normal school, then a conservatory of music, and by and by it will be a university cooperating and blending with all these. The key to the excellence of West Point is that the best teachers are placed in the lower classes. So it should be everywhere. Those who are to mould character, give impulse to study, etc., should be required to be of the best class of teachers.

Perseverance

When to his children here below,
The Master sought to give,
Good gifts to help them on their way,
And fruitfully to live,

He gave success that comes thru' toil,
He gave ambition's flame,
He gave the love of fellow man,
When men mete out the same.

He gave hard tasks for men to do,
That called for true endeavor,
Then added He to men's estate,
A wit to make them clever.

Then, lest the tasks should seem too long,
And tug at one's endurance,
He gave a trait to spur them on,
And called it "perseverance."

RACHAEL L. SMITH, *Senior* 11.

A Message to the Alumni

As the President of the United States in the performance of his duty is called upon to report to Congress from time to time the state of the Union and to outline policies which he believes will promote the well-being of the nation over which he presides, your President will follow this illustrious example and attempt to report to you, the members of the Alumni Association, and to our prospective members, the students of Normal, the state of the Association and call your attention to the policies which the Association outlined two years ago in order that it may better accomplish the purposes for which it was organized.

The Association still lives and it lives with considerable zest. This is indicated by its activities, its financial condition, its membership, and its forward look.

One of the most pleasing activities of the Association during the current school year was a very delightful luncheon in October at the Lord Baltimore Hotel at which about one hundred and seventy-five Alumni were present.

In December, under the efficient direction of Mrs. John E. Raine of Towson, an Alumni card party was held at Normal. About sixty of our members took advantage of this opportunity to visit their Alma Mater and to renew old friendships.

Then on Founders' Day, January 16, 1931, your President had the very great pleasure of briefly addressing the student-body of Normal and used this occasion to bespeak their loyal support of the Alumni Association.

On the evening of the same day the Alumni reception to the Seniors proved to be very enjoyable.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Carrie Obrecht, the Alumni sponsored a dance at Normal on February 7; again, a goodly number came, tripped it "on the light fantastic", and chatted of the "days that are no more".

On April 14, under the direction of Mrs. George Schluderberg, the Alumni will sponsor another card party at Normal. Please keep this date open and prove your loyalty by helping to make this party a huge success.

Our biggest activity of the year, for which our Secretary, Mrs. Myrtle Groshans, Fullerton, Maryland, is already planning, and to which we are looking forward with tremendous interest and enthusiasm, is the Alumni reunion in June. This year the following classes will hold reunions: 1871, 1876, 1881, 1886, 1891, 1896, 1901, 1906, 1911, 1916, 1921, 1926. The Class of 1931 will be our guests.

The reunion of these classes will not preclude the attendance of members of other classes, nor even other class reunions. Others will not only be welcome, but they are most strongly urged to attend. The more, the merrier. It is the aim and wish of your officers that the Alumni in June tax the capacity of the dining-hall at Normal, fill the corridors to overflowing, and cheer the hearts of the Faculty to satiety. Will you help to make this wish come true?

With respect to our financial condition, our Treasurer, Mrs. Carrie G. Obrecht, Brooklyn, Maryland, reports as follows:

Cash on hand, checking account, October 25, 1930....	$219.34
Receipts from October 25, 1930, to February 4, 1931..	247.38
Savings account	500.00
Interest	30.00
Total	$997.32
Disbursements, October 25, 1930, to February 4, 1931.	171.58
Balance on hand	$825.74

During 1928-1929, four hundred members paid dues; in 1929-1930 four hundred and five paid. In the sixty-five years since the founding of the Maryland State Normal School in Baltimore in 1866, the school has turned out approximately 5,000 graduates. Of this great number, though many of these have died through the years, we should have at least 1,000 members.

Our small membership sufficiently explains why our Association does not flourish as a "green bay tree". The saddest feature of every one of the Alumni activities of the current school year has been the small attendance of the Alumni. If you have not already done so, please send at once, your dues to the Treasurer. Then for the sake of Auld Lang Syne and your Alma Mater, become an ardent missionary, organizer, worker in order to help our Association to reach the one thousand goal by June, and better still, to help to stimulate friendship and loyalty among the great family of "boys and girls" who have gone out from Normal "To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix the generous purpose in the glowing breast".

Now, a word about our forward look. The policies initiated about two years ago by the Executive Committee, with the hopes of carrying our Constitutional purpose "of promoting the interests and preserving the traditions of the Maryland State Normal School, of stimulating friendliness and loyalty among the members", are two:

(1) "The creation of a fund large enough to justify the employment of at least a part-time general secretary and field worker, whose business it would be to take care of inquiries from the Alumni—visit

them from time to time, to help them with their problems, and to bind them closer to their Alma Mater.

(2) "The other goal is the endowment of a fellowship or traveling scholarship to be awarded to Alumni who have made a real contribution in the field of elementary education".

At the time of writing neither aim has been fully achieved; hence, they continue to be our outstanding, immediate objectives. How to accomplish them?

Two ways suggest themselves: first, as has already been suggested, increase our membership to one thousand; second, introduce a new financial plan destined to achieve the desired ends. This path has already been blazed. The Class of 1919 at their last reunion raised forty dollars toward the fellowship fund. This is a splendid precedent, a noble example!

If every Alumni unit in the counties and in the city of Baltimore will annually raise fifty dollars, and if every Class that holds a reunion will raise fifty dollars for these two worthy objectives, they will soon become realizations.

"Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly". This should be doubly true with reference to our Alma Mater. Alumni, since the Class of 1919 has cleared the way, will you dare to follow?

Your President cannot let slip this opportunity to extend his heartiest thanks and appreciation to every one, officers and members, who even in the slightest way, has contributed to the success of the Alumni Association during his incumbency.

HARRY L. CAPLES, Class of 1900
President of the Alumni Association

Time

The sun is moving o'er the hill.
The day grows short. Time stands not still.
The shadows lengthen on the wall.
And soon the dusk envelops all.
The day is gone beyond recall.

Time passes swiftly, as on wings.
To each a different thing it brings
To some, much joy; to others, tears
For wasted hours, or wasted years.
For Time comes once, but once appears.
And when Time goes, it ne'er returns.

It leaves us no more than we earn.
And if we put our work aside
We may not e'er regain our stride
For not for man waits Time or Tide.

WILLIAM WEBB WOOLSTON, JR.

Special Class Work

GREETINGS, FACULTY, Students, and Fellow Alumnae-ites! My, how time does fly! Here five whole years have passed since I left Normal and I wonder where I ever got the idea that after five years teachers were in the "old maid" class. But those years have been packed so full of delightful contacts and interesting experiences that they have been well worth living.

When I left M. S. N. S. I was firm in the conviction that I wanted to teach one grade until I knew all there was to know about that particular grade. But it did not take me long to realize that it was humanly impossible to live long enough for that! And then too, I began to notice other interesting branches of the profession and I wondered if I had the right idea after all. I began to feel the desire for experience in a variety of lines and as a sort of answer to a prayer, came the offer to take a Special Class. Without hesitation I accepted the offer with no practical experience and no special training for this type of work. Can you imagine having eighteen little under-nourished mentally handicapped bits of humanity, ranging in ages, chronologically, from 6-17 years, and mentally from 3 to 8? It was a huge job to tackle and I sometimes wonder at my bravery, but as I look back over it, I would not exchange the experience for anything. I have been repaid in real joy and satisfaction a hundred times over for the study and hard work it required.

Nothing can ever surpass my great desire to help and understand those children, when I saw how they needed help! I went to work with a sort of missionary spirit and was soon rewarded with the trust and confidence of my group. After securing that, the job was much easier, though, I'll admit, at times it was inclined to be trying! I was fortunate to have at my disposal splendid Special Class equipment and a wealth of very helpful teachers' material, and I must mention the encouragement and invaluable assistance of an understanding supervisor.

I hunted up all the lectures and books that in any way pertained to my work and labored hard and long to know my group. After several weeks of groping, I began to learn, gradually, that it is not an impossible task to *teach* mentally retarded children. It is a tedious undertaking, but never monotonous! If you can keep ever before you the thought that it is your solemn duty and responsibility to make helpful and useful citizens out of your children, you *will not fail!*

So, any of you students who feel an urge toward this type of work, think seriously of it and prepare for it while you are still at Normal. Baltimore City needs *good* Special Class teachers, so you can be sure of a hearty welcome in that department. But examine yourself first, before definitely deciding, and truthfully answer the following questions:

First—Do you feel the urge to help unfortunates find a definite place in the world and develop their ability to do their share as independent, useful citizens?

Second—Have you an ever present sense of humor that is absolutely unfailing and that can be trusted *always* to come, unbidden, to your rescue?

Third—Are you physically able to work untiringly and have you a set of iron-clad nerves?

And Fourth—Have you a fine understanding of human nature and a personality that makes others trust and admire and respect you?

If you can answer "yes" to these questions by all means prepare to do Special Class work. You have my assurance that you will get more satisfaction out of it and a sense of having done good, than you ever thought possible!

THELMA A. SCOGGINS '26

To the Alumni of the M. S. N. S. at Towson, Md.
Greeting:

Mr. Caples assures me that you will be interested in a message from me, so here it is:

I am sure that among you are many who were students in my classes, as well as later ones, and my memories of the days when we worked and hoped together are still fresh and sweet to me.

The years have been busy ones to each of us since we parted. My work has been chiefly in libraries, and I was so proud one day to find a picture of the library-wagon that took books from Hagerstown to the rural districts. That was an epoch in library history!

Some of you have married and have found the "2 in 1" method a happy one. May it grow happier every year, and still bind you more closely to our Alma Mater!

Some of you, like me, have chosen to "walk the lonesome road", and have found that even loneliness has its compensations. One gets to hear the beat of the heart of the world in the silence and to feel its pulse beating in one's own soul. Whatever you have been doing, I know it has been sincere work, and so I send you my greeting and my love, and bid you, in the words of Bishop Vincent—"Go on! Go on to know and will, to do and be; and when outward circumstances discourage, trample the circumstances underfoot. Be master of circumstances, like the king, God, meant you to be."

Your friend, as of old,
ELLA V. RICKER,
Former Faculty Member.

Towson Town

Towson Town is known to most of us only as a place through which we speed as quickly as a certain khaki-clothed gentleman on a fast motorcycle will allow us to travel—or perhaps as a place where two or three traffic lights (and the aforementioned gentleman) may somewhat impede our progress. And then there are some of us who know it only as a quiet—almost dreary—little village of wide streets with great old trees shading sleepy walks. A perfect place, some of us say—what with the surrounding countryside—to hold communion with one's soul, or mayhap with nature. Or if one is lacking in a soul and in a liking for nature—Towson has the saving grace of being but half an hour's ride from the bright lights of the "big city."

Now, far be it from me to go around waving red flags before robust Rotarians or casting aspersions on the civic pride of enterprising Kiwanians, yet it is my secret opinion that Towson was created for the sole purpose of being a quiet—almost dreary—village of wide streets with great old trees shading sleepy walks.

Myself—I like the town when I put on my soul (I don and doff it like a suit of clothes) and wander around the sleepy streets. I find the people pleasant and friendly and some of them quaint, save those who, like the gentleman on the motorcycle, are precursors of progress. I like the old houses, some of them of stone with thick, low walks and tiny windows, and others—rambling frame buildings with wide porches, peaked roofs and door windows.

I like, even, the wide streets, the quiet and the shade—perhaps just because I've always been so envious of the brooding, mysterious characters in novels who actually do, at the author's whim, hold silent spiritual communion with nature.

The point of all these wandering observations (which are all far off my topic) is, that you need not have a soul unless you want one. People who come to Towson either willingly don their soulful attitude or—as I have heard from resident students—put theirs on in sheer self-defense against insanity. Whichever of these classes I fall into, I like Towson for still another reason—for the color of its past.

Back in 1771, there was of the present town only a small tavern kept by one of the Towson family, probably Ezekiel. Evidently Ezekiel's business with passing travellers, who felt the need of a dust chaser and braces before tackling the then arduous journey to York, was a fairly flourishing one; but in 1799, ye jovial host's peace of mind was momentarily threatened. In that year the line of the York Turnpike was laid out and, much to Towson's dismay, he found the new road was to pass some 200 yards from the door of his hospitable house. Somewhat fearful of a quick decline in his profits, Ezekiel petitioned the proper authorities stating his complaint and announcing that he would willingly give the required part of his own land for the pike, provided the road

ran directly past his door. Possibly because their livers and digestions were in good shape the authorities complied. The day was saved and undoubtedly that night there were a few rounds of drinks on the house, for the men of Towson were not adverse to celebrations.

* * * *

In 1854 Baltimore County and Baltimore City separated their governments and the cornerstone of the county courthouse was laid at Towson. Since the rivalry for the honor of being selected as the county seat had been intense and widespread, there was much repoicing at the final selection. The happy Towsonians celebrated that night in a manner that would shame the modern college football jubilee, for the evening was capped by the burning of a deserted frame house in the neighborhood.

* * * *

With the outbreak of the Civil War the Union Troops occupied the town until 1864, when they were temporarily routed by a Confederate raid of Captain Harry Gilmor's famous cavalry. Many of the "Johnny Rebs" had friends or relatives in the neighborhood who royally entertained them until orders were given to retreat southwards—probably directly past Normal School Hill.

Shortly after the close of the war Towson's first school was established with twenty-nine pupils of all ages.

* * * *

The town and its immediate vicinity has given many prominent men to both the state and national governments, but probably the best known is General Nathan Towson, famous in the War of 1812. This doughty gentleman enlisted as a captain, but received rapid promotion for exceptional bravery, coolness under fire and for meritorious conduct in general. After the declaration of war, the logical place for a land attack against England was Canada, and it was there that Towson was sent to command a battery of artillery largely composed of Marylanders. He first distinguished himself on Lake Erie by capturing two English brigs, the "Detroit" and the "Caledonia," under the very guns of a British fort. Later, at Chippewa and Honey Creek he was mentioned in dispatches as being prominent in the fighting. Then at the defense of Fort Erie his battery kept such a flame of firing that the place was nicknamed Towson's Lighthouse. Even the English, veterans of intense European warfare, declared they had never experienced a more rapid and deadly artillery attack.

Of Towson's history, what has been given here are only a few of the high spots; lack of space forbids the telling of more events just as interesting and of equal historical importance. Possibly there is work for Baltimore County students, for the city libraries, the courthouse,

and newspaper offices in Towson contain a wealth of information, which, so far as I know, has been comparatively untouched.

Anyhow, I still prefer to think of Towson as the sleepy, shady little town—movies, miniature golf and gentlemen on motorcycles notwithstanding—where one may commune with one's soul—Maybe that has been my trouble all this while—perhaps I have had a soul and did not know it! No doubt it would account for many of my peculiar actions, but then—now I can be brooding and mysterious like the strong, silent characters in novels.

H. R. M.

A Teacher

WE HAVE heard many persons say: "Miss or Mr. So and So is a good or a poor teacher." The remark has caused us to ponder the meaning of the word "teacher." In all probability we shall have as many different ideas as to the meaning of this word as there are people who would attempt to define it.

To some a teacher is one who is strict or one who is lenient. To others a teacher is one who never reprimands or scolds his children. To some a teacher is one who sees to it that his children receive a high grade and thus pass to the next year, while to others she is a seemingly public nuisance, sitting on a chair from nine till four drawing a princely salary which she never earns. Thus one would continue indefinitely defining ideas concerning teachers. Experience and observation have shown that the less we know about a certain business the more able we seem to be to discuss that certain business.

Now what or who is a teacher?

A teacher is one who takes the boy and girl at the stage where she finds them in their educational, moral, mental and physical development and with this knowledge, unravels, unfolds and adds to the fund of their present knowledge. A teacher is one who accepts the boys and girls sent to her and then works day after day and plans night after night to add to their experiences so as to bring about mental development. Thus the teacher faces the task of developing keen minds, dull minds, average minds, willing workers, rebellious workers and restraining those who have never been restrained. A teacher is one who can and does arouse the will, causes an ambition to stir the heart, awakens the soul and one who can secure action which will lead that ambition toward some definite accomplishment.

PAUL HOFFMASTER '24.

But What About the Sock?

RICHARD DOE, teacher, little known brother of publicist John Doe, and scholarly mutant from the somewhat arrant lineage of Johann Doe, sat on the edge of his bed and gazed ruefully at a neat, round hole in the tip of his left sock. It had not been there yesterday. A second twiddle affirmed his first sleepy observation. The hole was unmistakably there; it was very real.

Richard Doe, teacher, sat on the edge of his bed with his chin cupped in both hands and returned the stare of his tousled reflection. He frowned; his reflection disapproved, too. There's no use, he decided, it's me. Or I, he hazarded. In fifteen minutes I won't be here. I'll be at breakfast in the lunch wagon, or maybe I'll go to the tea room this morning. I like the linen napkins there. Then it's to school for me; eight twenty, and the children piling in at eight thirty. Am I getting old that I dread their jamming in so much? Do they never get tired? Such incessant motion—it's a wonderful chemistry, youth.

But I'm not old—scarcely a venerable twenty eight. That means that I've been alive for about five years. So much to look forward to now—just learning to live. And I guess I like my work. Yes, I do. I'll bet I'd feel pretty lost without it. And I know I like teachers; quiet, most of them are, and some of them are gems. So are other people—like my summer friends, and those in the two years abroad, and the boys in the research lab. Maybe I'd have made a good doctor or engineer. Yes, I might have, and more money, too. And then I'd have a house and a summer place on the lake like the old gentleman in the fur business. Was I crazy not to marry his girl and go in with him? No, I guess not. She liked Rudy Valee. What a nuisance she'd have been about now.

But I didn't have to come back to teaching, did I? Then, why did I? Quiet, maybe. No, not that. I'd like to go on an expedition somewhere. Boy, then I'd have things to show the lads. Maybe I feel more secure here. No, I don't think so. Service to mankind, happiness to others—I guess not. I wish I could see it that way but I suppose that I'm too selfish; not big enough.

It must be that I get such a kick out of seeing a child enjoy the same things that I do. My, the day that Jim caught on to Carnot's Law—he couldn't stay on the floor. And when he did his first staining techniques, wasn't he tickled!

Maybe that's why I'm so impatient with the 11 A's. They can't all like the things I do. I guess they're just as right as I think I am. But what a shame to fret about making money and being famous. Well, I'm the same way. One of these day's I'll get a doctor's for doing a crazy status study. But most of the gang have to grind out papers—blood chemistry and differentiation for the bug hunters and

spectra analyses for the boys in physics. After all, I might get a kick out of it.

And pretty soon I'll take a couple of years off to enjoy a few of the things that I've a sneaking suspicion I'd like. I think I'll just slip away and not tell anybody—bob up somewhere a little later feeling things a little more intensely. Wonder what the good old nation would come to if all the boys were like that. Goodbye, sane and solid society. It's a nice biological adaptation that some people would rather run railroads, throw pink teas, and sell shoes than live like me. But anyway, right now at least, I like teaching.

Richard Doe yawned, stretched, and scratched himself meditatively He would eat at the tea room. He liked the linen napkins there.

CHARLES E. RENN '24
New York University

Ideals

"IDEALS are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like seafaring men on the desert of waters you choose them as your guides and following them, you reach your destiny."

What unlimited numbers of visions come into our minds—before our eyes, at the sound of the word, "ideals". Visions as different and as far apart as the two poles, shaped by the individual's aims, hopes, and ambitions.

One's ideal might be a missionary spreading light over erstwhile darkened worlds. The ideal of another might be a scientist bringing new discoveries and greater benefits to mankind and still another might have no greater desire than to be a friend and comrade to his fellowman. And to many of us there is no greater thought than that of the teaching profession.

In this last field, particularly, we must aim high, for lives other than our own are being moulded into permanent shapes. To think our best thoughts, act our best, and give the best of everything that is in us to those looking to us for guidance, should be our greatest endeavor.

To do these things successfully we must love our work. It is easy to do what we like to do, but it is of much more value to us if we can teach ourselves to like what we have to do.

By always keeping our ideals before us, and using them as our compasses during our voyage over the sea of life to help us find our true route when we become confused by the problems and perplexities that confront us; by aiming high and considering ourselves capable of doing great things we may have real confidence in producing a masterpiece in our profession.

H. SPILMAN BURNS, '27.

We Enter the Field

To be asked after having been a member of the teaching profession for the period of five months, "What can one learn in the first year of his teaching experience?" might well be compared with an assignment to look into the Encyclopedia Britannica and report what you find.

It is difficult to distinguish between what one learns and what one finds that he ought to know, but doesn't. Nevertheless, taking inventory after the first semester, I find myself considerably wiser than I was before my experience began.

For one thing, I know now that I have a great deal to learn and to do before I may call myself, really, a teacher. However, I am not worried about that, for who would want to embark upon a career for which he could completely prepare himself in two years, or twenty years? This feeling of inadequateness, as I have here set it forth, not only concerns itself mainly with such things as the ability to deal with children and all that that involves, but it crops up also in the realm of subject matter. After four years of high school, two years of Normal and a fair amount of general reading, I felt, last September, quite sufficiently armored against whatever attacks of questioning I should be called upon to face. The middle of October found me in a rather different frame of mind. To be sure, I did know a little about an assortment of subjects, but, oh, the things I didn't know. Ten alert, intelligent, children can ask more really sensible questions in ten minutes than I can find the answers to (or references for) in a month.

However, there is another side to the things I feel after my first term "in the field." Without romanticizing over my work, or becoming too ethereal in my treatment of it, I sincerely believe that there is in teaching a genuine pleasure that cannot be found in any other line of work. Even so seemingly insignificant an incident as the pleasure a child expresses when he finally finds himself master of a puzzling operation in arithmetic has little to match it in other occupations. To live with children, to have a share in helping them to express themselves, to be able to extend, here and there, a friendly lift or an encouraging comment, makes each day something to be anticipated and remembered.

The job of a teacher is a challenging one; it is a continual stimulus to make each day mean a bit more than the preceding one. My work is to me a constant reminder that I am not all that I should be; a constant urge to improve in a multitude of ways, and for that urge I am grateful.

John H. Fischer.

To and Fro

If it be true that the library is the heart of the school, that heart has been pulsing more and more strongly in recent years, and sending out its stream of books through ever extending arteries. Not only do the books travel daily to the scattered homes of city and county day students, but hundreds are borrowed each term for the use of teaching centers as far apart as Bel Air and Linthicum Heights.

It will perhaps interest alumni to compare numbers of books accessioned today with those nine years go. Then the accession numbers had barely reached 6,000; now they have passed 24,000, which does not include 6,000 texts kept on the mezzanine floor of the old "Stack Room"—now the exceedingly busy Annex, which cares for half the daily circulation of books.

Nine years ago—in January 1922—the librarian was proud to count a circulation of three thousand for the entire month. Today, a daily circulation of over 1000 is taken for granted.

Now that an excellent working collection of books has been built up, there is an effort to supplement the use of books, by all kinds of supplementary aids. Foremost among these is the picture collection. Nearly three thousand separate pictures have been clipped, mounted and filed in vertical files, where they are located by alphabetical subjects. To them, Miss Cora Tall has added a gift of over 3,000 fine large prints, mounted in books, all of which have been catalogued on cards like books, so that they are made easily available.

There is a growing use of pamphlets, bibliographies, and illustrative materials, and some of the most valued treasures are units and lists prepared by students. A number of these have been typed and bound in pamphlet binders, and they are constantly being consulted for reference.

The children's collection is being augmented frequently by new titles, some of which are exceedingly popular with grownups as well as with children. One of the best loved juveniles, which has won the Newberry prize medal, is Rachel Field's "Hitty—Her First Hundred Years." Hitty is a real little wooden doll who tells the history of her adventures, and says in closing:

"Perhaps I, too, shall take to the air". She has done so, for she was taken to Los Angeles by airplane last June to attend the meeting of the American Library Association.

Some excellent guides to books such as *Hitty,* which will make a real impression upon children, are furnished by the lists compiled and printed by the Enoch Pratt Free Library, entitled "Adventures in Books". There are eight of these. There are also lists for the eight grades, exceedingly useful in making up school library collections, issued

by the Maryland Public Library Advisory Commission, of 520 North Charles Street, Baltimore. These are entitled "Reading for Pleasure".

It is most desirable that every one of the alumni use all existing sources for obtaining books, such as the Enoch Pratt and the Commission Libraries. Furthermore, let each consider every possible way to attain the establishment of county libraries for each county.

It is surely not a chance coincidence which makes California, with its highly developed county-library system, one of the foremost states in education. Maryland was the first state to have travelling book wagons. Other states have seized the idea, and with new library motor-trucks have inaugurated one of the most hopeful experiments in democratic education this country has seen. Shall Maryland lag behind the example she herself has inaugurated?

MARY L. OSBORN.

Child Development

THE SCHOOL should be greatly concerned that children learn to express themselves richly and satisfyingly, through a fearless facing reality, and through means that are socially acceptable so that happiness and satisfactory adjustments may result. Thus the teacher's work is twofold: not only must she provide many and varied opportunities for the expression of the child's basic tendencies, but she must also furnish such skillful guidance that the child comes to express himself in ways that are socially desirable. She needs to avoid two common misconceptions. The first of these is the conception that development results from self expression, of all types, at all times, in all places, irrespective of outcome or consequence. Such a conception put into practice can only lead to anarchy. The other error is the insistence upon unquestioning, sometimes unthinking, conformity to adult standards without regard to the present life of the child. Success in this effort must inevitably result in stamping out the child's individuality and initiative, in making him satisfied to follow and afraid to think. A child may grow in selfishness, in timidity, in moroseness, in willfulness, in dishonesty; or he may grow in thoughtfulness, in enthusiasm for adventure, in willingness to cooperate, tolerate, and understand, in dependability and integrity. The direction that growth will take depends upon the wisdom with which, as teachers, and parents, we set up conditions and influences in the child's environment.

JOHN A. HOCKETT, in *Teacher's Guide to Child Development.*

Maria Briscoe Croker

MARIA BRISCOE CROKER, vice-president of the Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, is the author of "Vision and Verity", a book of poems, (Norman, Remington Co., Baltimore) and "Mt. Vernon," a brochure, (C. C. A. Parker, Boston).

Mrs. Croker has contributed verse to various magazines and newspapers. Some of these are: Gardens, House, and People, The Step Ladder, The Living Church, The Circle, American Poetry, The Lantern, and The Lariat; The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, The Boston Post, The Richmond Despatch, and the Baltimore Sun and Observer. By request of the Maryland War Records Commission a group of her patriotic poems has been placed in the State's historical collection.

Mrs. Croker, who is a member of the Poetry Society of America, is president for Maryland of American Poetry Circle. Sketches of her literary work appear in Braithwaite's "Who's Who In American Poetry," and the "Book of American Poetry". She has received several prizes.

She was born in Charlotte Hall, St. Mary's County, Maryland, and graduated from Maryland State Normal School, June 1893.

Blue Beauty

I love the blue of far-off skies,
The shimmering blue of dragon-flies;
Often my fancy has been stirred
By the blue wing of some swift bird;
But never have my eyes before,
On any land or any shore,
Beheld so rapturous a hue.
  Such varied and enchanting blue,
As that which God from Heaven has sent
For man's delight and wonderment
To bless Bermuda!

It glows in flowers—it gleams on seas—
We glimpse it shining through the trees
Across white field where lilies lie
Fragrant in vernal prophecy,
And down long aisles where roadways run,
  Far-winding, under dazzling sun
Of tropical Bermuda.

White roofs, like towers of wonderland,
Rise, luminous, on every hand.
While rocks below find welcome screen
In boughs of cedars' sombre green;
Palmettos and tall palm trees rise
Towards the glowing lapis skies
Of wonderful Bermuda!

Gray reefs and shoreland break away
On many a shining sound and bay,
In these bright waters clear and deep
Fish of all kinds and colors leap,
But none so rich and rare in hue
As those that wear the azure blue
True colour of Bermuda!

Aroma of a myriad flowers,
Enchants in soft and languorous hours;
Hibiscus' glowing scarlet sheen
Startles along the hedgegrows screen,
Blue morning glories in the sun,
Wide-open, smile till day is done
And night enfolds Bermuda.

In this famed isle of fairy lore,
Beloved of Shakespeare and Tom Moore,
An ancient story came to me,
A tale of Chinese legendry:—
When in the old world's dawning hours,
God, in His love, created flowers,
He made them all a perfect blue—
I know this legend to be true,
Since I have seen Bermuda!

Anthology of American Poetry,
MARIA BRISCOE CROKER.

The Montgomery Alumni Chapter

THE MONTGOMERY County Chapter of the Alumni Association was reorganized December 28, 1930. A meeting of the county Alumni was held at the home of Mrs. Lucy Hughes Barnsley, and the following officers were elected:

President—Lucy Hughes Barnsley—Class of 1901
Vice-President—Lena Ricketts—Class of 1915
Secretary and Treasurer—Lucile Welsh—Class of 1928

Continued on Page 34

Children's Literature

EUNICE CRABTREE, *English Department*

LITERATURE IS the school subject most commonly representative of the appreciation type. The objective is plainly a taste for good reading, an inclination to devote one's leisure in part to that which has abiding value. Since it is a matter of taste we know that it can neither be taught nor forced, but is developed by contact with the best. "Taste is only to be educated by contemplation, not of the tolerably good, but of the truly excellent. I, therefore, show you only the best works; and when you are grounded in these, you will have a standard for the rest which you will know how to value without over-rating them." (*Goethe*)

The theme of the course in Children's Literature is found in the above quotation "I show you only the best works," for in this course we endeavor to find the best works for children and are concerned with how to show these to children.

One activity which has quite successfully accomplished the main objective is that of making Poetry Cycles. A cycle is a group of poems on one topic usually presented during one literature period. It is particularly interesting because it presents the different interpretations of a single subject by a number of poets. For instance, in the cycle entitled *The Call to the Vagabonds* the sea calls to John Masefield—"It is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied"; the autumn calls to Bliss Carmen "There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir"; and the open road calls to Constance Mackay "There's joy for all on the winding road!"

Some of the cycles which are favorites with the students and children are:

TWINS

Twins—LUCY FITCH PERKINS, St. Nicholas Book of Verse
Twins—MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW, Tiny Tots Speaker
To Peggy and Ruth—DOROTHY ALDIS, Here There and Everywhere
Twins (a story)—A. A. MILNE, A Gallery of Children

CHILDREN'S WISHES

I'd Love to Be a Fairy's Child—ROBERT GRAVES, This Singing World—Untermeyer
If Only—ROSE FYLEMAN, Gay Go Up
Wishes—ROSE FYLEMAN, Fairies and Chimneys
Very Lovely—ROSE FYLEMAN, Fairies and Chimneys
A Wish—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN, Treasury of Verse for School and Home—Edgar
If I Were King—A. A. MILNE, When We Were Very Young

TROUBLES

Troubles—DOROTHY ALDIS, Here There and Everywhere
My Nose—DOROTHY ALDIS, Here There and Everywhere
If I Had My Way—VIRGINIA HARRIS, Singing Youth—Mountsier
Aunt Matilda—FLORENCE HOATSON, The Little White Gate
Mumps—ELIZABETH M. ROBERTS, Under the Tree—Roberts
Alone with Jane—MARION ST. JOHN WEBB, The Littlest One

THE CALL TO THE VAGABONDS

A Vagabond Song—BLISS CARMEN, Selections, Shurter & Watkins
A Ballad of the Road—CONSTANCE D. MACKAY, Selections—Shurter & Watkins
Hie Away—SIR WALTER SCOTT, Golden Staircase, Chisholm
I Meant to Do My Work Today—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, Silver Pennies—Thompson
Sea Fever—JOHN MASEFIELD, Selections, Shurter & Watkins
The Sea Gypsy—RICHARD HOVEY, Selection, Shurter & Watkins

HOUSES

The House with Nobody In It—JOYCE KILMER, Silver Pennies—Thompson
The House on the Hill—EDWIN A. ROBINSON, This Singing World—Untermeyer
Roofs—JOYCE KILMER, Current Opinion—October 1918
Song for a Little House—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, This Singing World—Untermeyer

BLUE & SILVER

November Night—ADELAIDE CRAPSEY, Modern American Poetry—Untermeyer
Deserted—MADISON COWEIN, Modern American Poetry—Untermeyer
Snow—MADISON COWEIN, Modern American Poetry—Untermeyer
Full Moon—SARA TEASDALE, Collected Magazine Verse of 1922—Braithwaite
When Moonlight Falls—HILDA CONKLING, The New Poetry—Monroe & Henderson
Wind and Silver—AMY LOWELL, Modern American Poetry—Untermeyer
Stars—SARA TEASDALE, The New Poetry—Monroe & Henderson
The Song of Shadows—WALTER DE LA MARE, Peacock Pie

MUSIC

The Aim Was Song—ROBERT FROST, Highdays and Holidays by Adams & McCarrick
Fairy Music—ROSE FYLEMAN
Music—HILDA CONKLING
The Worlds' Music—GABRIEL SETOUN

SPRING FEVER

I Meant to Do My Work Today—RICHARD LE GALLIENE
The Book-Worm—WALTER DE LA MARE, Peacock Pie—De La Mare
If I Had My Way—VIRGINIA HARRIS, Singing Youth—Mountsier
On the Sunny Side—Child Rhymes, Riley
A Hot-Weather Song—DON MARQUIS, The Poetry Book—Huber, Bruner & Curry
Vacation Song—KATHERINE LEE BATES, Good English in Speaking & Writing—Young & Memmott

The poems are read in order and enjoyed as single selections with a pause after each one for discussion or comment. The conclusion may be the selection of one to memorize, writing of original poems on the same theme, drawing of pictures suggested by the theme, further reading of poetry and prose on that topic or reading of other poems by the poets included in the cycle.

The cycles listed here were prepared by students in the course in Children's Literature. Most of them have been presented to children by students during Junior Participation, Student Teaching or by regular teachers in the city and counties.

Alumnae Unit Holds Banquet, Fine Program

Graduates of State Normal Gather at Annual Event

A banquet was given by the alumnae of the Washington county unit of the State Normal School at Towson, last evening in the private dining room of the Women's Club. This is the fifth affair of this kind that has been given by the alumnae society, in order that the alumnae may keep in touch with one another. A business meeting is held every fall.

The table was lovely with the school colors: gold and white. Yellow and white flowers adorned the center of the table with yellow candles in green holders at each corner. Yellow tapers extending across the table added the finishing touches to the attractively appointed table.

The program consisted of a vocal solo by Miss Katherine Miller; a report of the State teachers convention in Baltimore, by Miss Lillian Cooper; Miss Louise Staley read an original poem, "Teaching," which she wrote herself; a talk on the "Organization of the Alumnae in Washington County", by Miss Alice Munn.

The following committee had charge of arranging the affair: Miss Laura King, chairman of the Washington county unit; Miss Teny Horst,

Continued on Page 43

The Disillusionment of a School Teacher

"LET 'ER GO", sang out the chief officer from the bridge. Scarcely had the shout died out when the quiet of the tropic morning was rudely shattered by a rattle of the chain as the anchor plunged to the bottom of the Amazon. The Biboco swung around with the current. A chugging towboat shoved her against the oil dock, hawsers were made fast and the ship was at rest after a two weeks trip from Jacksonville.

The ordinary seaman dropped his chipping hammer and looked over the starboard bow at the Amazon river steamer with its amidships loaded with firewood for the four weeks voyage to Iquitos, 2300 miles upstream near the foothills of the Andes. Here at last would be the answer to why he had left his one-room school in Frederick county,—adventure, the lure of the unknown, the threshold of the Amazon Basin, that land of deadly snakes, fevers, and head-hunters. Here he would find the unspoiled native in his natural habitat as pictured so alluringly in those fourth grade Tarr-McMurry geography books. This would be a land where that ever present species, the American tourist, was unknown; where the only travelers were explorers and missionaries, and where American sales promotion and pep had not yet conquered the languor of tropical existence.

His reverie was broken by the sqawking of parrots, followed by the scraping of a small boat against the side of the ship. He glanced over to meet the legend "Gold Medal Flour—Eventually, Why Not Now", sprinkled liberally over the triangular sail of the bumboat, and alternating with a variegated patchwork of many hued cloth. Here was something the geography books had concealed. The swift graceful sailboats were as described, but not the sails of cast-off flour bags. The spell was broken, the bos'n's whistle cut thru his day-dreaming and the hammering went on hour after hour under the heat of the tropical sun.

At the end of the afternoon, sharply at two bells, the O. S. took time only to wash and dress and then hurried ashore, camera in hand. A dirt road bordered by cocoanut trees, thru which he discerned thatched roofed huts on stilts, led up to the city of Para, one mile away. Dirty, naked brown babies sprawled in the road with pigs and goats. A familiar warning horn made them jump aside just in time to escape being pulverized by a racing Chevrolet taxi, filled with his shipmates bound for a night ashore. The car sped on toward the city in a yellow cloud of dust. The children resumed their squalling and the goats their baaing, as if this creation of Yankee ingenuity meant little in their young life.

The O. S. trudged briskly along, now coming to a section where the houses on stilts gave place to more permanent dwellings of adobe bricks, colored in various hues of pink and brown. An ox-cart rumbled

by in the opposite direction, the oxen yoked just as in those familiar pictures. A whirr to one side made him start and look wildly about for the snake, only to see thru a half opened door a woman busy at a Singer sewing machine.

Before him in a cleared space by the water's edge was the market place, where each day came sailboats from the little settlements along the river to trade their yams, bananas, and salads, for huge plugs of chewing tobacco. Business was over for the day and only the scrawny-necked vultures, the scavengers of Para, were at their appointed task. A water-boy walked by, balancing lightly upon his head a five-gallon gasoline can such as that in our cargo, which having served its purpose as a gasoline container, was now a water jar. Shades of Tarr and McMurry!! What a picture for your geography book. He snapped the shutter of the kodak.

The O. S. wandered on, now in the business district, which except for the Portuguese signs, might have been taken for Lexington Street, Baltimore. A movie palace proclaimed in flaming posters the showing of that 'super-attraction', "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", with Rudolph Valentino, and billed as a coming attraction Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms."

Was this the Para of his geography book and of fiction? How different from the city he had imagined!

He veered away from the main thoroughfare to a quiet district of closely shuttered residences. As he rounded a corner the blare of a phonograph broke the silence with, "Yes, We Have No Bananas", to be followed from an adjoining house by "Yes, Sir! That's My Baby." This, after expectations of Spanish serenades from romantic balconies, was the last straw. Completely disillusioned he slowly and mournfully retraced his steps to the 'Principal Avenida' and completed his re-education by purchasing a chocolate soda, made by a brisk Brazillero who smilingly informed his customer that he had learned all about the great American ice-cream in Boston and had returned to introduce it into his own country.

GLENN ALGIRE.

Parody on Edmund Vance Cooke's "How Did You Die"

Did you tackle that unit that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a unit's a ton, or a unit's an ounce,
Or a unit is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you've worked that counts,
But only how did you make it?

N. EVANS, *Senior* 10.

As You Like It

In the good old days the dentists worked
With augurs, bits and braces.
The black plague in the background lurked
A terror to all races.

Men lived on puddings, ale and beef
And died from acidosis.
Unbalanced blood cells caused them grief,
From gout pains and necrosis.

They kept their windows closed at night
And shunned the use of water.
They loved to hunt, adored to fight
And revelled in the slaughter.

The people of those early days
Would doubtless think us futile
The speed and fury of our ways
To them would have seemed brutal.

Our submarines would terrify,
Our aircraft would amaze them,
Our jazz their souls would mortify,
Our motor cars would daze them.

They wouldn't swap on any terms
Their quiet age for now,
They'd rather dare all kinds of germs
Than live in such a row.

It all depends, you understand,
Upon the point of view.
I'll take the present furore and
My daily tub, won't you?

SELECTED.

The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

JEAN MCLAUGHLIN — E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Athletics
IRVIN BROSE
BETTY HITESHEW

Social
ROSALIE LEPHARDT

Jokes
ISADORE SILBERT.

Business Manager
HAMMOND CANTWELL

Circulation Managers
VIDA LUDWIG — KATHRYN HENDERSON

Advertising Staff
RACHEL SMITH
ANNA SANDS
DOROTHY WEAVER
EDITH STROMBERG

Secretarial Staff
SADIE HUNTER
KATHARINE SMITH
MINNIE V. LAPIN
IDA ROSEN

$1.50 *per year* — 20 *cents per copy*

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

The House Useful

LOOK OVER the campus! Peer into each building! Each nook and cranny! Every available space is being utilized. An unfinished, unpaved refuse room in Newell Hall basement has been improved with concrete floors, with cubicles curtained off for privacy, and with showers. So that, presto, change! where before there was no locker space for the women students, now six hundred girls may be accommodated. Music practice rooms! Where will you find them? In the basement of Newell Hall, with each of the four rooms equipped with a piano. Where are the physical education offices and the corrective room? In the basement of Newell Hall. Where are the silhouettographs taken for posture correction? In the basement of Newell Hall. Where is the billiard room and the ping-pong table? On the first floor of Newell Hall. Where is the new student officers' room? On the first floor of Newell Hall. Thus we see one dormitory adjusting its life to become a

health center which rightly belongs in a gymnasium of physical education building; it becomes, too, a recreation center for both boarding and day students; on occasions throughout the day, its unifying life as a dormitory being constantly interfered with, it becomes an extension to the Administration building when groups of student officers meet to discuss the general school policies.

That old basement in Newell Hall has other and different tales to tell: of a paint shop that's there; the maid's quarters; of Miss Schroeder's class room; stored bedding; crockery; and birthday party properties; ad infinitum. That basement is a world unto itself.

But now I have a bright idea. The Alumni is hoping that some day it may be able to support a paid secretary. To that end it is hoarding its hard earned dollars made from theatre benefits and card parties. But why not voice a second need and get to work twice as hard? Would not it be a real goal to work for a Student Building on the campus, now that almost half our students commute each day. Then indeed there would be ample quarters for the Alumni Secretary; space for pool tables and recreational games; a reading room; a kitchenette for those who stay late to practice in orchestra or glee club; and for the Mummers' League. There might even be adequate space for the TOWER LIGHT staff. To the day students such a project would especially appeal. This should be wholly an Alumni undertaking. Would $40,000 cover the cost of such a building? Ten dollars from each graduate who has gone from us in the last ten years would do the trick! Come, let us dream a dream together.

LIDA LEE TALL

The Campus School

THE CHILDREN prefer to call it Normal Elementary School because that seems a more grown-up name, but to the rest of us the short informal title, Campus School, comes easily. It used to be the Model School, and with that title it formerly stirred the memories and emotions of those who had their first taste of teaching here. The name has changed; the school has grown, but it has always been an integral part of the normal school.

To those not familiar with teacher training, it is sometimes a surprise to find young children in an institution of higher learning. In fact, when our legislators from Annapolis once came to visit, some of them had not anticipated this department, and needed to be told how the elementary school is really a workshop for the normal school courses—how with its kindergarten and seven grades it is only one of many schools which thus serve as laboratories where students, under expert guidance, work with boys and girls.

As an organic part of the normal school, the campus school has many functions to perform. It must provide examples of good teaching which would-be-teachers may observe. It must furnish opportunity for the gradual induction of students into the art and science of teaching. Its most important function, however, is to bring about intimate contact between normal school courses, and real children, thus helping to bind theory and practice firmly together.

Consider the next few statements as answers to questions often asked about the Campus School. It is neither a city school nor a county school. It is a state school, a part of the Normal School. Its faculty are members of the Normal School faculty. No tuition is charged. The children are not a picked group of children, except in the sense that parents may choose whether they wish their children to be sent to the nearest school or to the Normal School. There is a good class of children in the school because the neighborhood of the normal school is a good neighborhood; it is much like other favored suburban communities.

To continue the questions. Is it an experimental school? No more so than any public school might be; we think that in a school preparing teachers for service in the public schools of the city and state that we should use the best methods we know—those which have been proved experimentally or those which practical experience has found to be good —the kind used in good elementary schools anywhere. Are the children practiced upon? Yes, young teachers take charge of classroom instruction as a means of getting practical experience in the work which they are to do. This is always done under the guidance of well-trained teachers, "master teachers" as they are often called.

Are parents willing to send their children to be "practiced upon?" Great numbers of parents in Maryland and elsewhere, parents from all walks of life, choose to send their children to such "practice" schools because they believe that whatever loss there may be in the teaching of the students in training is offset by certain advantages. What are some of these advantages? 1. Each classroom is in charge of a teacher who is selected because of her superior training and marked success in teaching. Many of them have college degrees which signify a breadth of preparation and richness of background which is considerably above that found in the rank and file of public schools. 2. Specialists in the various subjects of the curriculum are a part of the school and are easily available to children and teachers for consultation and help. 3. The excellent equipment of the normal school is available for use by and for the children—microscopes, lanterns, radio, auditorium, tools, library, etc. 4. Educational opportunities which come for the normal school students are often shared with the children. For example, visits of foreign educators, lectures on art, Indians, etc., pageants, Christmas celebrations. 5. The school is set in attractive surroundings. (Some parents believe

and rightly so, that beautiful surroundings are a definite factor in education.)

As with all schools, the campus school has the responsibility of being the best school it can be, taking into account the advantages and limitations of its environment. A recent assembly speaker defined a good school as "a place where young people of any age come together to educate themselves and each other with the help of good teachers." This definition pleases me; it throws emphasis where it belongs. It implies beyond question that a school is what boys and girls make it, as well as what teachers cause it to be. It does not minimize the part taken by either children or adults, but frankly faces the fact that a school cannot be good if children's potentialities are ignored—that poor teachers make a good school impossible. The latter fact is usually recognized; the importance of the former is sometimes overlooked. An earnest attempt is being made in the campus school to help young people educate themselves and each other. A striking example of how this is done occurred in a music class, the first notation lesson in the second grade. Any preconceived idea of the teacher as to what the children knew about this phase of music would surely have been wrong. The children who take piano lessons, or those who have music environment in the home, furnished more content than the teacher would ever have thought to include. As the teacher wrote the music of a familiar song on the blackboard, one child or another knew that a staff has five lines and four spaces, that notes have stems, that a song ends with a double bar; and they asked intelligent questions about the clef sign, the key signature, and the time signature. All of this knowledge of "formal music" was in the class available for use; the teacher knew how to discover it and see that it was shared.

Although nothing specific is said in the above definition about the parent's place in a good school, it is true that parents must send these children who are to educate themselves and each other with the help of good teachers; and the children must be sent with something to share—with knowledge gained from first hand experience with nature, machinery, pets, books, toys, and with childish wisdom gained from daily living with parents whose insight into life has helped build personalities which allow a child to get and to give all that he is capable of. There is no magic in Parent-Teacher organizations, or in any organizations, but there is something akin to magic that affects children whose parents and teachers work in close harmony and deep understanding. It is a beautiful thing to see children as loyal and as confident about their teachers and their school as they are about their home. Their very expressions show that they meet life without fear, and with a force and momentum which is impossible in the child who harbors uncertainty and mental conflict about either home or school. In the good school an honest effort must be made to reduce such difficulty to a minimum. This is surely

a job for teachers and parents. In connection with the Campus School, a parent-teacher organization, and a group of mothers who meet weekly to study about children are working to coordinate the home and school responsibilities for the children's education. John Dewey's remark on this subject can bear frequent repetition, "What the wisest and best parent wants for his child, that must the community want for all its children."

As the normal school grows in size and responsibility, the Campus School develops; as the environment of the whole school is enriched, this department profits. Some of the assets of the elementary school have already been mentioned. The responsibility for using all available opportunities for the education of the children rests with the campus school as it does with any school. A student remarked with evident sincerity, that working in the campus school would tend to spoil her. She had in mind that conditions in the schools where she might teach would probably not be so good as those here. Her thought is understandable, but she was asked to consider that if there are five hundred ideas and each student-teacher can take with her only a few, they will be selected to fit her school; what fits her school may not fit her neighbors'; although she uses but few, most of the five hundred will be used by someone who passes by. The emphasis must surely be put upon trying to live up to the best we know. We might, with advantage, paraphrase a little and say, "What the wisest and best parents and teachers want for their children, that must we all work together to achieve."

IRENE M. STEELE

What Does The Tower Light Reveal?

IN THIS air-minded age beacons grow in importance and responsibility. They must have sufficient power to illuminate not only in time of clear atmosphere but through the mists of doubt. They must point the traveler to the safe landing and must show him the hazards, pitfalls, and obstacles that lie along his path. Let our Tower Light flash its rays to the highway of the past and show what our Normal meant in the older day.

In those days there was a Normal which those of the Alumni who were privileged to attend hold in high regard. Under the skillful guidance of a Newell, a Prettyman, a Ward, and a Richmond that old Normal aided tremendously in Maryland's rise from a state in which illiteracy flourished to a state where school systems, both urban and rural, now take their places with just pride among the best in all the broad United States.

Time decreed that our Normal must be uprooted from its home of many fruitful years and continue its growth in different, perhaps better, soil. Thus, the old Normal passed from its field of activity and now

exists only as a hallowed memory in the hearts of its loyal sons and daughters. It is not out of place to recall at this point the graceful tradition upheld by France regarding its king. According to the strict court etiquette, the king never died. When the monarch "fell asleep", the royal herald announced to the bereaved people that "The King of France is dead. Long live the King of France." Borrowing the idea, the Normal of that older day has fallen asleep. From the scene of the many triumphs of the past, we gaze upon the new Normal in its beautiful home, and looking far into the future so filled with glowing possibilities, we say with the herald of the former time "The Normal is dead. Long live the Normal!"

The new Normal is serving a new era and is serving it with zeal and sincerity. That it is serving its era any better than the old Normal served its days, we of the older day are not sure. No intelligent comparison is possible. The problems of today are not those of yesterday, nor can they be solved by means of the older machinery. Each era has its own problems, attempts its own solutions, makes its own blunders, and in some way "muddles through." Plato's complaint: "The school does not fit the child to meet the needs of his daily life" has been echoed in our own day by some of the greatest minds in the educational world. Our attempts at solution of problems connected with education frequently remind one of the veterinarian who tried to convert an unknown malady into a "case of heaves" because he had a "grand remedy for heaves."

Some of our attempts to solve problems also bring back the story of Frederick the Great who, on viewing a certain reckless use of cavalry in a fierce battle said: "It is magnificent, but is it war?" We view in amazement some of the devices employed in the scholastic tactics of our own day and find ourselves exclaiming: "It is marvellous, but is it education?"

No, this is not intended to start an argument. These rambling sentences are merely motes in the beam of the Tower Light.

J. Winton Hobbs, Class of 1897.

More Intellectual Stimulation

The alumni of the Maryland State Normal School should give their hearty and active support to the proposed legislation for the extension to three years of the teacher-training courses in the Normal schools of the state. Along with the news of this possible increase in time of preparation for teaching in the *elementary* schools of Maryland comes the rumor—growing ever more persistent—that in the near future applicants for *high school* positions will be required to present credentials showing a year of graduate study beyond the customary A. B. or

B. S. degree, part of this additional time of preparation to be spent in the pursuit of studies purely cultural.

One hopes this news is something more than mere rumor. Surely no one realizes more than do teachers themselves that the most difficult problem that confronts us as we face eager, inquiring boys and girls, full of intellectual curiosity and zeal for learning new things, is not so much *how* to teach as *what* to teach. Somehow or other, although we felt all through our years of preparation that one small head could not possibly hold all we were learning, we suddenly discovered that after all, our knowledge had very severe limitations, and we wondered if we had missed anything. Consequently, we spent the first year in the field studying facts and reading in a great many directions so that we should not have to confront pupils with embarrassment. Who has not heard teachers say, "Well, I've learned more in this one year I've been teaching than I learned in all the years I went to school." And while this will always be true to some extent, it ought to be remembered that the longer the period of preparation is, the less this pressure should be.

Europeans are just as much surprised when they find out how little time in terms of years our teachers spend in preparation for their life-work as we are to learn how exacting are the requirements European school-masters and school-mistresses have to meet.

The very important place which the text-book holds in American education and the relatively insignificant part it plays in European schools is explained largely by the fact that in the latter so much more is expected of the teacher in the way of what we call "free knowledge", to say nothing of the years of hard intellectual effort that go into preparation for some specialized professional work.

Let us then give our hearty co-operation to a measure which should not only give the teachers better professional preparation, but also lay the foundation for that broad, general culture which, more than any other one thing, stimulates intellectual curiosity and effort in the boys and girls with whom they come in contact.

M. Lucetta Sisk, 1908.

Continued from Page 21

The Montgomery Alumni Chapter

A constitution with by-laws was drawn up, and the meeting adjourned with the intention of meeting in the early spring.

Delicious refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

Teacher Training in the Philippines

THE PHILIPPINE Bureau of Education was authorized by Act 74, which became law thirty years ago. It provided for the employment of 1,000 American teachers and that all subjects of instruction should be in the English language. Rapid expansion of the school system made necessary the employment of many native teachers of only elementary education and of little knowledge of English and methods of teaching. Finally normal school facilities were increased until today the Islands operate ten Normal schools and nine Normal courses in the regular high schools; enrollment in these schools and courses is about 8,000 this year. The College of Education of the Insular University trains teachers for the high schools.

In 1929 the total number of Filipino teachers in service was 27,132, of whom 25% were Normal or College of Education graduates; only 10% were below secondary level. About 300 American teachers are now employed in Normal schools and as teachers of English in high schools.

The estimated population of the Philippines in 1929 was 12,082,366, and the estimated school population, six to seventeen years, was 3,179,570. In the same year there were *enrolled* in the public schools only 1,163,039 and in private schools 93,618, about 40%. In effect 50% to 60% of Filipino children are deprived of school facilities. Classes are too large, frequently over 50 pupils per teacher, yet every year thousands of pupils who apply are refused admittance and many villages have no schools.

This appalling situation in territory over which the American flag has waved thirty years is due to insufficient school funds and to shortage of trained teachers. In fact the Filipinos *could* provide buildings and support teachers for *all* their children, but training of teachers requires time and money; in recent years the population has increased faster than school facilities. Our record here does not compare favorably with Mexico and Russia, whose governments are trying to provide schools for all their children.

Many Americans believe that we have done much for education in the Philippines but the truth is that, while to subdue and hold the Islands we have spent $500,000,000; for education we gave nothing. We do not wish to disparage the really splendid work our government has done there, but sometimes it is well to look at the other side of the picture—what we *might* have done but did not.

Alumni Notes

Notes of '27

Walter Branford

The exact whereabouts of this elongated serious-minded gentleman is not known. Dame Gossip (even male teachers indulge) has it that he has eloped with a vice-principal and is now a missionary in China. The authenticity of this rumor may be left to the judgment of those who knew Walter.

Sidney Fishbein

This possessor of long locks and communistic features is teaching industrial arts at School No. 5 with great success. It is understood that he is working for several degrees—by degrees.

Julius Hettleman

Julius is remembered as the lad who made *some* assemblies delightful by his masterly renditions on his Stradivarius. He has forsaken the city schools and is now a professor of violin in Wilmington, Delaware.

Samuel Krivitsky

Information concerning Sam is vague but then he was always a quiet sort. He also is engaged in industrial arts work at School No. 22 and pursuing a degree at Hopkins.

Arthur Lichtenstein

Arthur is carrying on the learned pose by spending summers at Columbia. He is now at School No. 203 where he expects great things, School No. 203 being in a section where boys are men we have no doubt, but that his expectations will be more than fulfilled. We understand that he enjoys his pleasant summer vacations.

Harry Murphy

Due to a change of residence Murph is now teaching at Johnnycake School in Baltimore County. By his sincere efforts he has increased his school from one to two rooms so is now dignified with the title of principal. Although he is still known as the Greek God, there is no truth in the rumors that he has received 216 proposals since 1927.

Harold Manakee

The maker of wind noises on a trumpet, has also forsaken Orpheus. He is teaching the social studies at School No. 13 and a "Hash" class in night school. Always a trifle insane he is now cracked on Maryland History.

Hyman Sachs

This devotee of tennis has spent enough time from his earnest teaching of industrial arts to become a figure at Hopkins. Recently he was appointed instructor in printing at Baltimore City College.

H. R. M. '27

Activities of County Boys of Class of 1929

Herman C. Burton, principal of Beckleysville, Md. One room school.

Joseph Franklin Fowble, teacher in sixth grade at Sparks, Baltimore County, Md.

Bernard Givens, principal of Chestnut Hill School. Two room school, near Belair, Md.

Lyman Huff, principal of one room school at Union, Baltimore County, Md.

Frank H. Lewis, principal of one room school at Red Hill, Frederick County, Md.

Aaron A. Rosen, departmental work in sixth, seventh, and eighth grades of Hancock School, Hancock, Washington County, Md.

Glenn C. Stull, teacher in sixth grade at Thurmont, Frederick County, Md.

J. Arthur Wood, principal of one room school at Mathews, Talbot County, Md. Has been married for more than a year and is only male pedagogue in the county.

Ralph Yealy, principal of Middleburg School, a two room school in Carroll County.

F. H. L.

A Few of '28

You know, of course, that Carroll Rankin is engaged in teaching commercial subjects at City College. I need not enlarge upon the fact that he would not so soon have reached the position which he holds if he were not looked upon with extreme favor in the city system.

Sidney Chernak has remained in pre-vocational work since the September after he graduated. He is now fully qualified to teach in this department.

Leonard Gentry is no longer teaching, but is employed as a traveling referee by the Baltimore P. A. L. His assignments may send him to almost any part of the state, but, from all accounts, he is well pleased both with the nature of his work and the remuneration which he receives.

Carl Bull is teaching in one of the platoon systems of the city. William Bader is teaching where he was first appointed, at School No. 86.

W. A. B.

Notes of '24

Jay Price—lawyer, Baltimore, Md. Owings Mills.
Talmadge Strong—lawyer, Denton, Md. Denton, Md.
Frank Gunderloy—Pasadena Elem. Sch. principal.
Robert Wright—teacher, Church St. Sch.—Falling Waters, W. Va.
Samuel Troupe—Huyett's (consolidated school) principal—Clearspring.
William Wyand—teacher Rhorsville—Sharpsburg.
George Houck—Putty Hill, Baltimore County—Idylwilde, Baltimore.
Carroll Gardner—draftsman, N. Y. Central Iron Wks., Hagerstown, Md.
William Frizzel—employ of Gas and Electric Co., Baltimore, Md.
Baynard Little—Mt. Zion Sch. principal, Baltimore Co.—Hampstead, Md.
J. Owen Thomas—Robt. E. Poole Sch. vice-prin., Baltimore City—Clifton Park.
Alvey Hammond—Cockeysville Sch., Balto. Co. prin.—Towson.
Wilbur Bollinger—Halethorp Sch., Balto. Co.—Baltimore City.
Dawes Garrett—Relay Sch., Balto. Co. prin.—White Hall, Md.
Gustavus Sieverts—teacher, Balto. Highlands consol. sch. Balto. Co. Towson.
Harold Moser—teacher, Elem. Sch. of Towson Normal Sch.—Frederick.
Thomas Rice—principal, Montclair, N. J. junior high sch.—Montclair.
Chas. Renn—New York University, New York City.

.. H. E. M.

Twenty-five at Work

Thomas Eilers is prominent in social service work.

Ellis M. Fell is a teacher in the Baltimore Junior High Schools.

Bernard Jacobson teaches in the Baltimore City Schools, and conducts an after-school Demonstration Class for teachers.

Thomas Miller teaches in the Baltimore City College.

Abraham Levin teaches in the Baltimore City Schools.

Albert J. Silverman teaches in the Baltimore Junior High Schools and is achieving quite a reputation in historical research.

Joseph Schwartzman is an auditor in a local banking house.

Julius M. Starck is a representative of Meyer and Thalheimer in the School Department.

Thomas Van Sant teaches in the Baltimore Junior High Schools.

J. M. S.

Alumni Notes

Men of Class of 1923

Beall, Irl H., Westgate Road, Baltimore, Md., Teacher of Grades 5 and 6 at Parkville School, Parkville, Md.

Bartles, Ernest, Marbern Road, Hagerstown, Md., Salesman for Mountain View Nursery, Williamsport, Md.

Davies, Donald, Stemmers Run, Md., Pre-vocational teacher at School 250, Baltimore, Md.

France, Menaris, Bolton Street, Baltimore, Md., Medical Student at University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.

Hull, William C., Clear Spring, Md., Principal of Cowenton School, White Marsh, Md.

Hartle, Linford, 69 Phelps Street, Lyons, N. Y., Manager for J. J. Newberry Co., Lyons, N. Y.

Maxwell, Bryce, Reisterstown, Md., Teacher at Chestnut Hill Academy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Quillen, William, Berlin, Md., Principal of Rural School in Worcester County.

Sacra, Maxwell, Cockeysville, Md., Clerk in Exporting Department of Black & Decker Mfg. Co., Towson, Md.

Simonds, Joseph M., Glyndon, Md., Maryland State Road Inspector.

Warren, Warren, Snow Hill, Md., Vocational Teacher at Rising Sun High School and Calvert High School.

W. C. H.

Calvert County Alumni Unit

On the evening of December the sixth at Prince Frederick, amid dancing raindrops, many loyal alumnae turned out to form a unit from Calvert County.

Miss Scarborough was our guest and she brought us the message of how and why the counties were forming units. So charming was our guest's talk that we immediately lost no time in electing our officers.

Mrs. Everard Briscoe—Betty Worthington—*President*

Mrs. Marvin Martin—Daisy Turner—*Vice-President*

Mrs. Reynold Evans—Mazie Williams—*Secretary and Treasurer*

We cannot say anything about what we have done but we are going to help catalogue our graduates and make a drive for 100% membership of the alumnae for the coming year.

Betty Worthington Briscoe, '23

Harford County Unit Review

THE CLASS of 1900, graduates of the old Maryland State Normal School located at Carrollton and Lafayette Avenues, was among the Classes that held a reunion in June, 1930, in the beautiful new dining-room in Richmond Hall.

This was one of the largest Classes in the history of the old school. The Class numbered over one hundred. There is but one other, I think, that surpassed it in numbers, until the merging of the Maryland State Normal School and the Teachers' Training School of Baltimore.

Fourteen of the "Naughty Naughts", as this class was then called, were present at their Class reunion: Mary Storey, Helen Brady, Jessie Pocock, Harry Caples, Mae Mengel, Mae Hanrathy, Francis Kane, Annabel Woods, Midah Provence, Matilda Selig, Nannie B. Weller, Genevieve Thuman, Lillian Reese, and Hattie M. Bagley.

Ninety-one members of the Class were located and invited to be present; sixty-one responded; and of these, thirty-seven reported that they had married; nineteen were still single; twenty-one were teaching. The members of the Class were scattered from New York to Florida, and from Washington, D. C., to the Hawaiian Islands. Miss Regina Brady, twin sister of Helen Brady, represented the Class in the Pacific Islands group. Five of the Class had died.

It was a source of pride to the Class to know that one of our members, Mr. Harry L. Caples, was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year.

Our Class voluntarily contributed a neat sum toward the maintenance of a Field Secretary of our influential Alumni Association.

It is gratifying to know that Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, a member of the Faculty in 1900, also a member of the present Faculty of Normal, is partly performing the duties of this office.

The good wishes of the Class of 1900 are always with Miss Lida Lee Tall, the capable and lovable successor of the late-beloved Miss Sarah E. Richmond, who was Principal in the days of the "Naughty Naughts", and with her staff of efficient assistants.

HATTIE M. BAGLEY, *Class of* 1900, *Chairman*

Greetings from California

FROM CALIFORNIA, across the continent, wings my greeting to the alumni of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson, Maryland.

Ten very happy years I spent as a teacher at the Maryland State Normal School. I treasure in my memory all the hospitality and the

gracious characteristics of teachers, students, and of the Maryland people.

Do you appreciate that your state has an especially interesting early history? I knew only the barest details of it until I went to Maryland. Then I simply revelled as a child does in a fairy story, when so much of interest opened out before me as I read Maryland history.

Since my return to California, I have met two Maryland Normal School graduates.

The first was Miss Brady, of the Class of 1900, whom it seemed strange to see without her sister. We found that we were neighbors, for my work in the Public Schools was among adult foreigners in a district adjoining hers. Miss Brady did some remarkably fine work in a Los Angeles Settlement. She knew of the joy of service.

I met the second Maryland Normal School graduate, Miss Lillian Davis, an efficient Boston teacher, at the Los Angeles playground camp located high in the San Bernardino mountains near the "Rim of the World."

One day we had an interesting experience. We took our lunch and descended the mountain trail to the strange sun-blanched land, the pale mysterious desert, for this San Bernardino range lies between fertile valleys and the vast desert.

For mountain views, I need only look out my window and see the Sierra Madre Mountains. On a distant ridge stands the famous Mt. Wilson Observatory, its whiteness suggesting a light-house. Around it now centers the keen interest of the leading scientists of the world.

This greeting, written in the midst of California orange trees, flowers, and sunshine, carries a message of joy and happiness to the Alumni of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson.

AGNES M. MCLEAN, Berkeley, California.

Howard County Unit Report

WE, THE Howard County Alumni members, wakened last fall at the touch of Miss Scarborough's wand at one of our Teacher's Meetings.

We organized our Howard County Unit with the following officers:

Ethel M. Snyder—*Chairman*

Grace Laynor—*Assistant Chairman*

Marie Proctor—*Secretary and Treasurer*

It is our aim to effect a closer relationship between Alumni Members and their Alma Mater, thus creating an interest in all educational matters. One thing we hope to do this year is to encourage graduates of the Normal School to become "active Alumni members". One dollar seems a small thing when we consider what big things our Association can do. So let us see our Alma Mater rise to higher ideals.

ETHEL M. SNYDER '24

Robin Hood Assembly

EXCERPTS from the Opera of Robin Hood were presented in an assembly by Senior 8. The excellent acting and pleasing voices of Miss Lassell Rittenhouse, Mr. Irvin Brose, and Mr. Vavrina in the parts of Maid Marian, the Sheriff of Nottingham, and Sir Guy of Gisbourne furnished delightful entertainment for all. Add to this a characteristic English Country Dance executed by Bertha Cohen, Kate Miller, August Jansen, and Sidney Cohen, and you will realize that such performances as produced by Senior 8 of the Normal School really possess elements of light opera.

The characters in the sketches from the opera were well filled. The manner in which Mr. Vavrina took the part of the jocund Sheriff of Nottingham left little to be desired as far as stage personality, acting ability and voice technique is concerned. If the original Maid Marian was really as demure and charming as Miss Rittenhouse portrayed her, we little wonder that she was such a sought after maiden.

Mr. Brose in the parts of Robin Hood and Sir Guy of Gisbourne, acted and sang with finesse and understanding.

Much credit must be given to Mr. Minnegan, Miss Weyforth, and Miss Neunsinger for the aid they rendered in making the assembly a success. We feel that all who saw the Merry Greenwoodsmen march across the boards at Normal hope soon to meet again the jolly characters of story, poem and music.

MEYER TRUPP, *Senior* 8

The Principal's Tea

MISS TALL was the charming hostess at the annual tea given by the principal to the student body, Monday, January 26, at her home at Glen Esk.

The balmy atmosphere on the outside was well matched by the pussy willows and decorations of pastel shades on the inside.

In the receiving line were Dr. Tall, Mrs. William Baurenschmidt, Miss Ruth C. Sperry, social director; Miss Eunice Crabtree, senior class adviser; and Miss Minnie Medwedeff, junior class adviser. Upon entering the dining room, students were greeted by members of the faculty who assisted in serving refreshments. The table decorations consisted of a large bowl of beautiful cut flowers and candles.

Lovely music was rendered throughout the afternoon by a string quartette composed of Miss Valaco, Messrs. Bryant, Liberman, Heinen, accompanied by Miss Elma Prickett at the piano. Vocal solos were rendered by Misses Helen Levy, Beatrice Tossman, Ethel Fowler, and Messrs. Vernon Vavrina and Irvin Brose.

The Men of the Maryland State Normal School

Some were young with me in '91,
And in all the years since then
They've been leaving school to lead the ranks,
Our gallant Normal men.

They are lawyers, doctors, merchant chiefs,
They are teachers, farmers too;
Some of them sleep in fields of France,
Where they stood for the last review.

They are legislators wise and great,
In forefront of the fight
To rout the hosts of Ignorance,
And to advance the Right.

They have spread the fame of the M. S. N.
Wherever men are seen;
They have fought the fight, they have kept the faith;
And we'll keep their memory green.

We name them over with proud acclaim,
We love them every one;
And when the Master calls the roll,
May he say to each, "Well done."

LINETA BELLE CAPLES MORRIS, *Class of '91*

Fourth Junior Varsity Game Goes to Md. Dental

The Junior Varsity dropped its fourth consecutive game to the University of Maryland Dental School by a score of 37-15. The team sent from the Maryland Dental School in Baltimore was a heavier and more experienced one than ours.

At the mid-way mark the score was 24-5, favor the future dentists. At this point in the game the Junior Normalites started on what for a short time looked like a scoring streak. Within a few minutes, between Joe Haggerty and Mike Saltzman, 10 points were registered by the Junior team. Only the final whistle stopped this streak. E. G.

Continued from Page 24

Miss Iris Fahrney, Miss Innes Boyer, Miss Frances Grimes, Miss Mumma and Miss Alice Quick. The invited guests included Miss Alice Munn, teacher of the State Normal School, Towson, and Mr. Harold Moser, teacher of the State Normal School. Miss Lida Lee Tall, principal of Towson Normal School, was unable to be present on account of illness. Miss Munn was presented with a corsage by the unit.

Fantasy

"A STRANGE CASE, my friend, a very strange case. The poor soul must have drunk deeply of the dregs of sorrow. I feel for him."

"Who was he?" I asked the coroner, who was my closest friend and associate.

"I don't know," he replied, "probably some homeless nondescript. The strangest factor of the case, however, is not the man, but the narrative he left behind him. Perhaps you'd better read it for yourself."

I took the proffered narrative home that night. It was so weird, so fantastic, and so eerie that I cannot keep it to myself any longer. I have decided to give it to the public, inasmuch as the man is dead more than a year now, and none have deigned to claim his body or honor his grave in Potter's field.

The manuscript is as follows:

Who I am it matters not. Unknown I have lived, and unknown I wish to die. Therefore, gentle reader, delve not into my past, lest dire punishment overtake you and yours.

It all began that fateful day when Blunderbuss, my beloved pet terrier, met his fate beneath the wheels of a steam-roller. How I missed him, pined for him, and grieved his loss. A few of my fellow tramps consoled me in my bereavement, but the light had gone out of my life. I was inconsolable. Then one night I dreamed my dream.

That night I had an awful time getting to bed. Outside, the wind howled through the eaves, the rain spattered on the roof, and in short, a storm was raging such as I never hope to experience again. I tried to fall asleep several times, but in vain. Finally, I fell into a troubled sleep.

Phantoms, apparitions, spirits, and all the Myrmidons of the spirit world seemed to be abroad that night, since they all passed hurriedly across my field of vision. Suddenly I sat bolt upright, startled out of all thoughts of Morpheus.

What was my surprise and horror when I saw the spectre of old Blunderbuss sitting on his haunches before me! I was thunderstruck! Seconds later, my hair stood on end with terror, for the apparition spoke to me and I could understand it!

"Be not afraid, kind master," it said, "I have come to make you the happiest man on earth, as you have made me the happiest canine while I shared your poverty."

Reassured, I somehow managed to force myself to my feet and ask, "What do you want of me, spirit of Blunderbuss, for such I take you to be?"

"Master," replied my late lamented terrier, "I would have you make a journey with me. Far, far up in the heavens, Sirius, the dog star,

shall be our objective. There, the dead of the canine race, or rather their spirits, pass to eternal rest on the completion of their stay on terrestrial territory. There, I would have you go with me. My life is empty without you. Will you come?"

I could not resist this impassioned plea. Shouting with joy, I acquiesced to my faithful pet's plan.

"Remember, master," he said, "if you make this journey with me, you can nevermore live on this earth."

"That's perfectly all right," I replied, "I weary of life without you anyway."

"Good!" barked Blunderbuss. "Make ready!"

With that, I hurriedly rose, blindfolded myself, and took dear Blunderbuss' paw. All at once I heard a click and lo, I was floating through the air!

"Be of good cheer, for I am with you," my pet reassured me. I actually began to feel exuberant.

For a long time, we seemed to rise. Suddenly our momentum was checked and we reeled drunkenly from side to side. I suppose this was because of our getting outside the pale of the earth's gravity. We were betwixt the zenith and the nadir, as it were. Then, just as suddenly, we fell at a sickening pace, until finally we slowed up and landed with a slight thud, millions of miles from the earth. The whole trip took us twenty minutes.

What a strange sight met my eyes as my blindfold was removed! Dogs to the right of me, dogs to the left of me, and Blunderbuss holding me by the paw. A great bark of welcome came from all. Truly I was in a canine world.

They accorded me such a reception as never mortal had before. How can I describe the marvelous phantasmagoria of this celestial dogdom? How can I describe the glittering cavalcades of millions of dogs on parade? I would not be believed anyway, so I will not even attempt to do so.

It seems that Blunderbuss had prevailed upon the chief dog to allow me to come. Out of deference to him, they had arranged this elaborate reception for me. But I digress, I must get on with my story.

They brought me into a city of dog kennels, stretching as far as the eye could reach in all directions. They were just bringing me into the largest one, which I took to be the audience chamber, when a gigantic bulldog rushed at me. I shrieked in terror and fell backwards, swooning as I fell.

I awoke to find myself on the floor of my room, a cold sweat oozing

from every pore. When I had calmed somewhat, I decided to end it all. I had been where no man can go and live. Therefore I die—that I may rejoin my pet and avenge myself on my assailant.

Farewell!

The perusal of this fantastic narrative so interested me in the man that I delved into the ways and means of his demise. I found that he asphyxiated himself with illuminating gas. The coronor gave a verdict of suicide, probably motivated by morose brooding over the lost pet. The dream was accounted for also, since the man had taken to excessive drinking to drown his grief. At any rate, he went to the dogs with a brave heart.

GEORGE STOLBERG, *Junior* 3

A Night Marauder

What is that noise that always breaks
The stillness of the night,
And like a siren crying out
A fight, a fight, a fight?

Often have I heard the sound
Beneath my window sill
Arise to heights that wakens all
And keeps on rising still.

Then all at once the noise will cease,
Then blessed silence reigns,
But all I do is close my eyes
In fear 'twill start again.

You have heard it just as I
And thought what I thought too.
Sometimes it keeps you wide awake
Almost the whole night through.

And then when you've made up your mind
To seek another flat
The man that suffered just below
Says, "Well, I killed that cat!"

BOB HAMBURY, *Senior* 9.

ATHLETICS

Normal J. V.'s Lose Opener

THE JUNIOR VARSITY campaign was officially opened, when a determined but inexperienced five were started against Sparks High School of Sparks, Maryland.

To the majority of the members of the "quint" this was the first taste of inter-scholastic competition, with but a week of previous preliminary practice under the tutelage of Coach Minnegan.

The determination of the team became more apparent as the game progressed. At half-time the score was 14-10-favor our opponents. In the last quarter with score deadlocked 18-18, the Sparks' quintet, with but three minutes to play, overcame a three point lead which the Normal team had piled up; and with the scoring of one field goal in the last minute, were able to turn the tide from a defeat into a victory, winning by a score of 23-21.

The line-up was:

Saltzman and Land—*Guards*
Haggerty—*Center*
Brose and Lipsitz—*Forwards*
Substitute—Kremen

Second Junior Varsity Game Goes to Collegians

In a game resplendent with thrills but minus the necessary scoring punch, the Junior Varsity lost its second game by the narrow margin of 9-6, to the Kelley Collegians.

The Junior Team displayed a fine brand of playing prowess, the playing of Ben Kremen being exceptionally noticeable, this fact being shown when he allowed his opponent but two points throughout the entire game.

Several beautiful shots from Baer from under the basket narrowly escaped becoming scoring shots as they rolled around the rim of the basket and off.

The line-up was:

Baer and Land—*Guards*
Kremen—*Center*
Yaffe and Street—*Forwards*

E. G.

Seen and Heard From the Tower

The Junior 'Varsity basketball team seems to be following in the footsteps of their big-brothers, the Varsity team. Thus far they have lost two games.

Again the Mummers' League rises to the occasion. We hear that their latest production is under way. Now—that's something to look forward to.

Male honors are to be divided between Ben Kremen and Reuben Baer. The female parts will be starred by Jeanette Hendin and Ruth Bonnert.

Demonstrating her acting ability as the flirtatious widow, in the "Trysting Place", we are free to say that we are anxious to see what part Miss Bonnert will enact this time.

And before we forget J. Milton Bergen is coaching this production.

Talent, we are told, is apt to appear in some of the most unusual places. For example, the Men's Room. Here one has an opportunity to hear many forms of entertainment.

Among these might be numbered, the violin ability of one before caricatured, "talented junior".

Or in order to have more diversified entertainment, one might listen to a vocal selection offered by Keel Silbert. We might here mention the fact that this particular ability of Mr. Silbert is available only at certain periods.

And also . . . but why mention it here, listen for yourself, all you will have to do is enter the reference room and seat yourself at the table which stands next to the wall adjoining the rest room.

Versatility seems to be prevalent among many members of the school. Tumbling may now be added as an activity.

The Damrosch concerts which the Juniors have been attending regularly seems to have left little or no impression, judging from remarks made.

Much complaint has been offered by various people concerning the TOWER LIGHT. This complaining has been carried on to a large extent by Junior 3, yet when the entire section was invited to attend an open discussion meeting concerning the TOWER LIGHT, three members of the section attended. From this we conclude that all criticisms offered have been withdrawn and that every one is satisfied. Yes . . . this is a challenge.

And this to the Juniors . . . Next year the *Crystal* will be our year book. To have it live up to the standards heretofore set by the *Crystal*, we shall have to depend on the Junior class to do its bit. Next year is not too far off. Do your bit now. Subscribe to the *Crystal*.

Where
Clothes are Smart
and
Prices are Right

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.

Outselling
All Other Eights

Valve-in-Head **BUICK** Straight Eight

"Take the Wheel and Marvel"

The BROOKS-PRICE CO.
TOWSON

SCHLEISNER CO.
220 North Howard Street, Cor. Clay

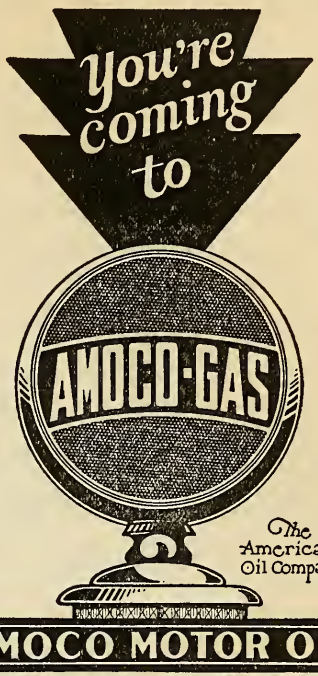
THE FASHION CORNER

Where College Misses & Youth
Get Collegiate Styles

The Hub

"of Charles Street"

Phone Towson 962
Juanita B. Schuster, Prop.
MAR-NITA
BEAUTY SHOPPE
JEAN MOYLAN
in attendance
Beauty Specialist
Scalp Treatments and Permanent
Waving Our Specialtles
35 YORK ROAD
Near Burke Ave. Towson, Md.



THE NEW!

Baltimore has learned that if it is new —and smart—Stanwick's introduce it. The most distinctive Coats and Frocks in the new silhouette—are showing now. Moderate prices.

STANWICK'S
204 W. Lexington St.

SMART APPAREL

For the College Girl

and the pleasure of receiving courteous service amid spacious surroundings

HUTZLER BROTHERS Co.

"Say It With Flowers"

Everything That Is Artistic in
Cut Flowers and Plants

ISAAC H. MOSS
INC.

5315 York Rd. Baltimore, Md.

JENKINS & McCALL
COAL CO., Inc.

Domestic, Steaming
and Smithing Coals

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND

Lexington Market: PLaza 2510-11-12
Hollins Market: PLaza 1083
CAlvert 0068

D. Callahan's Sons
SEA FOOD

BALTIMORE MARYLAND

SAMUEL KIRK & SON
Incorporated
421 N. Charles Street

GOLD JEWELRY *DIAMONDS*
CLOCKS *WATCHES*
SILVERWARE
FINE STATIONERY

Founded 1815

The Second
National Bank
of Towson, Md.

HENRY RECKORD

The Ford

At Towson Since 1913

BALTIMORE'S LARGEST
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY STORE

LAMPELL'S

Home of
SORORITY HATS

31 W. LEXINGTON ST.
PLaza 2524

THE SUPREME
ICE CREAM CO.

"Your Sweetest Neighbor"

1224-28
GREENMOUNT AVENUE
BALTIMORE, MD.

Your Banking Needs Are Courteously Supplied at

The Baltimore County Bank

YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

Unusual Gifts

25 Cents to 25 Dollars

Greeting Cards of All Kinds

AMY B. HISS

Chesapeake Ave. Towson, Md.

Phone, VErnon 0261

Gorman's

TRUNKS, BAGS, LEATHER GOODS

329 N. Howard Street
Baltimore, Md.

Repairing a Specialty

GRIFFITH & TURNER CO.

Our Large Improved Store
Is Equipped to Fill Every Need

FARM GARDEN LAWN

205-215 Paca St. 338 N. Gay St.
Phone CAlvert 2300

TUxedo 0146-2627

Members of F. T. D.

FRED. C. BAUER

Florist and Nurseryman

181-187 Gittings Avenue
Govans, Md.

Weber

Invites the Students and Teachers of Towson State Normal School to avail themselves of the special prices extended to Educational Institutions on Artists' Materials.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Drawing Papers, Inks, etc., at our local headquarters.

F. WEBER CO.

227 Park Ave.

HERGENRATHER DRUG CO.
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
Agents for
Max Factors Society Make Up
Bourjois Evening in Paris Perfume
Barbara Gould Facial Treatment
Whitman's Chocolates
Martha Washington Bon Bons
Sheaffer Fountain Pens
Eastman Kodaks and Films
Films Developed 24 Hour Service
Motorcycle Delivery Phone Towson 39
Jersey Ice Cream

Distinctive Portrait Photography

SCHINDELE

519 N. Charles Street
BALTIMORE

Phone MAdison 1851-W

JOHN WUNTZ

Piano Tuning and Repairing

3041 Arunah Avenue
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE
McMAHON
TRANSPORTATION CO.
Buses for All Occasions
HAmilton 2078 Overlea, Md.

Let Your Light Direct You to
The Towson National Bank
As the Place to Do Your Banking
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE

Run Right to
READ'S
For All Your
Drug Store Needs!
507 York Road Towson

THE
MARYLAND
RESTAURANT
The Only Place to Eat
York Road at Pa. Ave.
TOWSON, MD.

Compliments of
BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD.

The Monroe Co.
206 W. LEXINGTON STREET
Baltimore
Costume Jewelry, Evening Jewelry, Ensemble Sets, Etc. Full assortment of Rings, Watches, Lighters, all at moderate prices.
WE WILL CASH YOUR CHECKS
JEWELRY REPAIRS

SILVERWARE *WATCHES*
A. H. FETTING COMPANY
Manufacturing Jewelers
314 CHARLES STREET, NORTH
BALTIMORE, MD.
CLASS PINS *CLASS RINGS*

Compliments
MASON'S GARAGE &
SERVICE STATION
TOWSON, MD.

Momjian's
Where Normal Students Meet to Eat
DELICIOUS SODAS AND SUNDAES
HOMEMADE SANDWICHES
See Them Made

Sheet Music and Books
Victor and Columbia Records
RADIOS
THE G. FRED KRANZ
MUSIC CO.
327 N. Charles St.
PLaza 3732

D. Callahan's Sons
SEA FOOD
BALTIMORE MARYLAND

EXCLUSIVENESS

in the **PRODUCTION**

of School Literature is one of the many features our *typographic* department can assure you. This department is in charge of a staff of men who have the talent and ability to bring before you ideas and layouts that will contribute to the effectiveness of your literature and place it above the average.

DESIGNING
ENGRAVING
PRINTING

● Progressive schools and colleges the country over are using to every advantage the service our *typographical* department offers. You are not obligated in any way when requesting a member of our staff to call.

"Read-Taylor"

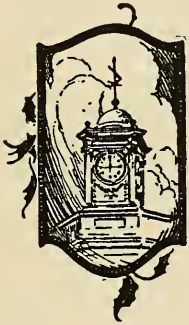
BALTIMORE

The tower light

April 1931

P. YAFFE

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

Contents

	Page
Round Table Discussion at C. S. P. A.	3
Hail! Hail	5
On Rest and Quiet	6
Creative Work Initiated	8
Poetry	9
Nature and the Myths	10
Chinese Fables	12
An Afterthought—on the Subject of Poetry	14
Editorials	16
Sixth Grade Poetry	19
Mount Vernon	23
School News	24
Athletics	30
Jokes	34
Advertisements	36

The Tower Light

Vol. IV April, 1931 No. 7

Round Table Discussion at C. S. P. A.

Saturday, March 14, 1931, 10:00 A. M.-11:30 A. M.

Conducted by Mr. John N. Patterson, U. of Penn., School of Education Leader

The meeting was an open discussion by students of the Schools of Education represented at the convention. The faculty members were omitted in order that the students might freely discuss their publication problems.

Since the success of a publication depends upon its success with the general public, the topic of greatest importance was how to interest the student body in the school publication. It is a problem for the staff to solve. Shall we educate the students to the magazine or shall we adapt the magazine to the students' tastes? The concensus of opinion was that there should be a compromise but that no self respecting staff should lower their standards to meet those of the students.

From the next problem, came the weight of the morning's discussion. The problem was: "Would the school publication die out if the staff let the paper go?" Unfortunately, few staff members felt that their papers would live on by demand of the student body. It was from that point that we began to analyze our papers. Mr. Patterson read us a very interesting college questionnaire. From our various questions we drew the following conclusions: (1) College students indulge in such literature (if it may be termed thus) as True Story, Screen Book, Dream World, Love and Romance—and so on and on. (2) What they should like to read included the Literary Digest, Scribners', Harpers'—but they aren't read. School editors with the slightest aspirations despair.

One delegation suggested National Students' Federation of American news as a possible source of interest to the student body. This organization publishes news of international interest from all colleges weekly from 218 Madison Avenue, N. Y. This news preserves a national and international bond between colleges.

Editorials was the next topic of discussion, radical ones vs. those of general interest but impersonal. Radical ones do bring a sensation, but not always favorable and it was generally agreed that general ones were the safest.

There was strong feeling for, as well as against, faculty supervision. Some schools had no supervision, others had "figure heads," others had faculty advisers whom they would willingly grant a permanent vacation from the staff, and others had faculty advisers and considered them invaluable. The latter members felt that faculty supervision was absolutely necessary, if only to keep a favorable and understanding relationship between the administration and the students. Faculty advisers help to preserve the good name of the staff. With Towson Normal schedules, as they stand, the TOWERLIGHT would not function without its adviser, but since Towson was the only two-year Normal represented, its problem was an individual one. Rest assured, we stood for "faculty supervision."

The final problem involved the question of time devoted to the editing of the school publication. Philadelphia Normal has a Publication Club. One period in the school schedules is devoted to Club activities and the Publication Club then does its work. The matter of time to devote to the editing of the TOWERLIGHT is a problem that is vital to Towson Normal. We hope that with the advent of the three-year school, will come the leisure to do bigger and better work on the TOWERLIGHT.

THE EDITORS

Lift Me, Night Wind

Lift me up to the wet skies, night wind, the clouds are riding.
Lift me up in your strong arms,
As though I were a wild bird, flying through the rain and the night wind.
You blow from the sea,
The dark somber sea and the desolate marshes.
You sweep across the high white foreheads of cliffs
That stab the black night.

I can fly if you lift me!
Blow back my hair—
Blow on my face with your wet breath—
And carry me high over the little flickering cities,
High over the dark silent forests—
Carry me over the sea with you, far away,
Night Wind!

MARY ANN DOUGLAS, *Junior 4*

Hail! Hail!

That's us all right! Yes, we're glad to be back.—What? Is someone sad about it?

Well, perhaps a serious trend would be better, and after all, more professional and dignified.

Way back there, (that is twelve weeks ago) we were heavily laden and over-burdened with the supplies we might need for those great Open Spaces. Our minds were full of methods and theories, and our arms with many books.

Off we started with a fond farewell to dear old Normal.

Our way was rough the first few days, indeed some of us hit the rocks. But when our courage dropped, a friend, who was kind and sympathetic braced us up again and sent us on our way.

We hoped to avoid that terrible feeling of homesickness, so instead of writing to our friends we called them on the telephone every Monday afternoon. We did this regularly, because they were quite anxious about us, and wanted to know how we were getting along.

They were quite relieved when they heard that our road was smoother.

We began to make very good time when we met a detour.

Off on the country road we traveled again. This road was not as bad as the first, it was really quite good. We did have to stop for two officers to inspect our baggage, but we did not mind that.

The time simply flew by—our trip was over entirely too soon. Some of us would like to have gone on further and explored a bit of new territory, but time would not permit.

So here we are, back again with our friends, but a little happier and shall we say, more educated, because of the glorious experiences we encountered on our trip.

D. Weaver, Sr. 2

Rain

I love the quiet peace of falling rain,
So rhythmic and so soothing to my soul,
Washing away the sorrow from the city,
Washing the dirt from grimy city streets,
Leaving little puddles for happy children's feet
To dabble in,—
Leaving to blades of grass the sparkling loveliness
Of silver splinters,
Leaving a shining world in placid quietude
Ready to start anew a cleaner life.

Mary King, *Senior 6*

On Rest and Quiet

YOU'VE HEARD of quiet zones surrounding hospitals? And you've heard of those thoughtful individuals who always think to blow their automobile horns at those corners? Who says human beings are selfish and thoughtless? They are not! This world is just crowded with such thoughtful individuals. Why, let me tell you!—We even have them at Normal School. You doubt my word? Well, as you like! I have evidence.

We have at the Normal School an Infirmary, the purpose of which is to care for the infirm (and student teachers). We have at our service a most able and competent doctor as well as a lovely and sympathetic little nurse. But, my gentle readers, of what good are doctor's advice, nurse's medicine and regular recording of temperatures when there is not quiet and solitude to assist? Quiet—in which to concentrate on the number of tests you are missing! Quiet—in which to think of all the term papers you have to write! And quiet—in which the student teacher may count up the number of supervisors who failed to have an opportunity to see her teach that A1 lesson she had planned for today.

Lest you still fail to see my point, let me recount for you the numerous interruptions to my loftiest and noblest thoughts during one day in the Infirmary.

7:00 A. M.— Rising bell. (This is one morning when that doesn't mean a thing to me.)

7:20 A. M.— Warning bell. (Any other morning I'd be thinking of crawling out about now.)

7:30 A. M.— Breakfast bell. (Oh, guess they'll have toast and scrapple again this morning. Ho! Hum!)

8:00-9:00 A. M.—At least 2,000 people going through the hall on their way to classes, library, someone else's room and what-not.

9:00-12:15 P. M.—Quiet—Classes in session.

12:15-12:30 P. M.—"The Thundering Herd" is again let loose. 'Tis lunch hour and 2,000 more people rush through the hall on the way to cafeteria.

12:30-3:00 P. M.—How sweet to the ears of the weary student teacher are the strains of "Go to Sleep, My Dolly" played with one finger by an ambitious young Junior who has to sing a solo for Miss Weyforth tomorrow, and just *Must* know how those songs go! It brings to the student teacher memories of those long hours of tedious effort when she taught that same little ditty to her first grade. Will this go on forever? Have patience, lofty senior, it will not! The tune is be-

ginning to change. This time it is—"Jolly October Is Here Again," "Wind and Woods Are Calling." We can play that one pretty well. But how about this one? "Morning Bells are Gaily Ringing?" (On the piano.) Do ti, la, sol (very blue) fa, mi, re, do. Not so good! We need extra practice on that one. So for the next hour we hear that tune—very nobly picked out with the index finger. (It sounded sorta bookish so I guess it was the index finger.)

3:00- 5:30 P. M.—Footsteps—feet of all sizes and tones. (Some flat, some needing tuning quite badly.) Popular Songs —Off tune and on. One practically as bad as the other.

5:30- 5:45 P. M.—Music—shuffle of feet—Terpsichorean art doth hold us in thrall!

5:45- 6:15 P. M.—Quiet. Time out! Normal School is eating!

6:15- 7:00 P. M.—More dance music. But lo and behold! from the billiard room (which is nearer than the foyer) come those strains now left indelibly on our minds —"Morning Bells are Gaily Ringing"—"Go to Sleep My Dolly"—"Jolly October is Here Again" —The poor little Junior, lest she forget before the morrow, is diligently rehearsing her do, re, mi's with much courage, much ambition and many mistakes.

7:30-10:30 P. M.—Study hour—and you know the proctor's well known rule "Quiet is to be maintained during study hour." So, who am I to judge?

At length I fall asleep, thankful for a day of rest and quiet, far removed from the busy hub-bub of the outside world.

RACHAEL L. SMITH, Sr. 11

Pretending

I would have a day I need not do
The little things that must be done each day;
I would have a day mid trunks and chests
To look at broken fans and ribbons gay,
I would have a day to sit beside you,
To dream awhile, dear, where the water bends—
Forgetful of the hour and other lovers—
To play with you, pretending we're just friends.

ANNA ELIZABETH REIER, *Senior* 2

Creative Work Initiated

During my student teaching days, in Miss Wallace's third grade class at School No. 51 many pupils felt the urge to originate poems, little rhymes, and jingles. This creative work was an outgrowth of their science activities which centered around the general theme, "Signs of Spring." Miss Wallace's room was splendidly decorated with real flowers, children's drawings, and cuttings. The class played games for recognition of many spring flowers. In addition to this, for appreciation stories, poems, and music relating to spring, flowers were included in the everyday science activity.

One child volunteered a little poem which was praised and read to the class. Then this idea spread to other children who enthusiastically wrote and rewrote poems, both at home and in school. The best poems were stored safely away. Some of these were as follows:

I know a little Pussy
Her coat is soft and gray
And this tiny pussy cat
Will never run away.

M. Rowles

Little Birdie yellow-bill,
Once you hopped upon my sill
Will you please sing to me
From the big red cherry tree?

D. Harrison

Little Pussy Willow has a snow white gown,
And the hood that covers her head is brown.

M. Strassinger

Pussy Willow in her snow white cap,
Pussy Willow takes a nice long nap.
When the little Pussies all get together,
They never mind the winter weather.

Mildred

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

Jack-in-the-pulpit,
Is in purple velvet gowned
Jack-in-the-pulpit never makes a sound.

Miss Wallace, 3A1 School No. 51
C. C. Carroll, Sr. 2

"I Shall Be Waiting for You"

When I am cold and dead,
Do not mourn me as a lifeless hulk of clay.
Lo! I may run and gurgle in a silver-tongued brook.
Methinks I'll be the brook that idles between ferny ledges where children sit and dabble;
(You may come and dabble, too)

I may stretch myself across the sky in myriad beams at dawn
To soothe the fevered world;
(To kiss your weary eyelids).

The silver-sheeted rain may hide me as I dance,
Blowing caresses over the grass
Like a glad spring nymph among her flowers.
(Who knows?)

Perhaps you'll chance upon a hillside apple orchard some sunny afternoon
And hear me singing in the trees;
(Or laughing as I drop a russet apple at your feet).

But when I am in a less frivolous mood
I'll lie down and be a mountain.
A silent browsing mountain with shadowed woods and valleys,
And my deep fertile bosom
Open to any who would seek rest and solace.
When you are weary of life you may come and sleep there;
(I shall be waiting for you!)

MARY ANN DOUGLAS, *Junior* 4

Spring Twilight

On the hills a quiet light fades,
And on the still cool sky a bird is curving.
Again,
A dying echo brings from far away
Bells,——
Near the sea——
At dusk . . . .

M. DOUGLAS, *Junior* 4

Nature and the Myths

During the first term the boys and girls in the sixth grade studied and read the myths and legends of various countries, and were interested in finding how different peoples regarded natural phenomena. Many, for example, were the ideas and stories about the rainbow; the Greek belief in the trailing robes of Iris, Juno's messenger; the Norse idea of the rainbow bridge between Asgard and Midgard; the beautiful American Indian theory of the heaven of flowers; the fabulous pot of gold of the fairy stories; and our own belief in the divine origin. The children then embodied some of these ideas in poems of their own, a few of which follow. It is rather interesting that most of them chose the Indian story to weave into their poems.

GOD'S PROMISE

I

The rain had ceased, and Lo!
Hilltops began to appear. The trees
Slowly rose from depths of seas
Leaving flood's tortures and horrors below.

II

A colorful bow brightened the sky,
The waters lowered. Birds did fly.
The rainbow now shines on high—
Never shall the Holy Promise die.

By Lila Moore

THE RAINBOW

The withered flowers side by side lie,
They have lost their color and then they die.
But their tiny souls have flown on high,
And there they bloom in the dreary sky.

By Ethel Frank

THE WILD FLOWERS OF HEAVEN

Long ago the Indian thought
That after a storm the sunshine brought
All of the withered perished flowers
That had bloomed before in colorful bowers
And they blossomed again in the Heaven above
Showing forth all of their tinted love.

Dorothy Cort

BELIEFS ABOUT THE RAINBOW

A beautiful sight up in the sky
A wonderful one to delight the eye
The Rainbow! The Rainbow!
What wonderful colors it has to show
Is it Iris's gown up in the sky?
Who could believe it" Not I.

A beautiful sight up in the sky
A wonderful one to delight the eye
Could it be a god from Asgard
Who after that long walk is weary and tired"
It couldn't be any one from the sky.
Who could believe it? Not I.

A beautiful sight up in the sky
A wonderful one to delight the eye
Could a pot of gold as the fairies say
Make that shining golden ray?
There couldn't be any gold at the end of the sky
Who could believe it? Not I.

A beautiful sight up in the sky
A wonderful one to delight the eye
Could it be as the Indians say
Flowers from earth that gently sway
Flowers couldn't grow in the sky.
Who could believe it? Not I.

A beautiful sight up in the sky
A wonderful one to delight the eye
Could it be a sign of no more floods?
That drown plants, people, animals and birds
Could you believe that story about the sky
Everybody would! Even I.

By WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

THE BIRTH OF THE RAINBOW

The Great Spirit 'neath the stars so dim
Called His chief messenger up to Him,
"Behold," he said, "down on the earth,
All the people in their mirth,
Care not a bit for the flowers dead,
With me right up above their head,
Go at once, and gather for me,
All the dead flowers that you can see."
And in shorter time than I can tell
The wind came blowing and raindrops fell,
But soon the old sun peeped out from the sky,
And saw an arch of colors on high,
This my dears was the flowers' heaven,
And this is what the Great Spirit has given.

NORMAN LONG
Submitted by ELEANORA L. BOWLING,
Howard Park School

Chinese Fables

1. The Magic Ring

One day the Emperor's soldiers arrested a Sandal-maker and a Beggar-priest for fighting at the city gates. Taken before the Emperor it was discovered that they had in their possession a jade ring which the Empress had lost. The ring had certain magical properties which only the Emperor knew. On the Empress' hand the stone in the ring shone with a clear, green light, but in the hands of a dishonest man the stone became a muddy brown.

Placing the ring in the hands of the Sandal-maker, the Emperor commanded, "Tell your story."

The Sandal-maker claimed that he found the ring by the roadside and had taken it home and placed it on the mantle—above where his rice was cooking for his dinner. When his dinner was over, he said he intended to return the ring to the Empress, but the Beggar-priest in the meantime had come to the door for food and had stolen the ring.

"Let me see the ring," said the Emperor when he had finished his tale. The stone in the ring appeared muddy and discolored.

Giving the ring to the Beggar-priest, the Emperor ordered him to tell his story.

The Beggar-priest said that he had not seen the ring until he sat down to eat his rice, and, as he had begged his food from door to door, he did not know where the ring had come from. While he was examining it, the Sandal-maker fell upon him.

"Let me see the ring!" commanded the Emperor. Magically the jade set had turned to a beautiful, clear green.

"I shall reward you," said the Emperor, and finding that a recent earthquake had almost demolished the Beggar-priest's monastery, he promised to have it rebuilt, gave the Beggar-priest food, and sent him on his way, happy.

The Emperor again handed the Sandal-maker the ring. "You have another chance to tell a true story about this ring. If the stone becomes discolored at your last trial, you shall lose your head."

Again the Sandal-maker repeated his story, not believing in the magical properties of the ring. The set, when he had finished, shone once more dirty and mud-colored. Its green had entirely vanished.

"You would do well to weigh your words," advised the Emperor, patiently. "One shade less than the truth, the whole truth, and the swords of my soldiers shall loosen your head from your shoulders."

Frightened, the now trembling man, again took the ring. He was determined to tell the truth this time. He said that the Empress had passed him in her sedan-chair and he had seen the ring on her hand as she

rested it on the window sill of her carriage. Crowding close, he had slipped it from her finger and lost himself in the crowd. When he arrived home a company of the Emperor's soldiers were passing the house, and, fearing that they were looking for the ring, he had dropped it into a pot of boiling rice, in case they should enter and search the house. The Sandal-maker's wife had unknowingly ladled it out to the poor Beggar-priest when he came for food. "Mercy, Your Most Worthy Highness, mercy." the Sandal-maker concluded, not daring to look at the ring in his hand.

A soldier was commanded to open the man's hand. The Empress' ring glowed with that clear, green color—as green as a drop of water.

"You have saved your life," said the Emperor, "although you richly deserve to lose it. You may go, but if you are found within the Kingdom by sunset tomorrow, your dishonorable pig-tail shall hang from the top of the market place and only your miserable head will be dangling from it."

Written by ROBERT HOOPER, Gr. 7.,
Campus School

Pan

Like round glistening raindrops
Dripping from green leaves,
Are the crystal teardrops
From the streaming eyes
Of little Pan,
Standing in the fountain pool.

Shy little Pan,
Shivering there in the cold water,
So alone—
So naked and sweet;
A laughing dimple
In his round left cheek.

Do you know
You look
So pitiful
And foolish
As to be—
Human?

PAULINE RINKER

An Afterthought—on the Subject of Poetry

I HAVE JUST completed a perusal of a book of poems—a book of Chinese poems. Why I should have insisted so vehemently on borrowing the book from the young lady who had it in her possession, I don't know. Perhaps it was the title that attracted me—it's "Images in Jade". Quite a fanciful title and one which well serves its purpose—that of attracting the inquisitive eye beyond the cover. When once the pages have been shifted, the cover may be stripped of its title and design, for thence forward the contents attract by their intrinsic worth.

I am not well versed in Chinese poetry. I have never stopped to think that there is no reason why the Orient should not be a source of poetry. True, the education of the masses there is not widespread as it is in the Occident, but this very poet should be responsible in part for the difference with which the Chinese views the life about him—he is not a product of the American mold which casts our people into a sort of sameness. The Chinese is free to develop in an unrestrained fashion—his poetry shows the simplicity of his outlook on life.

The moon does not shine so brightly in the hall;
Without, the solitary lotus droops.
I stand alone on the deserted steps
As the wind blows and the shadows swing.

O soul! Just as smoke—
When the fire is out you also disappear.
I see the moon shine thru the glass—
The glass may break—but the moonlight is just as clear.

Philosophy?—Yes, one that is bound up with nature. This philosophy of life embraces an insight into the beauty which nature reflects in the moon, in the fields of bamboo, in the flowers, lakes, trees ,butterflies and birds of his colorful nature land. This poetry is written simply and with utter lack of superfluity in words. While reading the short, concise stanzas, I find it hard to disassociate the element of the "O. Henryesque" which often seems to be the keynote of many of their selections. The brevity in expression together with the unusual and striking conclusion help to confirm my impressions.

"Its substance is apparently sensuous, and yet, there is a profundity and an intimate contact with cosmic, ultimate reality which is revealed only in part, allowing the reader himself to comprehend the whole. It is this method which gives directness of vision and simplicity of diction."

Let us spend a few moments on the task which confronts the translator. After I have shown you an example of this process thru which each poem passes before it comes to entrance us with its simple beauty, you will easily appreciate the immensity of the work the translator does for us.

A literal rendering of the poem "Spring Dawn" follows:

Spring sleep not sense dawn
Place place hear twitter bird
Night come wind rain voice (sound)
Flower fall know much few.

In the transitory process we consider the finished product which comes as a result of consulting Chinese anthologies which analyze each line and give its intended meaning. Thus:

Spring sleep—before I know it, dawn!
Everywhere the singing of birds is heard.
During the night come sounds of wind and rain,—
Who knows how many flowers have fallen?

Note the surprise element which enters into almost every last line of Chinese poetry.

This book from which I have derived this cursory acquaintance with Chinese poetry contains selections dating back to the days before Christ up until modern times. There is present up thru the ages the same element of simplicity and realism in imagery, which the modern trend is now seeking. Imagine!—what we now are realizing as a thing of beauty and startling appeal, has been a part of the Chinese race for centuries.

It was a mere whim which prompted my action in picking up this book—and that whim is responsible for opening up for me a new realm of beauty in expression.

PAUL YAFFE

Spring In Maryland

SPRING IS here. Over in our swamp the little horned owl is already brooding her speckled eggs. I heard her mate hooting vigorously to tell her of some luckless mouse or bird he has found.

In our wonderful Patuxent river bottom (the Pocosin) signs are everywhere for those who can read them. The spicewood, that close relative of the sassafras family, is waking up to vie with the pussy willow in announcing spring's advent. Its dainty pale yellow blossoms and seductive fragrance is a real harbinger.

The dog-tooth violets and Dutchman's breeches are pushing up through the deep, rich soil—brave little soldiers they are—and soon there will be oh such a bower of wild beauty for there are miles and miles of them in "God's own garden."

Yes, the signs are here, so let us forget for awhile "the sins of the world" and laws that are broken or forgotten and fears of drought and storms and bask in the sunshine of spring and know that whatever comes the immutable laws of nature will be fulfilled, everyone of them.

Contributed by a Junior

The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

JEAN MCLAUGHLIN — E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Athletics
IRVIN BROSE
BETTY HITESHEW

Social
ROSALIE LEPHARDT

Jokes
ISADORE SILBERT.

Business Manager
HAMMOND CANTWELL

Circulation Managers
VIDA LUDWIG — KATHRYN HENDERSON

Advertising Staff
RACHEL SMITH
ANNA SANDS
DOROTHY WEAVER
EDITH STROMBERG

Secretarial Staff
SADIE HUNTER
KATHARINE SMITH
MINNIE V. LAPIN
IDA ROSEN

$1.50 *per year* — 20 *cents per copy*

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Our School Spirit

WHEREVER YOU go, whatever school you attend, one subject of discussion is bound to arise. I refer to that abstract generality, school spirit, or rather lack of it. Many are the words that have been written on this subject, many the arguments expounded in its favor, yet, to my mind, the problem is not as serious as most people would have us believe. Time and time again, speakers have prated about school spirit (I refer not only to State Normal) and berated us for our lack of it. But why? Everywhere, there are a few students who absolutely will not cooperate with the desires and ideas of their fellow men. These, however, are but a miserable minority and are to be pitied rather than cajoled. The most of us, even though seemingly apathetic, will not be found wanting in times of stress. It seems to me that those who talk the loudest against our seeming apathy have less school spirit than their unwilling audiences, since in doing so they are trying to further their own ends. Of course this procedure is perfectly legitimate, but don't you

think these would-be reformers could use their time to much better advantage if they could think of something more original? It seems cruel for me to advocate removing their chief pleasure in life, but I have no alternative. Let us entomb the "school spirit" bogey in the Golgotha of time! Our school life would be the better for it.

Would that this statement could be realized! However, I must face the facts, sad and dreary as they are. As long as we are human, some of us will continue to bewail and bemoan lack of spirit. But what is school spirit? As I see it, it is nothing more or less than cooperation. When a person has much time on his hands, and is blessed with a pleasing personality and qualities of leadership, he is able to fill several school offices, so he is said to have much more spirit than the poor student who runs home at 3:00 P. M. each afternoon. This is not always the case, however. Very likely, the subject of my dissertation is needed at home and would give up just as much time to the welfare of the school as my first example, should their respective positions be reversed by a malignant fate. Let us not under-estimate the average student's school spirit, therefore.

It is too much to expect that one editorial will end all litigation. All we can hope for is a gradual lessening of antagonistic tendencies, that the ultimate end may be reached—a Utopia far beyond my fondest hopes.

GEORGE STOLBERG, Jr. 3

Keep Students Here Week-Ends

MEMBERS OF the faculty have observed with disapproval the fact that when Friday afternoon comes, there is a grand exodus of resident students from the Normal School as if a plague had been discovered here. They claim that going home week-ends has a very bad effect on work in the class-room. A student departs Friday afternoon leaving behind as much thought of school work as she possibly can; the less her thoughts turn to Towson, the more enjoyable her stay. The return, however, Sunday night, is inevitable. By this time the idea of classes is repulsive to her. The change is too great and too sudden. In this state of mind and at the last minute, she must prepare her lessons for Monday. Just as she has determined to do this, she discovers perhaps happily, that in her anticipation of what she would do home during the week-end, she had forgotten to procure the necessary material from the library. Monday finds her floundering in the Ad Building not knowing what to do first. By Tuesday, she is still more confused as to what, how or when to study. A passive, day-dreaming student in the class-room is the result. Wednesday, is not so hard to endure, because of the delightful thought that there are only two more days before Friday come to the rescue. What cares she for tedious study now that she can im-

agine clearly what she will be doing at home the coming week-end? She lives the rest of the week with a pleasant vision in mind. When this day-dreaming has been satisfied by its realization, the same procedure is ready to be repeated next week. What could be more unfortunate for her than to be forced to disrupt this course of existence by enduring a week-end in Towson!

The question is, how can this condition be ameliorated? The reason for it must first be determined. Why do such numbers of students go home? The answer is simple. They desire to spend the two days away from the depressing atmosphere that exists here during the week-end Who can blame them?

Several things can be done to dispel the existing week-end atmosphere here. Making enjoyable activities available would go far toward solving the problem. There should be free trips to Baltimore to allow students to visit museums, theatres, and historic places. Every Saturday night there should be an informal dance, the music economically furnished by the school orchestra. Another factor that can do much for recreation is sports. Interest should be built up in competitive games which might reach the climax on Saturdays.

With constructive thinking and acting along the lines suggested above, the problem of week-enders should be gradually ironed out so that more and more students will not only stay here week-ends but will enjoy doing so. The importance given the matter by faculty members should encourage whole-hearted effort for its improvement.

J. S., Sr. Sp.

Life

Sometimes life's a comedy
Don't you think it's so?
It isn't always tragedy!
Or is it? I don't know!
Sometimes you are happy—
More often you are sad.
Is it Fate? Or is it that
You need too much to make you glad?

There are lots of things to make you gay.
There are more to make you blue,
And one is when you find a "friend"
Is no longer "friend" to you.
For a "Pal" is really a wonderful thing—
Don't you think it's so?
And a Pal lost is a treasure lost—
Or is it? I don't know!

RIBERO WILLEY, *Junior 9*

SIXTH GRADE POETRY

These poems were written by the children at Miss Amos's practice center, under the supervision of some of our Juniors.

The Owl

One night when I was sleeping,
As sound as sound could be,
I was wakened by a dreadful noise,
Outside in the apple tree.

I listened just as closely,
And jumped out of bed to see
A large black owl, with great big eyes,
Fly out of the apple tree.

THELMA RIDDLE

My Dog

As I sat on my steps one day,
A little dog limped down our highway.
His fur was muddy and blood-stained and brown,
And though others had kicked and stoned him from town,
I gave him a friendly whistle, and I gave him a friendly wink,
And some love and some food, and soon—
What do you think?
He grew just as handsome as any you see,
And happy and strong,—and he belongs to me!

LOUIS SIMONE

A Barnyard Noise

I like to hear the horses softly neigh,
As soon as they see the sweet hay,
And after eating, take a draught
Of water bigger than I thought
A horse could ever drink,
But just think
They had only hay to munch
For their midday lunch.

FREDERICK EVERHARDT

Walking

One day a long long time ago
Just where I went I do not know,
But anyhow I walked and talked,
Oh, yes, I talked and yet I was alone.
I talked to the river and to the sea,
And the river and sea both talked to me.
As I passed a wood I saw a nest,
And in it the sight that I liked best,
Yes, best of all the scenes in that place far away
Was the quaint little bird's nest that I saw that day
Just a tiny nest holding birdies three.
I saw them and they saw me!
They yawned and chirped so I went away
And left them to themselves that day.
And then I went home, and never again
Could I find that place where the birds had been.

JESSIE SCHERER

The Woods in the Spring

When you walk in the woods in the spring,
Nature gives a beautiful scene,
There are busy birds and waking flowers,
And lovely thoughts—I could pass hours
In the woods in the spring.

MERRIBEL DUVALL

Night Magic

The cricket sings a merry song
He sings the whole night long
I lie and hear his merry tune
And sometimes see him
By the light of the moon.

LOUIS SIMONE

A Stop At Cherbourg

Near the shore of France
Anchored once more lies the steamer.
In the evening twilight
Visible the dim outline of Cherbourg.

Everything at peace,
Even the waves less noiseless,
All steamer whirl has ceased,
Sea gulls fly noiseless above us.

The sun low in the west
Sends o'er the waves a shimmer,
Through the stillness comes the sound
Of distant cathedral bells chiming.

Everything at peace,
Until as darkness deepens,
The steamer whirl begins,
The waves the boat start lashing.

We glide into the darkness,
Leaving the steamer path
For a little while, as vague indication
To hint of our presence.

ERNESTINE STAPLES, *Senior* 6

Persephone's Return

Balmy breezes blowing o'er the fields,
Sunshine—warm, invigorating—
Sending new life through my veins—
Grass—faintly tinged with green—
Birds—hopping and chirping merrily.
The trees bear promise of returning life—
The trailing arbutus now is seen.
My heart is throbbing to a wild refrain—
The Wanderlust has seized my slumb'ring spirit—
I could climb to the top of yonder hillock,
And sing in exultation at the world's renascence—
And merge my soul with the grass and the trees!

SYLVIA W. LUDWIG, *Senior* 8

Words

When I reflect how futile words can be—
Yet can with charm so vividly
Describe the hidden beauty of the earth,
Pain and sorrow, happiness and mirth;
The sighing of the winds; the booming of the sea,
A wee flower, a lofty tree.
A lovely form, bright eyes, a smiling face,
The moon's pale light, a dance of grace.
Lest such thoughts cease, and idle deeds confuse
My mind,—God, grant that I may choose
Those words, that slumb'ring spirits will awake;
And loads from weary shoulders take.
Or else if harsh,—devoid of sympathy—
Grow dumb—and view life silently!

SYLVIA W. LUDWIG, *Senior* 8

Impressions of New York

The first one:

Seething humanity
Going on and on
To some Destiny
Who knows where?

The second:

Like so many beetles
Scampering
Hither and yon tirelessly. . .
Reflecting the lines of the world,
And working as they go
Never to stop
Until they are quenched;
Amid taxis.

The third:

One files on and on,
Not daring to stop,
Lest one lose a pace,
Never to be regained,
Thus ending all.

Mount Vernon

I WONDER WHAT impression Mount Vernon makes upon its visitors! If we're impressed as we should be—and I really and truly do think that most of us are—we can hardly phrase that feeling, though we may have at our command words of beauty and eloquence. As people walk about among the trees that Washington loved, his roads, walks, gardens and grounds and through his house, the lack of conversation and criticism is conspicuous.

We don't consider each room or part of the house separately; we don't think of its beauty as a unit. But we think of everything fitting together to make one beautiful feeling. Every subject, every corner and step, seems to bring Washington close to us. It is an exquisite serenity that seems to bathe one's senses; it seems to send through us a message of beneficence and reassurance. As we turn into his garden and look at the walls and walks he planned, the box hedges, the trees, the flower beds, the great order and sweetness everywhere, it makes us realize how much this home of his is in keeping with him, the Father of our Country.

It doesn't seem to matter how many pilgrimages we make to Mount Vernon, the same gentle power of the place meets us; we can't dispel it by familiarity.

The repair and safeguarding of the estate continually tax the energy and resources of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union. But its steadfast aim and purpose, thus far successfully achieved, is appreciated by those who are familiar with the home of Washington.

Among the many who visit Mount Vernon, few are aware of what an expensive undertaking is involved in its restoration and preservation. But somehow, I think it is just as well for us to forget everything practical and material and allow the beauty alone to impress us and make us reverent. Only, let us realize on entering its gates, that we, too, contribute our mite toward the maintenance of this historic place, and leaving, be grateful for a glimpse—rare and sacred—into the past which we can never forget.

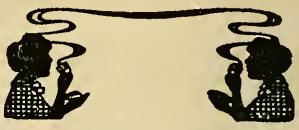
BETTY WHEELER, Jr. 8

Sportsmanship

SPORTSMANSHIP MEANS more than merely not getting angry in a game. It means true fellowship and its best code is the golden rule. It is not a thing to be used on the playing field and to be forgotten in the other phases of life. It applies to every moment that we live. Fairness, determination, perseverance, friendly cooperation are only a few of the qualities which will give us that name.

ELIZABETH MOONEY, Jr. 9

SCHOOL NOTES



New Editors

It is our custom as far as possible to use our executive staff for more than one position during the year. Both of our regular editors are doing student teaching so the following members are acting in that capacity as well as attending to their regular staff duties: Kathryn Henderson, Dorothy Weaver and Rachael Smith will welcome literary contributions and urge you to make the magazine "the best ever" in the closing numbers.

Our Valentine Party

Some folks think Friday the 13th is unlucky. Well, the Juniors might have felt that way while they were hustling around in the auditorium putting up the decorations for a most important event in the history of the class of '31 (Miss Tall's Valentine party to the Seniors) but the Seniors felt rather lucky to be the ones invited to the dance. (Never mind, Juniors, we decorated last year and others will do it for you next year.)

February 14th, the eventful day was at hand! By 8:30 P. M. the air was filled with strains of the popular tunes of the moment, and the guests were arriving.

The auditorium was a gala place. Huge lace valentines adorned the curtains and row after row of red hearts were hung around the sides of the room. Was this place our gymnasium? What a different aspect it had!

The first privilege of the evening was meeting Miss Tall, our principal, and Miss Crabtree, our adviser and nearly every member of our faculty, dressed in evening gowns and creating a very pleasant atmosphere. It is a pleasure to meet our instructors socially.

The orchestra was especially good, which was evidenced by a crowded floor the entire evening.

It was good to see that the greater majority of the senior class attended the dance. Those who were not present have surely heard about the good time they missed.

The farewell melody came all too soon, but wait, let me tell you something else. The Juniors who served the punch and presented fancy paper hats to their big sisters and brothers were an asset to the party, for their gay red and white costumes helped to increase the intended atmosphere.

E. Hartje

Mrs. Bauernschmidt Speaks At Assembly

MRS. BAUERNSCHMIDT, who spoke at Assembly on March 5, was introduced as the President of the Public School Association of Baltimore, and a friend of education. She thinks that in general there are two purposes for entering the teaching profession. These are: for the purpose of earning a living, and the attractions of the profession. The public formerly did not discriminate between these viewpoints. Besides, the influential rich sent their children to private schools. Some prospective teachers went to school for a certificate, depending on getting their positions through political pull. In those times, the professionally minded suffered.

Now, however, it is no matter of pride to go to a private school. All now look up to the public school. Men and women now look to the best-trained teachers wherever they may be for guidance. All advance for the masses depends on intelligent, well-trained leaders. Facilities need be no draw-back. Try to work for a fine job in a bad situation. One cannot administer under fine conditions if one cannot under poor.

Mrs. Bauernschmidt stressed the importance of speaking English correctly. The public needs teachers who know how to teach and who can and do speak the English language correctly. Teachers must aid in overcoming ridicule, for ridicule inhibits correct language from extending outside the schoolroom.

A teacher needs many qualifications and needs to be many-sided. She may help the social side of the child by changing conditions surrounding him. As regards training for this work, the passing of the bill for a three year Normal is absolutely necessary. The city offers a salary schedule which is now adequate, so the tax-payers say that the teachers must produce quality of service. The past economic movement has been toward production at lower cost, but the pendulum will probably swing next toward quality and merit, not lower cut prices. This is evidenced by the demand for properly trained men and women. The responsibility for producing this quality is the responsibility of the teacher, and it may be fulfilled by diligently applying ourselves to *teaching* children.

The public has finally decided that teachers must measure up or be removed. Removal for inability is no longer impossible. As a parting word of encouragement, Mrs. Bauernschmidt said that the professionally minded, when on the eligible list, will have a "square deal" of help, opportunity, advice and encouragement.

R. M. L.

A Colonial Day

At Christmas time, May day, Normal "goes medieval," but there are rumors of the Seniors being ultra-modern this June, but it has been seldom that Normal has become Colonial. February 23, 1931, marked this event, thanks to Senior Sections 5 and 10, in honor of the "Father of Our Country," George Washington.

Colonial dames and gentlemen graced the corridors at nine in the morning and those who weren't close friends of the colonial dames began to be very curious. Their curiosity was satisfied at 11:45 A. M., when a Colonial Assembly was given. The program was a presentation of events in the private life of Washington at Mt. Vernon. Mrs. Washington graced the colonial kitchen and tempting details were given by the old mammy of the dinner to be prepared for the coming of the guests. The next scene showed a stately General Washington as a busy plantation owner, attending to his various duties. Then came the delightful tea party in the garden and the appearance of the dashing John Marshall. The grand finale, however, came with a ball given at the announcement of the engagement of Nellie Custis to young Lewis Lawrence followed by the dancing of the stately minuet.

The assembly was a delightful one, beautifully done, and very worthwhile. One enjoyed colonial hospitality at the Martha Washington Tea Dance given in the afternoon and also the furniture exhibit forming the background for the affair. This setting was possible through the courtesy of Mr. Fallon, of Fallon and Hellen. They reproduced most beautifully a dining room, living room, and bed room of the days of Washington. As we finished up the very modern units that night pleasant memories lingered of Normal—the Colonial.

Junior 3's Tea Dance

On March 4, Junior 3, setting a precedent for the following Junior sections, held the first Junior tea dance of the year.

After heralding the dance for some time previous "the affair the whole school was waiting for" it was held in the auditorium. Music was furnished by the Men's Revue Jazz Band with R. Denison of Junior 3 at the piano.

A very novel ticket was printed in the colors of the Junior Class. The social committee of Junior 3 should be congratulated on sponsoring an affair of this calibre, blazing the trail for future social attempts.

Edward Gersuk

The New International Labour Organization

On February 26th, 1931, Mr. Magnusson, representative of the Washington branch of the International Labour Office, delivered a very fine address on the International Labour Organization. A summary of the salient points of Mr. Magnusson's address is indeed essential for the understanding of international labor conditions.

The International Labour Organization was originated in 1919. This society is divided into two divisions, first, the International Labour conference and secondly the International Labour Office.

The Conference has representatives from fifty-six member states, each government sending four delegates, two representing the government, one the employers, and one the workers. Each of the four delegates votes separately.

The function of the Conference is to discuss international labor conditions. As a result of these open discussions in the conference, many countries have voluntarily improved labor conditions through legislation. Some improvements of this kind have been: the eight hour day, agreement not to use white phosphorus, not to allow children under fourteen to work, no night work for women, and none for children under eighteen.

We can easily see a plan of cause and effect in the working of this organization. Take the silk industry as an example, we find that the manufacturers increased the efficiency of operation of their plants. This naturally led to serious exploitation of labor and this, in turn, brought the International Labour Organization to take effective steps to "make labor human."

This research department makes its ideas known through various publications, such as bulletins on "Employment" and "Immigration."

The success of this organization is shown by the enormous number of treaties that have been ratified; four hundred in the past twelve years. Of course, the organization has no power to enforce treaties, but moral pressure is often effective in carrying out their enforcement.

According to Mr. Magnusson "Rationalizing and Planning the Economic World" are the large purposes of the International Labour Office. True, these plans must be worked out indirectly, and go only so far as individual nations are ready to carry them, but the mere fact of the existence of an international organization will tend more and more to stimulate national consciousness into action.

J. Himmelfarb

Seen and Heard From The Tower

One of the few most amusing spectacles we have ever witnessed was the girls' Junior-Senior basketball game, especially the blocking.

After posing for a few Crystal pictures we are wondering whether Mr. Trupp is editor of the Crystal or a photographer's assistant.

And while on the subject of picture taking, we often wonder why it is that just as the photographer is ready to take the time exposure, we get a tickling sensation about the nose with an irresistible temptation to scratch it.

(Overheard from a student teacher) At first you don't like student teaching; then it sort of grows on you; and finally you begin to hate it.

From appearances the J. V. Basketball team concluded a successful season; seven successive losses.

After deliberating for some time on the ponderous question, "Why are group pictures taken in the power house," we come to the conclusion that when you see the pictures you can blame it on the heat.

Some people have gumption, and as a definition, the person who made the announcement in the assembly, "The affair the whole school has been waiting for—Junior 3 Tea Dance."

Miss Levin's enactment of the property man in Junior 2's assembly play was very good, only it was the first time we knew that Chinese men wore silk stockings.

"And now you will hear how the bass part should be sung. Will the boys in the Glee Club rise?"

We hear that several people almost fainted due to the excitement in Seniors 5 and 10's assembly on George Washington's birthday.

And there is the sad case of the Junior who asked Miss Dunlavy for perspective paper.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding we still insist that the two objects in the background of our poster were Greek pillars and not smokestacks as several persons named them.

(Foolish question) Do you think the honor system is a success?

Kitchen Kandy Party

THE KITCHEN Kandy party, held in honor of the men students, occurred on Friday, March 6, in the Newell Hall Kitchen.

Miss Sperry, Miss Diefenderfer and Miss Gross acted in the capacity of hostesses. Mr. Minnegan was master of ceremonies. Attired in long blue aprons, the men went about making what they termed "candy." The ladies in this case, were mere spectators and indulged in eating the candy prepared by their escorts.

A novel broom and balloon dance was demonstrated by Miss Gross.

The Kitchen party was a great success and appreciated by all present. A vote of thanks is due our hostesses for the enjoyable evening they made possible for the men students.

EDWARD GERSUK

Assembly By Junior 10

MEMBERS OF Junior 10 presented their assembly program in tableau form March 12. "The History of Records" proved a topic of interest to both the Normal students and elementary school.

A series of scenes including the Cave Man, Egyptians, Phoenicians, Middle Age Monk, Printing Press and Gutenberg, and the Modern Office were given successively, each presenting its contribution of records to the world. These scenes were accompanied by appropriate music and by the reading of historical information concerning each tableau. The nature of staging was unique in that each scene was shown behind gauze with only the lighting effect of spotlights.

Costumes and scenery for the program were designed and constructed by the section as a part of its industrial arts course during the second term

In addition to a corridor display of materials used, all information concerning the assembly has been placed in the library. All of the work represents a project simple enough to be given in an elementary school.

N. K. S

A Viewpoint

You say that God is just and in His Wrath,
He'll break your life and send you to a Hell.
But I know God—and he is ever near us—
And so—because I've prayed—I know Him well;
For God is Love, and in His boundless mercy,
Though long He led me on the Road of Pain,
After the darkest and the windswept hour,
He smiled and let me see the sun again.
You say that God is just and strong and mighty—
I know that He's divine—a God of Love—
As you, friend, saw him through a veil of darkness
So my soul bled before His throne above.

ANNA ELIZABETH REIER, *Senior 2*

Demonstration

BUZZING WITH expectant voices, resounding with cheers and songs, and reverberating with various degrees of applause, the M. S. N. S. auditorium, March 5 witnessed a rare spectacle—a privilege which is granted it only once a year. The stately assembly hall took on a most athletic appearance, which was emphasized by the regulation gym costume that was worn by every participant in the demonstration. Only the judges marked the slightest difference in the regularity of the scene. The faculty and guests were fortunate enough to have been enabled to view the sight from above for it was one time that the faculty occupied the balcony, almost per force.

What no one could see, and what, perhaps, was one of the most prevalent happenings of the evening, was the beat of every girl's heart under that middy pocket. How could she help it when as a Senior she sang her toast to the Juniors before the events began, or when as a Junior she cheered her class onward, or when, as either Senior or Junior she watched an evenly matched relay? Perhaps one whose heart did not feel the keen excitement should have visited Dr. Abercrombie, because she just couldn't have been in a natural state.

The peak of the evening was reached when, after the song contest, Miss Roach informed us that Miss Tall had an announcement to make. Well we realized the effect of that announcement from the platform. Would it be '31 or '32? Which colors would Miss Tall tie on the cup? Would it be the green and gold or the red and white? You were right, Mr. Gallagher, it was '31! The green and gold were the hues that adorned the silver cup by a score of 43 to 37.

After the screaming, cheering, congratulating, and such things as will follow after such an event, were over, dancing was enjoyed by all till ten o'clock.

Afterwards, in the dormitory, (and I do hope it encourages the commuting students to become residents) there was a Grande Parade and a most enjoyable repast of cocoa and doughnuts kindly provided by Miss Sperry and the staff, and humbly served by the Juniors to the Seniors.

May we, the classes of '31 and '32 offer our heartiest appreciation

to Miss Daniels and Miss Roach for making possible this exhibition of prowess and for giving us just another pleasant memory of the good times we had at Normal!

The winning class congratulates the losing class, and wishes '32 the best of luck next year. The Seniors did not fail to notice the spirit and good will of the Juniors, and, needless to say, it won't be forgotten.

Juniors, we take for granted you congratulate us!

'31

Following is a list of events:

1. Circle Pass Relay ..... Junior vs. Seniors
2. End Ball ..... Juniors vs. Seniors
3. Topsy ..... Seniors
4. Rig-a-jig ..... Juniors
5. Bean-setting Morris Dance ..... Seniors
6. Ribbon English Country Dance ..... Juniors
7. Rhythm ..... Seniors
8. Run and Catch Relay ..... Juniors vs. Seniors
9. Irish Lilt ..... Seniors
10. Swedish Clap Dance ..... Juniors
11. German Hopping Dance ..... Juniors
12. Basketball Obstacle Relay..... Junior vs. Seniors
13. Stunts ..... Juniors vs. Seniors
14. Song Contest ..... Juniors vs. Seniors

Normal vs. Blue Ridge

To keep up our ancient rivalry, we played Blue Ridge in two basketball games again this year. The first was played in New Windsor. The game opened up very well—for us. We ran up the first ten points that were scored and enjoyed a comfortable lead at the end of the first half.

The second half again saw Normal holding the upper hand during the greater part of the period. But—during the last five minutes two of our players were put out on personal fouls, and the substitutes did not have time to get used to the fast game. The result—Blue Ridge made a deathbed rally that came within one point of tying the score. Our frantic attempts to stop their shots were of no avail, and they just seemed to have their eye "on the basket" so to speak. Anyway it appeared just as if they couldn't miss. The game ended with dear old Normal still one point ahead and I hate to predict or even think of what the result might have been—if the game had been a couple of minutes longer.

New Windsor vs. Normal

The second game was almost an exact duplicate of the first. We started off and secured a comfortable lead which we succeeded in holding during the best part of the game. Last minute rallies again appeared but once more we were strong enough to stave off defeat.

No perceptible reason is available for this but it is due to either one of two things: 1. New Windsor became stronger as the game progressed. 2. Normal grew weaker as the game progressed.

Normal vs. Gallaudet

This year Normal played two games with Gallaudet based on the home and home basis.

Our team was heavily outweighed and we literally had to look up to them, at least a half foot per man. Nevertheless the boys knew their basketball and proceeded to show us how well they knew it. Their mental ability cooperated with their physical ability and administered to us two defeats that left no doubt whatever in our minds that they wanted to defeat us.

Well, next year we may make a better showing and give them at least one defeat—Let us hope so.

City College J. V. vs. State Normal J. V.

The City College J. V.'s defeated the State Normal J. V.'s at the former's gym, February 17th, by the score of 24-16. It was a hard fought, well-played game throughout, with first one and then the other team forging ahead.

The first quarter found the City J. V.'s leading by two points, but a spirit of State Normal in the second period, consisting of a brace of field goals by Haggerty, knotted the count at half time. In the third quarter, the Collegians, bolstered by the injection of fresh players, forged ahead of our boys, and piled up a commanding lead. Normal kept fighting throughout the rest of the game, but the tight defense of the victors kept them at a safe distance.

"Jumpin'" Joe Haggerty led the attack for Normal, gaining four field goals, while Bellestii and Gordon showed the way for City, denting the basket for a total of 17 points between them. Saltzman and Land also played a fine game for Normal. Poor shooting from the "charity mark" proved costly to our boys, as only two throws were made good in ten attempts.

RUSSELL DENISON, Jr. 3

Girls' Basketball

THE SENIORS simply walked away with the Juniors in the basketball game on Monday, February 16th. Spurred on by a former year's experience, the victors completely vanquished the losers who were somewhat excited, and who seemed to have lost sight of the placement of the basket. The Juniors were furnished with the opportunity to "shoot" many times, but they just couldn't acquire the art of "sinking the leather" to bring the score closer, and thereby provide more excitement for the spectators. Every team has its "off-day" and it is generally felt that the Juniors will lead the Seniors quite a chase next time.

Perhaps you are anxious to know the final scores. Suffice to say, it will prove what was stated above. When the last second had ticked its way into eternity for the first team the score stood 43-16. When the whistle shrilly sounded its final note (?) the Senior seconds had thwarted the Junior seconds by a score of 47-11.

In spite of some of these facts, several girls can be credited for their performance. From the Seniors, the Misses Rullman, Ruppert, White, Ensor played skillfully. From the Juniors, the Misses Allen, Mooney, de Marcantinio exhibited their prowess, but we hope, not to the fullest extent.

In the near future, there will be another game between the same teams to discover which class will be termed the year's champions. May we hope for a more skillful showing from the players, a closer score, and a victory for—well, who can tell? I know with what I would like to fill that blank, but in my position, I feel I can't express myself!

Good luck to both teams!

SECOND GAME

It couldn't have been such an "off-day" for the Juniors in the last game, because the Seniors took the honors from them on Thursday, February 26th, by a score of 43-10 for the first teams, and a score of 49-18 for the second teams. On the whole the more recent games were quite fast as compared to the tilts earlier in the season. We still assume that the lack of poise, experience and skill caused the "walk-away" that made the Senior girls' teams possessors of the basketball championship for 1930-1931. Congratulations, Seniors!

Normal vs. Elizabethtown

THIS GAME capped the climax for the Maryland State Normal basketball team during the years 1930-31. It was the third success in a row, and followed two defeats to Blue Ridge.

We displayed good teamwork in this game which coupled with good shooting resulted in 37-31.

August Jansen kept up his good work and secured fifteen points in this game, so will probably be high scorer of the year.

Stranger: I represent a society for the prevention of profanity. I want to take profanity out of your life and——

M. S. N. S. Senior: Drop around when I've finished my student teaching.

(Checking on answers to assignment.)

S. T.: Billy what do you have?

Billy: A toothache.

Instructor on Call: When you came home last night, you said you'd been to the Grand. Now you say it was the Metropolitan.

Suspect: When I came home I couldn't say Metropolitan.—*Minn. Ski-U-Mah.*

Club Servant: A lady is in the lobby saying that her husband promised to come home early.

Fourteen Card Players (jumping up hurriedly): "Excuse me, Gentlemen."—*College Humor.*

TRAGEDY—Story of a Scotchman who found that he had to major in a course of Liberal Arts.—*Iowa Friv.*

Jack: Something seems wrong with this engine, it——

Jill: Don't be silly, wait until we get off the main road.—*Minn. Ski-U-Mah.*

A junior celebrated the close of the second term at the Puss-In-Boots Cabaret and came to school bedraggled, broke, and bruised. In the vernacular of our profession, he is now the owner of a "rich and colorful experience."

Dr. A. (Dressing the foot of a fair maiden): What happened?

Fair Maiden: We had a fire drill at 6:30 this A. M. I went for my units—I guess one of them must have kicked me.

Neighbor: You naughty boy. I bet you don't get grade "A" in anything at school.

Willie: I do, too. I get it in the milk bottle.—*College Humor.*

This is not punch; it's the stuff we drink at tea dances.

A college graduate is a person who had a chance to get an education.—*College Humor.*

"My dear, engaged to two men at one time?"

"Yes—I'm trying to figure out how I can sue both of them for breach of promise."—*Brown Jug.*

She used so much make-up, he called her his powdered sugar.—*Cornell Widow.*

A Negro was pleading his own case to save the price of a lawyer. He called the chief witness to the stand and said, "Joshua, where was I when we stole those chickens?"—*Annapolis Log.*

While on our literary rambles, we could say a few pertinent words about units, but it would be out of place in this section.

Ali Baba: Open!

Door: Sez who?

Ali Baba: Sesame!—*College Humor.*

He paid the bill so often, they began to take him for an after-dinner mint.—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

Wanted: Experienced bootblacks.

The following day, twelve ex-student teachers applied.

College bred usually means a big loaf.

Mother: Buddy, I don't have to sign that note. Miss Wallace knows that I'll let you go on the excursion with the class.

Buddy: Mother, if you don't sign this note, I *know* I won't be allowed to go to the dairy. We have new practice teachers and they have *their OWN* methods.

Where
Clothes are Smart
and
Prices are Right

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.

Outselling
All Other Eights

Valve-in-Head **BUICK** Straight Eight

"Take the Wheel and Marvel"

The BROOKS-PRICE CO.
TOWSON

SCHLEISNER CO.
220 North Howard Street, Cor. Clay

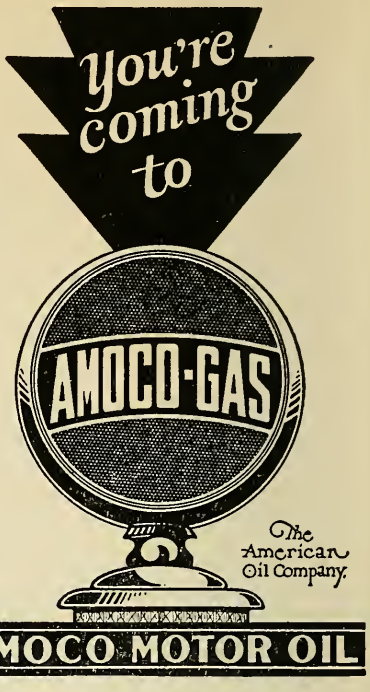
THE
FASHION
CORNER

Where College Misses & Youth
Get Collegiate Styles

The Hub

"of Charles Street"

Phone Towson 962 Belair 386
Juanita B. Schuster, Prop.
MAR-NITA BEAUTY SHOPPE
Beauty Specialists in attendance
Scalp Treatments and Permanent
Waving Our Specialties
35 YORK ROAD
Near Burke Ave. Towson, Md.
11 W. Main Street,
BELAIR, MD.



THE NEW!
Baltimore has learned that if it is new —and smart—Stanwick's introduce it. The most distinctive Coats and Frocks in the new silhouette—are showing now. Moderate prices.

STANWICK'S
204 W. Lexington St.

SMART APPAREL

For the College Girl

and the pleasure of receiving courteous service amid spacious surroundings

HUTZLER BROTHERS Co

"Say It With Flowers"

Everything That Is Artistic in
Cut Flowers and Plants

ISAAC H. MOSS
INC.

5315 York Rd. Baltimore, Md.

JENKINS & McCALL
COAL CO., Inc.

Domestic, Steaming
and Smithing Coals

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND

Lexington Market: PLaza 2510-11-12
Hollins Market: PLaza 1083
CAlvert 0068

D. Callahan's Sons
SEA FOOD

BALTIMORE MARYLAND

SAMUEL KIRK & SON
Incorporated
421 N. Charles Street

GOLD JEWELRY *DIAMONDS*
CLOCKS *WATCHES*
SILVERWARE
FINE STATIONERY

Founded 1815

The Second
National Bank
of Towson, Md.

HENRY RECKORD

Ford

At Towson Since 1913

BALTIMORE'S LARGEST
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY STORE

LAMPELL'S

Home of
SORORITY HATS

31 W. LEXINGTON ST.
PLaza 2524

THE SUPREME
ICE CREAM CO.

"Your Sweetest Neighbor"

1224-28
GREENMOUNT AVENUE
BALTIMORE, MD.

Your Banking Needs Are Courteously Supplied at

The Baltimore County Bank

YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

Unusual Gifts

25 Cents to 25 Dollars

Greeting Cards of All Kinds

AMY B. HISS

Chesapeake Ave. Towson, Md.

Phone, VErnon 0261

Gorman's

TRUNKS, BAGS, LEATHER GOODS

329 N. Howard Street
Baltimore, Md.

Repairing a Specialty

GRIFFITH & TURNER CO.

Our Large Improved Store
Is Equipped to Fill Every Need

FARM GARDEN LAWN

205-215 Paca St. 338 N. Gay St.
Phone CAlvert 2300

TUxedo 0146-2627
Members of F. T. D.

FRED. C. BAUER

Florist and Nurseryman

181-187 Gittings Avenue
Govans, Md.

Weber

Invites the Students and Teachers of Towson State Normal School to avail themselves of the special prices extended to Educational Institutions on Artists' Materials.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Drawing Papers, Inks, etc., at our local headquarters.

F. WEBER CO.

227 Park Ave.

HERGENRATHER DRUG CO.
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
Agents for
Max Factors Society Make Up
Bourjois Evening in Paris Perfume
Barbara Gould Facial Treatment
Whitman's Chocolates
Martha Washington Bon Bons
Sheaffer Fountain Pens
Eastman Kodaks and Films
Films Developed 24 Hour Service
Motorcycle Delivery Phone Towson 39
Jersey Ice Cream

Distinctive Portrait Photography

SCHINDELE

519 N. Charles Street
BALTIMORE

Phone MAdison 1851-W

JOHN WUNTZ

Piano Tuning and Repairing

3041 Arunah Avenue
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE
McMAHON
TRANSPORTATION CO.

Buses for All Occasions

HAmilton 2078 Overlea, Md.

Let Your Light Direct You to

The Towson National Bank

As the Place to Do Your Banking

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE

Run Right to

READ'S

For All Your
Drug Store Needs!

507 York Road Towson

THE
MARYLAND
RESTAURANT

The Only Place to Eat

York Road at Pa. Ave.
TOWSON, MD.

Compliments of

BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.

TOWSON, MD.

The Monroe Co.

206 W. Lexington Street
Baltimore

Costume Jewelry, Evening Jewelry, Ensemble Sets, Etc. Full assortment of Rings, Watches, Lighters, all at moderate prices.

WE WILL CASH YOUR CHECKS
JEWELRY REPAIRS

SILVERWARE *WATCHES*

A. H. FETTING COMPANY

Manufacturing Jewelers

314 CHARLES STREET, NORTH
BALTIMORE, MD.

CLASS PINS *CLASS RINGS*

Compliments

MASON'S GARAGE &
SERVICE STATION

TOWSON, MD.

Momjian's

Where Normal Students Meet to Eat

DELICIOUS SODAS AND SUNDAES
HOMEMADE SANDWICHES
See Them Made

Sheet Music and Books
Victor and Columbia Records
RADIOS

THE G. FRED KRANZ
MUSIC CO.

327 N. Charles St.
PLaza 3732

The Home Store

"KEENE'S"

CONFECTIONERY STATIONERY

EXCLUSIVENESS

in the **PRODUCTION**

of School Literature is one of the many features our *typographic* department can assure you. This department is in charge of a staff of men who have the talent and ability to bring before you ideas and layouts that will contribute to the effectiveness of your literature and place it above the average.

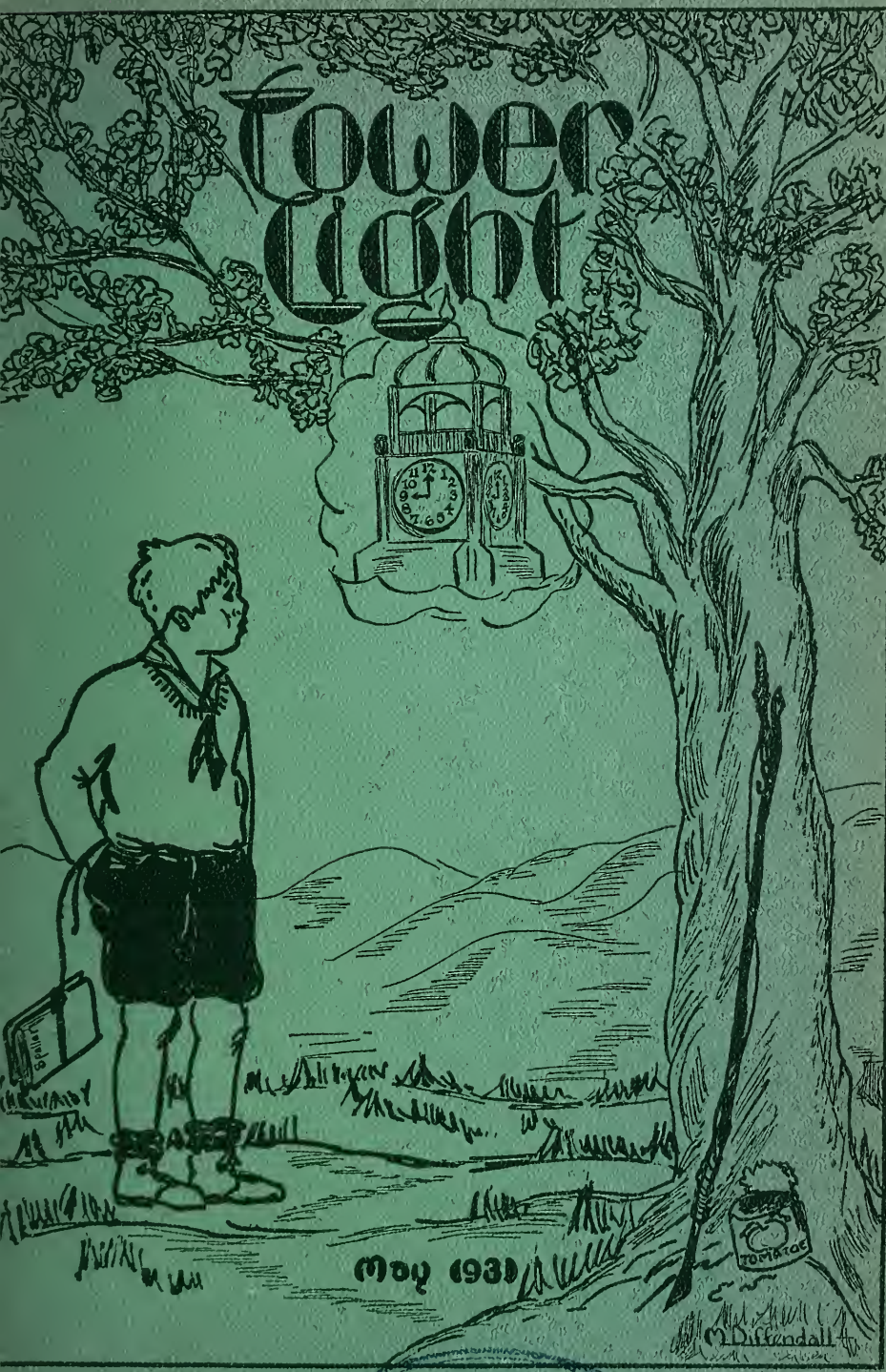
DESIGNING
ENGRAVING
PRINTING

● Progressive schools and colleges the country over are using to every advantage the service our *typographical* department offers. You are not obligated in any way when requesting a member of our staff to call.

"Read-Taylor"

BALTIMORE

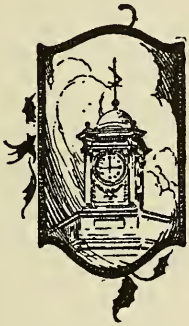
Tower Light



May 1931

State Teachers College
LIBRARY

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

Contents

	Page
Rambling	3
People Like to Make Music	4
State Normal Radio Program	6
A Naval Pact—J. Martin	7
Songs of an Old City	11
Our Dandelions	13
That Dreadful Night	14
Campus Vagabonds	19
Editorial	20
Our National Anthem	22
The Spell of Spring	23
A Curious Cure	24
Just Thoughts	26
Poetry	27
School Notes	30
Jokes	33
Advertisements	36

The Tower Light

Vol. IV | May, 1931 | No. 8

Rambling

One month ago today our campus was a fairyland of snow-white and ice-blue; the ground was covered with a fluffy blanket of virgin wool and the trees were enormous with their billowy plumes of snowy softness. The cedars in front of Newell acknowledged winter's power and bowed their proud heads to the earth in sign thereof.

Now there is no sign of such a thing as a heaven-sent covering of white—the robes of all things seem to come from the earth, and the colors are myriad. The lawns are green and so are the lilacs, with nests hidden in their branches. The bridal-wreath has just a sprinkling of tiny white specks of blossom like powdered sugar. The magnolias—, now that's something that well-nigh defies all attempts at description,—they are a mass of huge old-rose and cream-colored, tulip-like bloom—they seem unreal, like some artist's fantastic sketch.

Birds "make music all the day"; a few butterflies are weakly fluttering around in the sun; balls and bats are everywhere; a crop of cameras which have lain dormant and dusty for months have come out over night and Keene's is doing a rushing business in photographic supplies. Students who could not be paid to contribute in music classes are singing and whistling all the time, students who could not be budged with dynamite are now found strolling on the lawns, playing fairly vigorous games, scrambling over the hills of the glen. The improvement of the glen is a topic of discussion by all. The Campus school has started outdoor classes to a considerable extent, and the fever has crept up into the Normal school proper—at least the biologists are wandering again and a few temperamental artists are following the trail too.

Most prophetic of all is that half the school seems to be counting out rhythms, searching for synonyms, and writing either of love or of the great out-of-doors. Even I am guilty—I've rambled thru' three hundred words when the same thought is contained in one short phrase—"It's spring again!"

A. F. L.

People Like To Make Music

As I came toward the billiard room today, above the click of the balls, could be heard the piano being played with evident enjoyment. A casual peep around the door disclosed several bright-faced students with cue in hand, while at the piano sat two absorbed youths deciding "how to do it," oblivious to their neighbors and with a look of intense concentration on each face.

The men and women who really care for music have come to realize that what humanity wants is an opportunity to make music. Harold Bauer says that people either have a tremendous urge toward music or they do not have it; but if they have the drive within themselves the only way to satisfy it is to make music. Public school teachers of music have long felt this need of people to make music and throughout the country have sprung up all sorts of ways to satisfy it. Until fifteen years ago, music in the schools was singing. But within these fifteen years, with almost mushroom growth, have appeared orchestras, bands, various chamber music organizations, and classes for instruction in playing every orchestral instrument, and lately for piano also. All of these organizations exist for the fun to be found in making music together, or for learning how to make music. Large groups like bands and orchestras are encouraged in that they play for school affairs but the small combinations are held together entirely by the interest of the participants. It is interesting to observe how members of all groups seem to enjoy the practice period more than the one of actual performance. The last is so brief and seems to be little more than an appetizer for real playing.

As all talents or abilities granted us by nature tend to disappear, if not used, so the urge to make music disappears if people are restrained long enough. Keep a child or youth from playing or singing because he does not do it very well or does not have time and ere long he will not try to do it at all. Sometimes music teachers, in an effort to get perfection have restrained young students from healthy attempts to make music with the result that they have developed nice little machines that can give a technically correct performance but that is all; they have everything but the inspiration. However, public school teachers of music have not sinned any more in this respect than they have in pushing children forward on a poor foundation which has made results seem well-nigh marvelous at first, only to discover before long that the children have come up against a blank wall; they cannot grow. So many bad habits are entrenched that the children are handicapped hopelessly and too disheartened to try to begin again, even if they could. To strike the happy medium between these extremes is the problem. Find the happy medium

and you have satisfied humanity's urge to make music by giving them the power to do so.

It is a busy world in which we live with demands from every side. School children have their time taken in almost the fashion of the grown-up. But schools and school administrators are realizing that music will be a part of the child's life not only today but in five years from today, and when he is a young man, and when the burdens of middle life are upon him or when he finishes the last less active years. I think of one old gentleman who has always loved music and made it in a simple way. This love for music now fills his leisure hours with the association of young people who give him the cheer only youth can give and to whom he is a sympathetic adviser in both music and living. Because progressive school people are realizing that music in the life of the individual has a future as well as a present value, more and more are they making a place for music in the curriculum as an equal of other subjects in order that children, that young people, may have the opportunity to learn how to re-create themselves with music.

Robert Schauffler says "Only get youth mad enough over the lure of the thing (music) and convince them there is no royal road to the enchanted castle and wild horses cannot prevent them from wearing down the cobblestones that lead there."

People like to make music.

ELMA PRICKETT

The Willow of Glen Esk

The Willow of Glen Esk is dressed
In robe of palest green,
A filmy veil, sheer as Arachne's web;
The Willow's gnarled form's arrayed
As were the crudely carved gods
Of Ancient Greece,
To which Athenian women yearly brought
The fine work of their hands
As offering.

A. F. L., *Senior* 11.

State Normal School Radio Program

May 1, 1931

THE GLEE CLUB and the Orchestra are the two musical organizations of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson. The Glee Club numbers seventy members, young men and young women, the Orchestra twenty-six. A few more than half that number from each organization, will give the program this afternoon.

The Glee Club will open the program with "Finlandia", the folk song from the tone poem of that name by Sibelius.

Finlandia ..... *Sibelius*

The Orchestra will play two selections:

The Faun ..... *Wright*

I'm Going Home .....*White*

If you attend the Commencement Exercises of the Normal School, held, in case the weather is good, in the open air on the beautiful grounds of the institution, you may hear the next two selections, which the Glee Club will give you a fore-taste of now.

On Wings of Song .....*Mendelssohn*

Rolling Down to Rio .....*German* ....

The Orchestra will now render

Chanson ..... *Friml*

As all those who hear this radio program undoubtedly know, young men and young women receive training in the State Normal School to teach in the Elementary Schools of the City and State. In the future, too, you know, they will receive three years of training, not merely two, and will be enabled to do correspondingly better things in their chosen field. As the Public School Music Hour held each Friday testifies, music is an important and vital subject of the curriculum of the modern school. The members of the Glee Club will now sing two little songs as they may teach at some later time to their pupils. The first is a German ballad, "The King in Thule", by Zelter, the second a Slovene folk tune, "A-Dancing".

The King in Thule.....*Zelter*

A-Dancing .....Slovene Folk Tune

The students of the Normal School are glad that in the midst of all their work at the business of preparing themselves for their future profession, they find time for social life and school spirit. They will sing three of their best known school songs:

In Those Dear Old Normal Days
My Girl's a Hullabaloo
Alma Mater

A Naval Pact

PAT KNEW they'd be waiting for her again. She simply couldn't seem to get to a bridge party on time. Oh, well, she had some news today. Maybe they'd forget she was late.

"Am I the guilty one as usual?" She breezed into Mabel Derr's big living room.

Instead of the familiar laughing faces and teasing comments, Pat was met by the indifferent, almost stony glares of her friends. She stopped short. Mabel, suppressing a laugh, closed the door as Nancy rose and turned to Mary with—"The verdict of the jury is——"

"Guilty, your honor."

"The jury finds the prisoner guilty of holding up the party. The sentence will be—" Nancy racked her brains. Then her eyes began to twinkle. "The prisoner must show evidence of her intent to marry within the next six months."

The room shook with laughter. Everyone knew that Pat had always said she was going to be a bachelor maiden.

"That's easy," laughed Pat. "I've got it on you this time!" She stripped off her gloves and held up her left hand.

The girls admitted the joke was on them. Pat was almost lost in the chorus of excited questions. "Why," she offered in explanation, "did you think I spent so many week-ends with my aunt last winter? You know I've just returned from Annapolis again."

"But who is he? Who is he?"

Pat was enjoying the excitement. What had started as a joke was becoming real. She had to tell a dozen times how she'd met Durand at a dance at the Naval Academy. She rhapsodized about his curly light hair and his blue eyes. "He leaves next week for a six-months' cruise and we are to be married as soon as he returns," she finished with a happy smile.

There was very little bridge played that afternoon. Everyone was talking about the marvelous change that seemed to have been wrought in Pat. She was the center of attraction. She spent most of her time displaying her ring with its big scintillant stone which her dark eyes almost matched in brilliancy. She took good care, however, that no one examined it too closely.

Pat was the last to leave. "Tell Molly I was awfully sorry to hear she'd taken such a bad cold. She certainly did miss the fun. And I do hope you'll be happy, dear," Mabel said, "for if anyone deserves happiness, you surely do."

"Oh, I don't know," said Pat in a slightly embarrassed way. I've never done anything. I appreciate your good wishes more than you'll ever know, though. Good-bye." She ran down the steps and a minute later was in her roadster. "Just wait till she finds out the truth!" she thought as she stepped on the starter.

Home once more, she dashed up to Molly's room. "Sis, it worked! It worked! They surely did fall hard."

Molly squealed with delight. It had been her idea that Pat should pretend to be engaged. "Tell me all about it. How I wish I'd have been there!"

Pat's rehearsal of the afternoon's happenings was interrupted every few seconds by a fresh peal of laughter.

"Suppose he'd find it out, Pat! What would you do?"

"Heaven only knows! There's not a chance, so why worry?"

"Durand Jeffries! What a name! It sounds like a French novel. By the way, where is that clipping? I'd like to put it in my memory book. Oh, here it is:

> 'Ensign Durand Jeffries is spending a few days at his home here before leaving on a six-month's cruise on the U. S. S. Memphis.'

"Well, that's that!" she added as she pasted it in between two dance programs.

The next morning Pat went for her ride very early and alone. Molly had decided to stay in bed and rest up for the dance that evening. Pat had returned and was dressing when suddenly she heard Molly call, "Pat!"

She dashed into her sister's room. "What on earth is it?"

"Look!"

Pat looked—at the Washington Post.

> "Announcement was made yesterday afternoon at a bridge party at the home of Miss Mabel Derr of the engagement of Miss Patricia Ann Morgan to Ensign Durand Jeffries. The wedding will take place in about six months."

"Oh!" was all Pat could say.

An hour later a half embarrassed, half angry, but wholly determined girl was on her way to the office of the Post. Something had to be done and immediately! She still had several blocks to go when she saw approaching her two young men, one in a Naval uniform, the other in civilian clothes. The mere sight of a uniform made her angry with herself and she was about to walk to the other side of the avenue but she gritted her teeth and kept on. "No, I won't either! I can't dodge all the uniforms in the navy and I'm not going to start now."

Too late she saw that the young man in the business suit was one of Molly's friends, Jack Louden and would be sure to stop her to ask how Molly was. Well, there was nothing to be done. In another minute she was greeting Jack. And then, "Pat, may I present Ensign Durand Jeffries. Durand, I know you've heard nothing from me since you've been home, but Molly Morgan. This is Molly's sister Patricia, otherwise known as Pat."

Durand Jeffries! Pat gasped! In a daze she heard Jack laughingly finish the introduction. But in an instant she regained control of herself and mumbled the conventional greeting. After telling the anxious Jack that Molly would be quite able to go to the dance with him, she walked on. She wanted to be alone. She forgot her errand entirely and unconsciously started back towards home.

Why, oh, why hadn't she explained that silly news item? What must he think of her! Yet, stop! Perhaps he hadn't seen the paper. She had seen only admiration in his eyes in the one swift glance she had dared give him. But suppose they should meet again! Strangely, she found herself wishing they might! Why, of all the names in the world, should she have chosen his for a practical joke!

Something had to be done. Molly had got her into this fix and it was up to Molly to get her out. She almost ran the last block home. Rushing up the stairs, she burst into Molly's room. "I've met him! I've met him! What can I do? How can I explain? You've got to get me out of this!"

"Calm down a bit. What is this all about? Whom have you met?" Molly could really be very practical.

"Durand!"

"Durand!!"

"Yes, yes. What can we do?"

"First tell me all about it."

In a few minutes Molly had the details, the very telling of which seemed to lessen Pat's hysteria. Suddenly the telephone bell rang. Molly, with a quick glance at Pat, ran to the telephone. At the first word, she breathed a sigh of relief. It was only Jack. But wait! What was that? His friend Durand Jeffries wanted to know if she thought her sister Pat would go to the dance with him? Oh!! Molly, seeing a possible solution to their problem, answered "yes," and, telling Jack they'd be ready at nine-thirty, hung up.

"Well," she turned to Pat with an air of finality, "it's all settled. You're going to the dance with Durand and, well, you know an honest confession's good for the soul."

"Oh, I can't! I can't face him!" moaned Pat all afternoon. But by seven o'clock Molly had convinced her it was the only thing to do.

Promptly at nine-thirty Jack and Durand arrived. "What an answer to my sister's bridge party description!" thought Molly as she was introduced to the handsome dark haired, as yet unsuspecting, hero of their joke. Pat said nothing during the entire drive to the Club. It took all her courage to sit there beside him.

To Pat the first dance seemed endless. Durand was certainly handsome and he danced very well. Admiring glances followed them everywhere. Suddenly Pat realized that when the music stopped, they'd be surrounded by a congratulating crowd. Fearing that every note would be the last, she drew Durand out on the terrace.

The time had come! She wanted to get it over with. "I have a confession to make," she began, "and please don't interrupt me. It all began as a joke. When I told the bridge club that I was engaged to you, I never intended to let it go any farther. But they all fell so hard. I couldn't disillusion them. I thought I'd just wait till the next party. It really wouldn't matter. I don't know who put that announcement in the paper, but I just wish I did!" This last was said fiercely. Then suddenly Pat broke down. Why didn't he say something! Anything!

"So," he said at last, "that's the meaning of it. I, too, have a confession to make. After I met you this morning I saw the announcement."

"How you must despise me! Can you ever forgive me?"

"Willingly. I shall even parole you for six months. But at the end of that time, we'll see!"

* * * * *

"Well," Mrs. Jeffries used to say to her friends years afterwards, "I guess I was the first fiancee who ever announced her engagement before she knew the man."

JANE MARTIN, *Senior 9.*

Songs of An Old City

Streets of Annapolis

The quaint streets of Annapolis go,
Twisting, curving to and fro,
Each one a path to long ago.
They ramble blissfully around,
Now straight, now crooked, never bound
By rules that can be made or found,
Some start off well; their way they lose,
Then wander back; in circles fuse
The puzzled stranger to confuse.

Some reach a placid waterway
Where Severn beckons to the Bay,
Become a path where willows sway.
And some trod down by many feet
Fling out their arms in lanes to greet
A nearby winding sister street.
An old-world charm, no bustling blare,
Pervades the streets and houses there,
Georgian gems in settings rare.

The Ballad of the Three Story House

(Being the story of the Harwood and
Chase Homes)

Brave Lloyd's house is fair and high.
His chimneys tall do soar.
A bonny sight, and silver bright
The knocker on his door.

His house is famed throughout the town
A marvelous place to be.
It is the only dwelling place
That boasteth stories three.

It is a view of Severn fair
Spreads out before the eye.
It is a view of Severn there
The topmost windows spy.

Brave Lloyd looked across the lane
His proud eye flashed with fire,
He saw a sight that chilled his blood
Yet kindled raging ire.

He saw another mansion rise
On what was empty field.
He saw his view cut off and cried,
"To that I'll never yield!"

And he has writ a letter fair
And sealed it with his hand.
And he has sent the letter fair
To the builder on that land.

The builder is a worthy man,
A doughty captain he.
He planned to raise a mansion proud,
Full high with stories three.

Brave Edward Lloyd gnashed his teeth
And struck the answer down
Brave Edward Lloyd scowled in wrath,
And angrily did frown.

And now he looks a last farewell
From out his windows high.
He sees the Severn's blue-green swell
And heaves a sorry sigh.

But then a smile plays o'er his face,
His view need not be lost!
He writes the Captain of his plan,
"It matters not the cost!"

And now Annapolis good folk all
Are shocked by what they see.
For Captain Hammond's house so new
Does not have stories three.

But from the side two wings have grown,
The house is very low,
And from the Lloyd's pocket book
The gold has ceased to flow.

It is a view of Severn fair
O'er which the sea gulls soar.
And Edward gazes with delight
And never worries more.

ELEANORA BOWLING, '28.

Our Dandelions

There are dandelions growing on our campus,
Just a few;
And straggled tho' they're standing,
Still they're brave,
As Flanders' poppies.
Some one will come and dig them up, I know,
Or cut them out.
But as I caught a glimpse of them today,
It raised a picture I had known e'er now:
In fall when all things beautiful
Were dead and dry from spell of summer's heat,
The dandelions kept our campus
Looking cool and bright.
They grew in broken lines
Like restless, golden sequins
Dully shimmering on the green waters
Of a shallow sea,
When a faint breeze stirs its placid surface
Early after sunrise.

A. F. L., *Senior* 11.

That Dreadful Night

"Oh, Lizzie, do hurry! My arm is almost breaking with all these bundles, and by the way this wind is howling, I'm sure we're in for a good storm!"

"Miss Joan, Ah'm a stryin' mah hardest to git dis ding-busted door unlocked, but it 'pears like as if it's stuck and 'sides it's so black, Ah can't see what Ah'm a doin'. Golly! What a wind! Oh! Miss Joan, dat gust done gone an' almost knocked me down! Lawsy, Ah wish we hadn't come to dis heah gloomy, old house an' on Hallowe'en, 'specially, 'cause Ah jist knows sumpin' gonna happen. Ah feels it in mah bones!"

"Never mind your bones, just get that door open. If you worked as hard as you talk, you'd get along much better and I wouldn't have to stand here shivering to death. I certainly am glad there was some sort of a garage in which to park old Flo, for I'm afraid she couldn't stand much more of this wind. Oh, Lizzie! There goes the food hamper! Here, help me pick this stuff up! Oh, dear! I wish I had thought to bring a flashlight along; but who could guess that the lights on the state road would grow so dim on this particular night! Just when I expected to have the best week-end party ever!"

"Well, all I'se gotta to say, Miss Joan, is dat Ah wish I'da stayed home, 'steada galavantin' 'round at young folks week-end Hallowe'en parties and in a house ain't been lived in fer so many years, they's done lost count! T'wouldn't be so bad if ennybody lived near here, but—OH MISS JOAN! Did you all see dat black cat! Oh, golly! it done gone an' passed right in front ob me! Oh, Miss Joan, late me back home! I'se sure sumpin' am gonna happen, Ah knows it! Thassa bad, bad sign!"

"Calm yourself, Lizzie. I'm certain you're seeing things, and even if it was a cat, it wouldn't kill you! Here, hold these bundles while I try my luck at the door! Lizzie! stop shaking so, or you'll spill everything again! There! at last it's given away!"

Let us leave our little party here and look more carefully at their surroundings. The gloomy old house, which our friends have just entered, sits far back from the state road which leads one way to Washington and the other to Baltimore. The long path, which leads up to the low, wide porch, is bordered on either side by high, thick hedges, behind which anyone might hide without being seen. The statues, which are scattered here on the extensive lawns, are half hidden by the tall grass, which has not been cut for years. The trees, which ordinarily would have been towering far above everything else, are now bent to the ground by the rushing wind. As we walk up the path and see this immense old house, we suddenly feel very insignificant. Huge towers,

many curves and wings, large windows, all meet our gaze and make us shrink. But worst of all, we feel uneasy, especially on a night of this kind. Like Lizzie we feel sure something dreadful is lurking behind some place or thing.

Joan Dettler and her maid, Lizzie, have arrived ahead of Joan's college guests, who are expected to attend her yearly, week-end Hallow-e'en party at this old mansion, which had been left to Joan by her grandfather. Miles from anyone or any place, they expect to have a "ripping" good time.

"Miss Joan, can't you all find a light! It am so dark in dis here place, Ah can't even see mah hands. *MISS JOAN, LOOK!* Does you all see what Ah sees? Dere's a *GHOST!* See! Ah knowed it! Ah knowed it! Oh, dear Lawd, Ah ain't nebber done nothin'! I'se tried hard to be good, 'deed Ah has! Ah——!"

"Shut up, Lizzie! That's only a chair cover or a sofa. I certainly am sorry I brought you along. You almost make me nervous! Every time I come to this infernal place, I forget where the button is located. If I—oh, here it is! Thank Heaven!"

Light flooded the enormous room and revealed poor Lizzie down on her knees, hands folded upward and eyes closed.

"Get up and help me carry this stuff to the kitchen and then we'll make a fire. Perhaps if I give you something to occupy your mind, you'll forget your fright!"

Lizzie arose slowly, and reluctantly went into the kitchen, singing, "Nearer, My God to Thee" as loud as she could.

In the meantime, Joan was taking off the covers and dust was flying everywhere. Massive furniture loomed here and there in the spacious living-room, and when the dust had settled the room looked fairly habitable. She turned on a few lamps and then switched off the main light, which came from the huge chandelier above. This gave the room a softer glow and made it seem less awe-inspiring. The wind was still whistling noisily through the trees and by this time the rain was coming down in torrents; beating against the windows like some panic-stricken god.

Lizzie's fright and prophecies, together with the terrific storm, had put Joan's nerves on edge, although she managed to maintain a brave appearance. For this reason she decided not to venture upstairs until her guests arrived. Lizzie was following Joan around like a shadow and was continually glancing over her shoulder as if expecting to see some one.

They made a fire in the big living-room and settled themselves down in front of it: Lizzie darning and Joan, having nothing else to do, at-

tempted to write a short story for the college magazine of which she was the editor. Silence prevailed for a while, but was broken suddenly by a sharp ring! It pierced the stillness like a knife! Lizzie jumped fully three inches from her chair and, followed Joan into the hall. Two seconds later the ring sounded again; it was the telephone.

"Who in the world would be calling here at this time of night?" exclaimed Joan. "Hello! Who? Miss Alta? Yes . . . oh, I'm so sorry! Are you sure you can't make it? Oh, yes, sure! Well, come as soon as possible. Good-bye! That was Miss Alta, Lizzie; she said it will be impossible for the bunch to come on account of the storm. Isn't that tough?"

"Oh, Miss Joan! Does we have to stay in dis house by ourselves, all night? Glory be, Ah certainly does wish Ah'd stayed home! Oh, golly!"

Try as she might Joan could not help feeling uneasy and when, fifteen minutes later, a loud BANG was heard overhead, she joined Lizzie in jumping up. Poor Lizzie's eyes were as big as saucers, and, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't utter a sound. Then there were footsteps, as though someone were running; they halted, suddenly, and then continued toward the back of the house, where they ceased. Joan started for the hall, but Lizzie was tugging at her dress, so she couldn't move more than five inches.

"No, Miss Joan! You ain't agonna go upstairs; you git killed! Oh, Ah wish mah Sam was heah! Oh, golly!"

There they were again! But they were softer and slower, as if tiptoeing! Joan, by this time, was laboriously (for Lizzie was no lightweight) making her way toward the hall. She had no idea what she was going to do when she arrived there, for she was almost as frightened as Lizzie. Then! BANG! BANG! BANG! Someone was knocking at the door! Who could it be? The knock was repeated! The strains of "Nearer, My God to Thee" could be heard from beneath the sofa, where Lizzie had managed to squeeze herself at the first knock!

Joan switched on the porch light and opened the door about one inch. The sight which met her gaze was both surprising and humorous. Two men stood there, soaked from head to foot by the terrific downpour! Their clothes were clinging close to their bodies. The shorter of the two, was standing a little behind the other. He was of oriental descent, Japanese, thought Joan. His slanting eyes were regarding her suspiciously and thoughtfully. The taller was by far the younger and, (although his hair was plastered down by the rain and his clothes flat against his body) by far the handsomer. When the taller spoke, it seemed to Joan that she had expected it to be with just that well-educated and cultured air.

"May we come in until this cloudburst is over and it is possible for our machine to be repaired? My name is Fu Chan and this is my valet, Ooh Fang. We have been visiting your country and were on our way to Baltimore from the capital, when something happened to our engine and we could go no farther. Ooh Fang is an expert mechanic, but he dares not open the radiator for fear of flooding it."

"Why, certainly," said Joan.

The man had spoken very sincerely and Joan did not doubt his word. She opened the door wider and, after they had wiped their mud-filled shoes on the soaked door mat, she led them into the living room, where Lizzie was still in hiding.

"Be seated and make yourselves at home," said Joan. "We have just started the fire, and it will soon be blazing nicely, Lizzie! For Pete's sake come out from beneath that sofa, and act as though you had some sense. There's nothing to get so frightened about, although you're acting like a monkey."

But, try as hard as she might, Lizzie could get no farther than half-way out. After several vain attempts, she gave up and hid flat on the floor, gasping. Finally Fu Chan offered to lift the sofa off her, and, with Ooh Fang's help, he succeeded in freeing poor Lizzie. Joan could not restrain a smile upon seeing the humorous picture Lizzie made. The subdued, undignified look on her face and the dilapidated condition of her clothing, was a picture no artist could paint.

"Miss Joan, Ah ain't neber, neber gonna git underneaf ob another sofa, as long as Ah libes."

"No," laughed Joan, "not until the next time you're frightened."

All four seated themselves in front of the fire and watched the enticing sparks shoot up. Finally Fu Chan spoke.

"I suppose you would like to know for what reason I'm bound for Baltimore. Ordinarily, I would not confide in an utter stranger, but your kindness to me has placed me very much in your debt. I am a Japanese Prince, visiting your country for the purpose of presenting certain important documents before your most worthy President. I was granted an interview early this morning, but on my way to the capital, I was assaulted and relieved of the papers. Unfortunately, I was alone and could not capture the thief, but I managed to obtain a good look at his face and I feel sure that I could recognize him if I saw him again. Ooh Fang and myself were on our way to Baltimore to try and locate him, for these papers are of great importance, both to the United States and myself and Japan. Detectives have been sent out into other cities, but as Baltimore was the most likely refuge for the thief we were on our way there."

Fu Chan finished and sat gazing into the fire, while Ooh Fang, with admiring eyes, sat watching him intently.

Joan then told of her experiences; why she was there and the noises she had heard from above. Lizzie, huddled close to her, shivered, for she was living those dreadful moments over again. Outside it was still raining. The thunder clashing every once in a while, and the lightning streaking in through the window, afforded a gruesome background.

Then: CRASH! Something had been dropped and broken overhead! Both men jumped to their feet, pulling out revolvers as they did so. At the sight of these Lizzie screamed and buried her face in her hands. The men advanced to the hall, Joan close behind. Lizzie stood still, her head still covered. Upon opening her eyes and finding all three out in the hall, she ran like a demented animal until she had reached Joan's side.

"Is there a back stairway, Miss Dettler?" asked Fu Chan.

"Yes," she replied, "but it hasn't been used for so long, I'm afraid it's rotted."

Stationing Ooh Fang at the foot of this stairway and placing poor, petrified Lizzie in the cupboard, Joan and Fu Chan hastened softly upstairs. The upper hall was pitch black and if it hadn't been for the frequent flashes of lightning, they would not have been able to find their way.

Joan could feel the presence of a third person and so (still groping for the switch), when she bumped into someone, running, she was not as surprised as she might have been. She was quick enough to seize the coat of the unknown, but, although Fu Chan came immediately in answer to her scream, the man struggled free and left Joan in possession of his coat. They found the light at last and saw, at the end of the hall, a lamp, broken in a thousand pieces. It was evidently the cause of the noise. They heard a shout below, and hurrying down, they discovered Ooh Fang tying someone to a chair in the kitchen.

"Why, Ooh Fang," exclaimed Fu Chan excitedly, "that's the man who stole my papers. Give them up at once, you villain."

The man tied to the chair was struggling with all his might, but Ooh Fang had tied him securely. He was an immense man; broad shouldered, enormously tall and heavily built. His large, blood-shot eyes rolled from side to side and his nostrils twitched nervously.

"Whata ya talking about, huh?" he snarled, with an ugly curl to his lip.

"You know well enough what I'm talking about, man! Where have you hidden those papers? Your denial is useless, as I am positive you are the person who snatched my bag."

Again the man struggled, and then finding it would be impossible to break away, he let out a nasty, mocking laugh.

"Wal, if ya must know, I threw 'em in the fire! Heh! Heh!"

"Well, Mr. Burglar, you're not quite so clever after all, for I have another copy. It was just a case of revealing a secret that I was worried about! Take him out in the car, Ooh Fang, and sit there with him until I come! Keep him well-covered, and when the rain has ceased, we will drive him back to Washington."

A half an hour later, when the heavy fall of rain had diminished into a fine drizzle, Fu Chan, with many thanks and good wishes, took his leave. Once more Lizzie and Joan were left alone, this time for the remainder of the night.

* * * * *

"Joan, Joan! Where are you? We're here at last!"

"Sh . . .! Lizzie's asleep! For pity's sake don't wake her up! Say, just wait until you read my new story in next month's "Black Jack!"

MARGARET SPEHNKOUCH

Campus Vagabonds

SPRING—ALL the world is opening its eyes,—slowly, drowsily, as if half asleep, then glowing, alive, glad to be awake. Tiny, yellow dandelions dot the hill. Gay voices and laughter float to us on the soft air. Groups responding to the silent, inner urge to be out-of-doors, stroll over the hill and down in the glen,—some seeking the less frequented places, glad of an opportunity to be away from the crowd for a moment; others as close as possible to the edge of the campus, eager for a glimpse of the outside world riding by—and on.

Then suddenly, the scene changes. From the distance come a few musical tinkles of a cow bell and the groups turn, now all in the same direction—student teachers, quickly, answering to the call of duty; but the majority slowly, lingeringly, eager to make the last moment longer. But it is only a moment—the last tinkle dies away and the doors are closed. It is night—soft, dreamy and quiet—and over all, the TOWER LIGHT, keeping watch.

K. LEONARD, *Senior* 4.

The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

JEAN MCLAUGHLIN — E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Athletics
IRVIN BROSE
BETTY HITESHEW

Social
ROSALIE LEPHARDT

Jokes
ISADORE SILBERT.

Business Manager
HAMMOND CANTWELL

Circulation Managers
VIDA LUDWIG — KATHRYN HENDERSON

Advertising Staff
RACHEL SMITH
ANNA SANDS
DOROTHY WEAVER
EDITH STROMBERG

Secretarial Staff
SADIE HUNTER
KATHARINE SMITH
MINNIE V. LAPIN
IDA ROSEN

$1.50 *per year* — 20 *cents per copy*

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Vagabonditis

NOW THAT Spring has come back to be the plaything of pampered mortals until they tire of it and thrust it aside like a discarded toy from which time has stolen the novelty, people are occupying themselves with discussing the many and varied ailments which they were privileged to enjoy during the winter. There are cases of tonsilitis, scarlet fever, pneumonia and influenza waiting to pass into the dim recesses of past history as hard battles—bravely fought and won. And then to those who enjoy ill health, there is the possibility of an added glory in the typhoid fever that prevails during some particular summers and so they set about to await it calmly, but none the less hopefully.

In the meantime, most of us are hiding our inertia behind a cloak of not wholly imagined unfitness. There is a disease, much overworked, to be sure, and much more prevalent than is to be desired if the modern medical scientists are to keep their present high status of intelligent disease battling. Still "Spring fever" does become a national malady about this time each year.

Careful study in the field of modern diseases has brought about the discovery of another malady peculiar to this season of the year. Indeed, it does not take a specialist to recognize the existence of "vagabonditis." Its symptoms are quite easily noted. They consist largely of a restless spirit, an inner urge toward rebellion, a thoughtless abandon of all things prosaic, a hungry search for the romantic; a desire to be up and away, or as Masefield expresses it:

"I must forth again to-morrow."

Such are the symptoms. The cure? Shall it be found through consultation with one's family doctor? No! This is one disease for which each individual must prescribe his own remedy; work out his own salvation, as it were. Indeed, that is what folks around us are engaged in at this particular time.

The outdoor girl or boy finds delight in a long tramp through some remote domain where Nature herself seems to dwell.

The poet senses the newly awakened life all about him and responds to a newly awakened life within himself through the medium of his much-loved Poetry.

The less original, tho' still thoughtful individual, may find sympathy with his mood through reading what other people have felt. As he curls up in some shady grassland with a book he will soon discover that his thoughts aren't so unlike other peoples'. The only difference is that he just never expressed them. He, too, is a vagabond. Altho' he may not realize it, he is actually roaming the "wild rose meadows" and "little wayside farms" with the poet of his choice.

Having come upon such perfectly charming remedies, who can but welcome such an utterly harmless disease as vagabonditis? And since it provides such pleasant experiences who can but love it as near the heart as one's favorite operation?

Our National Anthem

THE FOLLOWING letter was published in a Philadelphia paper at a time when "The Star-Spangled Banner" was not the official national anthem. At this time a prize was offered for a new national anthem and "The Star-Spangled Banner" was for a moment shadowed by a new song. The letter is as follows:

March 10, 1929

To the Editor of The Inquirer:

Someone has requested that we have a new national anthem and has offered a prize for the writing of it. I am making an appeal for our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner." We do not need a new song and we will not have another. Anyone singing that glorious song of "the land of the free" could not give it up. What do you think the soldiers, who gladly gave their lives that this country might be free, would think if we were to cast aside the song that drove them on, cheered them when they were sad, raised their hopes and sent them to victory when they saw only defeat?

"The Star-Spangled Banner" brings back to them memories of the past, when they gladly fought for their country, and hopes for the future, hopes that their sons will still make this "the land of the free." I have seen men who have plodded all day and who are tired stoop-shouldered and dull-eyed, straighten up when over the radio comes the beautiful strains of our national anthem. It encourages them. In their mind's eye are formed pictures of soldiers fighting, of men sacrificing their lives for their country—but before it all a picture of a glorious future. I have heard 300 boys and girls sing America's and their song with their hearts and souls in it. I have studied their faces and by the steadfast expressions I know that as they sing that line ""Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; oh, long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave," they have decided that they will do their part. It is wonderful to hear and watch them sing it.

Why take from the American people a song which binds them more closely to their country? Because everything else around us is modern, must we have a newer song for our national anthem? Let me tell you, we have yet to attain the high ideals that the "Star-Spangled Banner" stands for. It belongs to us, the American people; it is ours and ours alone; ours to be proud of, ours to live up to; ours to keep, not to fling from us. Everyone knows that America's music is incomplete without "The Star-Spangled Banner." Does not the song belong to "Old Glory?" Can we think of one without thinking of the other? Would we not be unworthy of the faith placed in us by those who died for our country if we calmly laid aside the song written with their blood?

American people, wake up! Make a fight to save such a sacred memory-wrought work as "The Star-Spangled Banner." Its strains have been heard throughout America ever since American sons first shed blood for this country. It has long lived in the hearts of the American people. Let it live there forever!

CATHERINE BILBROUGH

The Spell of Spring

The part of me that looks like me
Is sitting here at home,
But the part of me that's really me
Has started off to roam.
By this time it has gone, I s'pose,
A million miles away.
It's wandering in some far off land
Beyond the night and day.

It's sitting on a green-clad hill
It's blowing with the breeze,
It's back again with Peter Pan,
It soars above the trees.

It's dancing in some woodland glen,
It whispers with a stream.
It travels with the moon and stars,
It lives as in a dream.

For the spring has cast a magic spell,
It's waved its golden wand,
It's made each soul a gypsy soul
A vagrant vagabond.

So the part of me that's really me
Is a million miles away.
It's wandering in a far off land
Beyond the night and day.

RIBERO WILLEY

A Curious Cure

MA, I'M going to Montreal!"

"Oh, you are?"

"And I don't need money. I'm going to 'hitch-hike'!"

And so it happened I found myself walking on the Philadelphia Road attired in a khaki shirt and breeches of the same material; and equipped with an army knapsack and canteen. I was all set to "get to Montreal or bust."

I had walked about a mile, and had begun to think that getting "hops" wasn't so easy, when I hailed a state policeman, in a new Chevvy. I must say that our Maryland cops are nice chaps. He not only gave me a lift, but took me about four miles out of his way. With such a start, I felt in high spirits, not even minding the steady drizzle that wet me to the skin as I walked. My Philadelphia friend welcomed me that night.

2

The following Monday morning I walked west on Broadway again bound for Montreal. (I'd come to New York by bus.) As usual, it was raining. I walked about two miles before I hailed a tow-truck headed for Kingston, about eighty miles from New York City. My new friend pointed out the sights to me. First, we had the Hudson, which was to be my constant companion almost all the way to Montreal. What a sight that was! Going through beautiful country with a river almost always in sight. As we approached the Catskills, he pointed out the famous grape regions of New York. To the right and to the left, one could only see row upon row of vines, almost bent to the ground with their loads of ripe fruit.

About noon it cleared. Then came some more scenes—going up Bear Mountain, with its trees already changing color, crossing the Hudson by ferry (now it was on my left). It was enough to make any one stop and look twice before going on. How I wished I were traveling by myself so that I might stop and take pictures. But I had to make Albany (about 150 miles from New York City) before night. There was no choice. By various transports I reached Albany about 8:00 P. M. The first thing I did was to find a firehouse, where I was accommodated (on two wooden boxes) for the night. I slept like a top.

I awoke early. About 6:30 A. M., I was on the road, ready to go. I walked until about 10:00, when I decided I was hungry. Finding a big, flat rock beside the road, I sat down and took off my knapsack. I still had some sandwiches from New York, and with a cucumber and my canteen full of water, I felt like a prince—of hoboes.

I soon found that it was a decided advantage to travel alone. Invariably the people who picked me up had room for only one, and sometimes it was a tight squeeze at that. People in coupes or roadsters, sedans with three or four people in them, all helped me through the mountainous northern New York.

Talk about scenery! Imagine traveling up and down hilly country, in all kinds of conveyances, with always the river within sight, beautiful Lake George inviting every tourist to stop, caverns by the score waiting to be inspected, small towns, make-believe cities, all strange and new sights, beckoning the stranger to stop and look.

Shortly after I left Lake George, I was fortunate enough to get a "hop" in a big car from New York. I found that I was traveling with a young honeymoon couple bound for Montreal. I'm still wondering whether all honeymooners are as nice to each other as those two were. We stopped at Rouse's Point to be inspected by the Canadian and American officials, and to pick up my baggage, sent ahead by express. We drove along the quiet little French farms and small towns of Quebee. Everywhere the children stopped and waved to us in a friendly fashion.

My ten day stay in Montreal was very interesting and impressive. It is a quiet, peaceful, little city that seems to live in the past. I took the bus to Rouse's Point, New York, where I dispatched my baggage to New York City.

I was picked up by two bootleggers, who said they made a daily trip to Montreal and back, about 40 miles. It was unusual to travel 75 miles an hour, and seem to be going at 25. In the afternoon I boarded a big truck (I wasn't particular, as you see) bound for Albany. We traveled until about 10:00 P. M., when the driver stopped at a place called Wavervliet. Here I found the court house, firehouse, city hall, and police station in the same building. I entered the police station and asked for accommodations. The desk sergeant told me he had a nice place for me. He led me into a small adjoining building, where I found ten small, clean cells inviting me to make myself at home. I gathered that that was the jail.

"Just pick out the one you want, and go to sleep," were my guide's words. I didn't wait for a second invitation.

The next morning I met a group of Maryland boys (five) who took me as far as Elizabeth, New Jersey. Since we missed New York City by going on the Jersey side, I decided to go ahead to Philadelphia. Two drunks in an old Ford requested my company. Never in my life was I so afraid. No brakes, both fellows drunk, a pouring torrent of rain! When we came to Trenton I had to tear myself away from them. My next "hop" was with four nice German ladies from New York. They

took me right to my friends' home in Philadelphia, even though it was midnight.

On September 2 (Labor Day) I took the bus for home. I had exactly two U. S. Coppers and six Canadian cents and a cure for wanderlust.

The next morning, picture me standing in line at the Maryland State Normal School waiting to be registered.

R. BARGTEIL, *Senior 7.*

Just Thoughts

A tint of gold in the Eastern sky,
Three souls bowed down with grief;
A touch, a smile, a word of hope,
The Loved One here,
A strengthening of their Faith.

THUS MAY we express the sorrow and the joy on that Easter morn nearly two thousand years ago and how much significance has it for us today!

Especially the words—"a strengthening of their Faith"—and of ours and of posterity's. There are times in the lives of all when it seems we just can't bear any more. There are troubles, sorrows, worries, conflicts, and regrets. But as Shelley so very well puts it, "O Wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" There is always the rainbow after the storm and our lives are full of rainbows. So often we don't realize the joys we have had until the undesirable things begin to appear. There must be sorrows and difficulties in order that we may fully realize our blessings. And we must always remember that there is One who bore the sins of the whole world in order to save it. Why should we complain when we have so many and He had so few? Why should we complain about not having all the riches of life when there are thousands of people who have so much less than we? Let us appreciate those things we have and be thankful we have that much. Let us remember that there is always joy after pain. There is always the resurrection and the greatest comfort of all; there is the final resurrection when all will be happiness and love and joy.

Ponder on these thoughts. I hope that others who may be losing faith in certain ideals and certain standards will be helped. May I drop this word in concluding; always hold on to your high ideals and your faith in this and the Other Life. They will help when all else fails.

LOUISE BURNS.

Reincarnation—To My Kindred Spirit

Long ago and long ago
When all the world was new
I found I had a second self—
That second self was you;
You liked to climb banana trees
And eat bananas there
And I did, too,—when all was new—
And life with you was fair.

Long ago, dear, you and I
Lived in a castle old
Each loved a knight so strong and blond
And each fair knight was bold
You liked Arabian perfume
Upon your lovely hair,
And I did, too—so life with you
Was very very fair.

Not so very long ago
I found you once again
And as we both loved poetry
So loved we our fair men
You liked to paint—you wove your spells
Beneath a magic moon
We liked to sing—we liked to dance
To almost any tune
And you, my dear, just loved to dream
With moon mist in your hair
And I did, too—so life with you
Was blessed beyond compare.

A. E. Reier

Bright Spots

There are some folks in this world of ours
Whose slant on life is queer—
Who seem to think they've not their share
Of happiness and cheer.
Of course, there's lots of fun and joy
But then, there's troubles, too.
Why can't all the year be Spring.
And all the sky be blue?
Seems fine to you who want it so.
But when you've thought awhile,
I'll wager that you'll change your minds.
And think it's not worthwhile.
If every day in all the year
Were Springtime—don't you see?
We'd never see the wak'ning flowers,
Nor taste the ecstasy
Of greeting Spring anew each year—
With song and youth and rhyme.
Spring wouldn't mean a thing to us
If we had it all the time!
And then if all the sky were clear,
No shadows dimmed our eyes—
If the heaven were just one golden mass—
One flaming path of skies—
If there were no dark clouds above
To match with golden glow—
If all the sky were brilliant, folks,
Then the sun would never show.

RIBERO WILLEY, *Junior 9.*

The Triumph of Spring

Grim winter paces through the town,
Exhales his icy breath,
With bleak delight stalks up and down
And smiles o'er Summer's death.

His cape of snow is glistening white,
His head is grey and proud,
He pauses in December light
To weave fair Summer's shroud.

The moon has warmed his chilly heart
He smiles his peace at last
And Time goes on with flying start
Poor winter ages fast.

Soon blossoms burst their cozy shells,
Each robed in varied hue,
And the sunlight laughs in velvet dells
Sweet Spring is born anew!

C. C. CARROLL, *Senior* 2.

Library Helps For Earnest Students

HOW TO USE A DICTIONARY

When looking for a word starting with B, grab the book as if it were your enemy. Open the book near the middle. Leaf through it until you come to XYZ, then remember that B is the second letter from the front.

When leafing through to X, don't forget to spit on fingers and mess up the leaves as you go astray hunting for B.

Be sure to mark the word when you have found it. Other students may want to copy the same idea.

You may like the word enough to take the portion of that leaf to your seat, and forget to return it. If you do return the sacred piece try to introduce it into the Q family.

When you have completed your hunt, slam the book, and repeat the vowels: A..fter E..ternity I..'m O..ld and U..gly.

WILSON BULLETIN

SCHOOL NOTES

Seen and Heard From the Tower

Three signs make us positive that spring has come to Normal: the blossoming of the magnolia trees, the far away look in the eyes of the students, and the sudden popularity of the tennis courts.

If participation was a dose of student teaching in small quantities, we would like to say the dose was not large enough.

(Heard in class) "Yes, I think we should study interior decorating, several of the girls in the dormitories have asked me to decorate their reception room." We say—Such popularity must be deserved.

Have you noticed that a certain prominent Junior has taken to wearing glasses without rims?

Something always has to take the joy out of life; first you pass student teaching and then you wait for professionals.

We were quite surprised recently to witness four people using one see-saw near the tennis courts. Some people never grow up.

Recently we were looking over a 1929 Green Bag, the Baltimore City College annual. While turning the pages our gaze wandered over the countenances of familiar faces that now are seen in the corridors of Normal. We were particularly interested in the fact that a space next to the picture stated the person's aspirations. Below are reprinted some of these aforementioned aspirations.

Ralph Bargteil .....To study Pharmacy
Morris Carliner .....To study Medicine
Joseph Harris .....To enter Business
Reuben Katz .....To study Accountancy
Joseph Vogelhut .....To study Law

Messrs. Brose, Himmelfarb, Lipsitz, Rollison, Vavrina elected pedagogy as their future professions.

Have you noticed the mustaches that are making a valiant stand on the upper lips of several of the men students of the Junior class?

Recently Junior 3 visited the dormitories en masse. The visit was made in connection with a Health Ed class, so voila!!!

State Normal Routs Maryland School for Boys

Normal inaugurated its 1931 baseball season by swamping the Md. School for Boys at Loch Raven, April 9, by the score of 21-3. State laid down a barrage of base hits, and in the opening stanza, seventeen runs crossed the platter. Every man on the team batted twice in this mad orgy. The home team came right back in its half and scored one run, but it was just a gesture. In the remaining five innings, Normal kept pecking away and added four more runs, boosting their total to 21. Two runs represented the sum total the home team was able to obtain on its part. Woolston on the mound for Normal had the opposition eating out of his hand, allowing but six hits and registering eight strike outs to start the season. Nicodemus and Burgee were the big guns on the attack for Normal, while Evans sparkled afield. City College next week!

R. DENISON, *Junior* 3.

Collegians Win Close Contest

TWO RUNS behind, last turn at bat, traffic on bases congested, none out, and State batting. Then came the play! Sheff, on first base, took a long lead. Nicodemus on third base, began streaking for home, with Denison burning the base path toward third. Mr. Minnegan gambled on this play to win the game,—but wait. Ingram, Collegian pitcher threw the ball home, and Nicodemus was run down between the bases. Denison just made third base by making a head-on dive for the sack. Sheff returned to first.

One down, men on first and third, and Culler batting. Crash! the ball went flying toward deep left, but it was an easy out, nevertheless, Denison scored after the catch. Two out, Sheff on first and Woolston betting. Another crash, and the ball bounced off McKelvey's glove, but Rosenberg, Collegian captain, was on the ball like a flash, and whipped it to first base to retire Woolston, the side, and to win the game 6-5.

From the very outset, the game was neck-and-neck, first City tallying 4 counters, then the Gold and White scoring four runs in their half of the inning.

The long distance batting honors belong to Kaufman, of City College, who hit a home run in the third stanza.

Just a tough break!

SIDNEY LAND, *Junior* 3.

What Price Birth Certificate?

In considering what kind of an assembly to give, Junior 9 decided upon one which had both educational and personal interest. We chose as our subject, "The Value of a Birth Certificate."

The members of our section did much work before the actual presentation of the assembly on April 9. We wrote to Dr. Collinson, chief of the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the Maryland State Board of Health, asking him for birth certificate blanks. These we distributed to the different sections to be filled in. After sending these in we found that out of three hundred and sixty persons born in Maryland, one hundred eighty-five were registered and one hundred seventy-five were not. We are now having a campaign to register those who are not and some of this work has already been completed.

Now about the assembly itself. Our section chairman, Miss Minnehan, opened the program with a brief sketch of our preliminary work. Dr. Collinson then gave us a short talk on how often birth certificates are called for and how really valuable they are. He proceeded to show us a short moving picture on the subject. From it we learned a few of the many places where birth certificates are required. These include: when one enters school, when one wishes to work before he is of legal age for working, when one marries, when one inherits money or property, and when one secures a passport for foreign travel.

After seeing the vital necessity for registering births let us cooperate in the campaign which Junior 9 is sponsoring and try it out in our own school rooms.

Louise Burns

We were discussing origins of certain measures in Ed. Meas. class.

Bill: The foot as a standard of measure was originally the human foot.

Miss Bersch: But what foot did they take? (meaning foot of what person).

Bill: Oh, either foot—both feet are generally the same length.

Butler (to plumber): The madame requests that you be careful of the parlor floor as it has just been waxed.

Plumber: Dat's all right, mister, I won't slip—I got my hobnailed shoes on.

Ash: What will the modern co-ed be twenty years from now?

Tray: Oh, about three years older.—*The Old Line.*

Miss Weyforth (to boys who have been singing with heads down): Now, boys, look this way and see if you can't sing when you have your faces lifted.

"Nurse," said the lovelorn patient, "I'm in love with you—I don't want to get well."

"Cheer up," she said, "you won't. The doctor's in love with me too."
—*The Old Line.*

DANCES

1—Greta Garbo
2—Nancy Carroll
3—Bebe Daniels
4—Loretta Young

—A Junior's Dream

Senior: Syd Seidenberg has ana emia.

Junior: Well, why don't you cut in?

Music Teacher: How can you recognize the bassoon when it is being played?

Voice: It sounds like Bob Hambury when he hits that low note at the end of "Finlandia".

"Pray, let me kiss your hand," said he, with looks of burning love.

"I can remove my veil," said she.

"Much easier than my glove."—*The Old Line.*

They laughed when I called the French waiter, but their merriment turned to chagrin when I motioned him to hand the check to the other guy.—*Life.*

"The Bible is against bigamy when it said no man can have two masters."

Here's Joe Gish. He says he doesn't smoke, drink, or chew. You can almost say he was perfect if he weren't such a liar.—*Black and Blue Jay.*

Give me the definition of a statistician?

A statistician, is a person, who has discovered, that if all the people who fall asleep in church were laid end to end they would be more comfortable.

HELPFUL HINTS

Spaghetti should not be cooked too long—about ten inches is long enough for most people.

The acme of courtesy is lending a cop your pencil so he can present you with a tag.

A student had jotted down the names of students teaching rote songs so part of the list read: My dog Evans, and Golden Cantwell. May I suggest either a course in punctuation or a pair of glasses?

Stude: What's your idea of a good girl to take to a prom?

Steward: Well, she must dislike flowers, have her own car, and afterwards be too excited to eat.—*The Old Line.*

Senior: What did you talk to Dr. Snyder about?

Junior: About three minutes.

HEARD IN SINGING

Student Teacher: Who's whistling back there?
Pupil: Me, I'm trying to get the air.
Student Teacher: I'll give you the air.

Is Miss Brown's birthday March 17?
I don't know. Why?
Well, they gave her a *green* Ford.

Miss Prickett in Assembly: Don't talk, girls—listen to the boys. Let them *hear* you listen to them.

She: Is it true that you stutter every time you're going to kiss a girl?
He: W-why w-who t-t-told you that?

"Shall I bring you a brother or sister, sonny?"
"If it's all the same to you, doc, make it a Shetland pony."—*The Old Line.*

Tut: So your father is a Southern planter?
Tut Tut: Yes, he is an undertaker in Atlanta.

"Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine, or neuter."

Professor: I'll not go on with the lecture till the room settles down.
Wise Stude: Better go home and sleep it off, old man.—*The Old Line.*

Never run after a street car, a woman or an educational fad. There'll be another one along in a minute.

Miss Medwedeff: The "Freshmen Leaves" are going to press today.
Dumb Dora: Who is going to press them?

He: Don't go. You are leaving me entirely without reason.
She: I always leave things as I find them.

Last, but not least, we have the Scot who liked poetry but would never read anything except free verse.

Where
Clothes are Smart
and
Prices are Right

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.

Outselling
All Other Eights

Valve-in-Head **BUICK** Straight Eight

"Take the Wheel and Marvel"

The BROOKS-PRICE CO.
TOWSON

SCHLESINGER CO.
220 North Howard Street, Cor. Clay

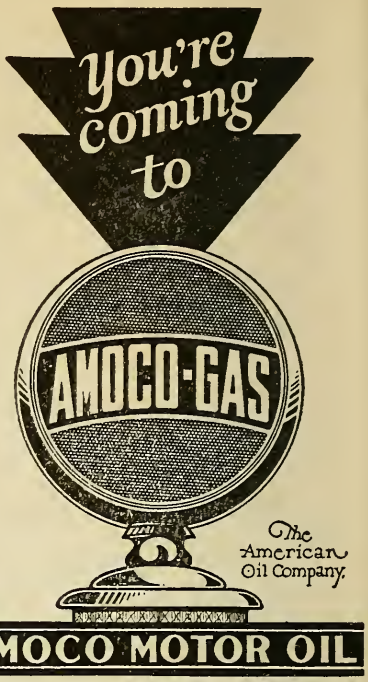
THE FASHION CORNER

Where College Misses & Youth Get Collegiate Styles

The Hub

"of Charles Street"

Phone Towson 962 Belair 386
Juanita B. Schuster, Prop.
MAR-NITA BEAUTY SHOPPE
Beauty Specialists in attendance
Scalp Treatments and Permanent
Waving Our Specialties
35 YORK ROAD
Near Burke Ave. Towson, Md.
11 W. Main Street,
BELAIR, MD.



THE NEW!
Baltimore has learned that if it is new —and smart—Stanwick's introduce it. The most distinctive Coats and Frocks in the new silhouette—are showing now. Moderate prices.

STANWICK'S
204 W. Lexington St.

SMART APPAREL

For the College Girl

and the pleasure of receiving courteous service amid spacious surroundings

HUTZLER BROTHERS CO

"Say It With Flowers"

Everything That Is Artistic in
Cut Flowers and Plants

ISAAC H. MOSS
INC.

5315 York Rd. Baltimore, Md.

JENKINS & McCALL COAL CO., Inc.

Domestic, Steaming and Smithing Coals

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND

Lexington Market: PLaza 2510-11-12
Hollins Market: PLaza 1083
CAlvert 0068

D. Callahan's Sons
SEA FOOD

BALTIMORE MARYLAND

SAMUEL KIRK & SON
Incorporated

421 N. Charles Street

GOLD JEWELRY *DIAMONDS*
CLOCKS *WATCHES*
SILVERWARE
FINE STATIONERY

Founded 1815

The Second National Bank of Towson, Md.

HENRY RECKORD

Ford

At Towson Since 1913

BALTIMORE'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY STORE

LAMPELL'S

Home of
SORORITY HATS

31 W. LEXINGTON ST.
PLaza 2524

THE SUPREME ICE CREAM CO.

"Your Sweetest Neighbor"

1224-28
GREENMOUNT AVENUE
BALTIMORE, MD.

Your Banking Needs Are Courteously Supplied at

The Baltimore County Bank

YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

Unusual Gifts

25 Cents to 25 Dollars

Greeting Cards of All Kinds

AMY B. HISS

Chesapeake Ave. Towson, Md.

Phone, VErnon 0261

Gorman's

TRUNKS, BAGS, LEATHER GOODS

329 N. Howard Street
Baltimore, Md.

Repairing a Specialty

GRIFFITH & TURNER CO.

Our Large Improved Store
Is Equipped to Fill Every Need

FARM GARDEN LAWN

205-215 Paca St. 338 N. Gay St.
Phone CAlvert 2300

TUxedo 0146-2627

Members of F. T. D.

FRED. C. BAUER

Florist and Nurseryman

181-187 Gittings Avenue
Govans, Md.

Weber

Invites the Students and Teachers of Towson State Normal School to avail themselves of the special prices extended to Educational Institutions on Artists' Materials.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Drawing Papers, Inks, etc., at our local headquarters.

F. WEBER CO.

227 Park Ave.

HERGENRATHER DRUG CO.
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
Agents for
Max Factors Society Make Up
Bourjois Evening in Paris Perfume
Barbara Gould Facial Treatment
Whitman's Chocolates
Martha Washington Bon Bons
Sheaffer Fountain Pens
Eastman Kodaks and Films
Films Developed 24 Hour Service
Motorcycle Delivery Phone Towson 39
Jersey Ice Cream

Distinctive Portrait Photography

SCHINDELE

519 N. Charles Street
BALTIMORE

Phone MAdison 1851-W

JOHN WUNTZ

Piano Tuning and Repairing

3041 Arunah Avenue
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE
McMAHON
TRANSPORTATION CO.

Buses for All Occasions

HAmilton 2078 Overlea, Md.

Let Your Light Direct You to

The Towson National Bank

As the Place to Do Your Banking

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE

Run Right to

READ'S

For All Your
Drug Store Needs!

507 York Road Towson

THE
MARYLAND
RESTAURANT

The Only Place to Eat

York Road at Pa. Ave.
TOWSON, MD.

Compliments of

BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.

TOWSON, MD.

The Monroe Co.

206 W. Lexington Street
Baltimore

Costume Jewelry, Evening Jewelry, Ensemble Sets, Etc. Full assortment of Rings, Watches, Lighters, all at moderate prices.

WE WILL CASH YOUR CHECKS
JEWELRY REPAIRS

SILVERWARE *WATCHES*

A. H. FETTING COMPANY

Manufacturing Jewelers

314 CHARLES STREET, NORTH
BALTIMORE, MD.

CLASS PINS *CLASS RINGS*

Compliments

MASON'S GARAGE &
SERVICE STATION

TOWSON, MD.

Momjian's

Where Normal Students Meet to Eat

DELICIOUS SODAS AND SUNDAES
HOMEMADE SANDWICHES
See Them Made

Sheet Music and Books
Victor and Columbia Records
RADIOS

THE G. FRED KRANZ
MUSIC CO.

327 N. Charles St.
PLaza 3732

The Home Store

"KEENE'S"

CONFECTIONERY STATIONERY

EXCLUSIVENESS

in the **PRODUCTION**

of School Literature is one of the many features our *typographic* department can assure you. This department is in charge of a staff of men who have the talent and ability to bring before you ideas and layouts that will contribute to the effectiveness of your literature and place it above the average.

DESIGNING
ENGRAVING
PRINTING

● Progressive schools and colleges the country over are using to every advantage the service our *typographical* department offers. You are not obligated in any way when requesting a member of our staff to call.

"Read-Taylor"

BALTIMORE

The tower Light

June 1931

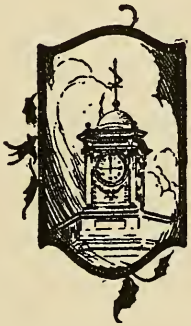
P. YAFFE

LIBRARY

Contents

Frontispiece—"The Royal Family"	*Page*
Good-bye	3
Commencement Activities	4
Seniors Plant a Tree	4
The Senior Luncheon	5
Installation of Student Officers	5
Rural Club Dinner Enkindles Idea	6
The Sun Dial (*Drawing by Gladys Troyer*)	7
Chi Alpha Sigma Assembly	8
May Day at Normal	8
The Senior Banquet and Prom	9
A Three Days' Diary at Normal	10
Alumni Officers	11
Boys' Night	12
Monks and Monasteries of Middle Ages	13
My Game of Life	15
The Shoe Mender	16
Gettysburg—To-day and Yesterday	16
Annapolis Moods	17
Successful Creative Work	18
He Was My Pal	20
A Campus Memory	21
Editorials	22
Twisted Trees	24
Hobnobbing with Birds	25
Night	26
A Visit to the Tower Clock	28
Our Rock Garden	29
Working with Monotones	30
The Reason	31
Book Reviews	32
School Notes	34
Athletics	38
A Statistical Survey—*D. Weaver*	43
Advertisements	44

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

The Tower Light

VOL. IV JUNE 1931 NO. 9

Good-Bye

(Written by a Chinese student in a friend's album)

There is a word of grief the sounding token;
There is a word bejeweled with bright tears
The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken,
A little word that breaks the chain of years;
Its utterance must ever bring emotion,
The memories it crystals cannot die,
'Tis known in every land, on every ocean—
. . 'Tis called "good-bye."

The Maryland State Normal School

at Towson, Maryland.

Commencement Activities, June Fourth to Sixteenth

1931

PROGRAM

Thursday, June 4

Visiting High School teams arrive (Our guests at Newell Hall)

6:00 P. M.—Supper on Campus

7:00 P. M.—Campus Singing

8:00 P. M.—Visiting teams entertained by the Athletic Association

Friday, June 5

9:00 A. M.—State Volley Ball Meet (Homewood Athletic Field)

Saturday, June 13—*Alumni Day*

3:00 to 3:30 P. M.—Reception at Sarah E. Richmond Hall

3:30 to 4:30 P. M.—Class Reunions: Years ending in one (1) and six (6)

4:30 to 5:45 P. M.—Business Meeting

6:15 to 8:30 P. M.—Dinner, Music by School Orchestra and Glee Club

8:30 to 11:45 P. M.—Dancing

Sunday, June 14

4:00 P. M.—Baccalaureate Service

Sermon by Rev. H. W. B. Donegan of Christ Church, Baltimore

Monday, June 15—*Campus Day*

6:00 P. M.—Campus Supper and Council Fire

Tuesday, June 16—*Commencement Day*

10:30 A. M.—Procession of Guests, Faculty and Students will form

11:00 A. M.—Commencement—Campus (weather permitting)

Speaker—Governor Albert C. Ritchie

Seniors Plant a Tree

It has been a custom in our school for each Senior class to plant a tree on Arbor Day. Look around our campus—what adds to the beauty of it? Is it not the trees? When one stops for a moment and thinks of a tree, there are many desirable and lovely qualities which it possesses. So in giving the tree the class gives to the school its strength, its beauty, its kindliness—and in giving these it feels that they become the symbol of the school.

Twila Brotemarkle.

The Senior Luncheon

MARY KING

A LUNCHEON is not a particularly exciting affair, even though it does satisfy a certain physical craving which is especially acute at the end of Assembly. The Senior luncheon of May 6, however, *was* an exciting affair. True, it came at the end of Assembly, as lunches at Normal School are in the habit of coming, and it did satisfy that physical craving. But, it did more than that. There was an indescribable sensation we Seniors felt, which it alone could have brought about, and which we had never before experienced. It was the sensation we received when we strolled majestically (as Seniors should stroll) into the dining room at a luncheon given in their honor, to find ourselves face to face with teachers we had held in awe, who were actually scampering about in an effort to supply us with man's greatest weakness—food.

That was what happened to every Senior on May Day,—but that was not all. Besides those faculty members who were quite busy greeting Seniors with inviting smiles as well as enticing plates of luncheon, there were others gracing various tables around the dining room and serving coffee and delightful relishes.

With luncheon in hands, we Seniors repaired to the Foyer, the stairs, or the lawn in front of Newell Hall, where we learned to the fullest extent how enjoyable a buffet luncheon really is. Our own orchestra added to our enjoyment with soft strains of music.

Entering the dining room once more, we were served ice-cream and cakes by still more faculty members, and especially Mr. Walther, who was sadly lacking in spoons.

After enjoying this luncheon probably more than any previous one in our experience, we dispersed more than a little unwillingly.

The Installation of Student Officers

MARIE BUTZLER

IN THE lives of all people there comes a time when they must delegate to others the work they have sponsored. Normal School Seniors reached this point on May 6, when the class of 1932 assumed the leadership of the school. Polly Wright installed Ruth Lynch as president of the General Student Council, and Miss Lynch in turn introduced her colleagues. Anne Bagwell, acting for Paul Yaffe, read his speech and placed the assets and liabilities of the Day Student Council in the keeping of Ethel Chelf. Elizabeth Akehurst, retiring as President of the Boarding Student Council, presented Elizabeth Wheeler as its new executive. When Elizabeth Hartje, president of 1931, introduced Reuben Baer as president of our next Senior Class, she faced a different situation; she does not relinquish her office.

The Rural Club Dinner Enkindles a Great Idea

THE Rural Club dinner was, it seems, a "red letter" affair in the history of the school. The purpose of the banquet was to launch a five-year program, not such as the Russians are in the midst of, but one which is to us vitally more important—that of improving the glen. The club certainly exercised good psychology in issuing its invitation, for every student organization in the school was represented by at least one member. Thus this plan, which Miss Brown, the faculty adviser of the Rural Club, has had as a potential one for a long time, was brought before the eyes of the entire school.

After the dinner Mr. F. W. Besley, state director of forestry, rubbed the flint together and produced the first spark of interest, when he showed slides of nature preserves along the Patapsco River in Maryland.

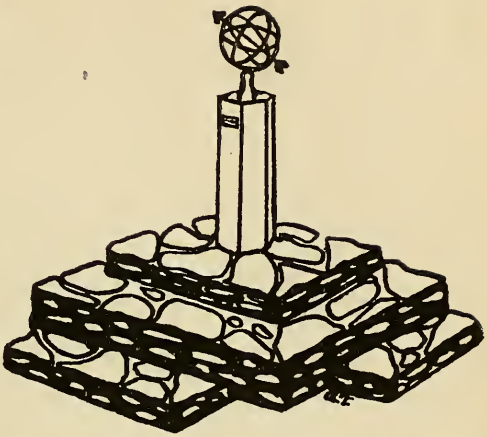
Miss Medwedeff, in behalf of the science department, petitioned us to add to the possibilities of nature study, which already our campus affords. Mr. Moser, in his own nonchalant manner, gave even the Rural Club a surprise when he spoke of how the children in the campus school had already staked out nature trails. A picture of which we can only dream was brought to our mind's eye by Miss Tall. It was that of returning to normal school five years hence and gazing upon a wild flower preserve—one of which we would be justly proud to say, "Our class started that." Polly Wright, who represented the General Student Council seemed to think that the plan for the development of the glen was at the same time a plan for the development of the romance budding on the campus.

Several incidents have since led the Rural Club to believe that the spark of interest has kindled itself into a flame. Miss Tall has shown her enthusiasm by having the glen cleared of all the dead trees and undergrowth. The interest of the Men's Club has manifested itself in the form of several steps leading to the glen. Likewise, the rock garden plans are well under way. The Junior class, due to the efforts of Reuben Baer, is giving serious consideration to the making of a lake in the glen as its gift to the school. Experts have already given their opinion as to a suitable location for the lake.

There now exists sufficient interest. Let us exercise this interest, so that we may see the effect,—so that we may return to Normal School five years from now and behold a nature preserve, famous all over the state of Maryland.

ANNILEA BROWNE, *Senior* 9.

The Sun Dial



ARE YOU one of those students who stand in bewilderment before the new sun dial? Have you stood for hours trying in vain to figure out the time, and then with one momentary glance, finally looked at the tower clock?

Telling time from the modern clock in the tower is passe on the campus now. One must find out the hour by looking at the beautifully cast bronze dial. But, as with many fads and fashions, this is quite impractical for our use—for the simple reason that the sun dial records standard time only four times a year. If the tower clock is correct on January 15, April 15, September 1 and December 24, the time shown on the dial will coincide with the clock.

The dial is so marked that at noon local time may be read either to the left or to the right of the shadow. However, in the morning, the time is marked by the left side of the shadow, and in the afternoon by the right side.

But because this sun dial was selected as a "thing of beauty" for the Normal campus, the technical part is not the most important. It is interesting to note that similar, though often larger equatorial dials were used in ancient China and later in medieval Europe.

It is supposed that you have noticed the inscribed words on the dial: Lux Dici—Lex Dei, which translated means, God's Light—God's Law.

This dial, which was presented by the class of 1931, is a fit symbol to stand in memory of a classmate. As long as the sun dial passes through time and records it, so will the memory of Dorothy Frank remain with Normal.

ANNE BAGWELL, *Senior* 6.

Chi Alpha Sigma Assembly

THE Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity had its second assembly of the current year on May 5. Miss Tall introduced and congratulated the newly elected members of the Society and set forth the principles which form the basis for membership—scholarship, character, and the part played by one in the student life of the school.

After this we had the privilege of hearing Dr. Ola Winslow, Professor of English at Goucher College. She pointed out to us how the literature of the past ten years has revealed a period of discontent, during which a low level of living and thought has prevailed as a result of the demoralizing influence of the war. This disillusionment was attributed to the fact that these writers were already mature at the time of the war and were not able to adapt themselves to the change of conditions which followed. It seems evident that this period is coming to an end, and we can readily understand the reason when we note that the younger generation of writers have grown up with the present conditions and have had no disillusioning break in their lives.

We were especially glad that Dr. Winslow was the Honor Society's assembly speaker.

The following seniors are now members of the Chi Alpha Sigma: Elizabeth Akehurst, Polly Wright, Jean McLaughlin, Lucenia Smith, Marguerite Angerman, Dorothy Williams, Mary Blumberg, Anne Burdette, Rachael Smith, Ethel Baer.

The Junior members are: Louise Burns, Katharine Smith, Della Furzer, Sidney Liberman.

May Day at Normal

LUCENIA SMITH

THE MAY DAY program at Towson started out with jest and enthusiasm. As Miss Medwedeff hurried down the steps, apparently excited and anxious, she called to Mr. Walther with this request: "Load my camera for me, will you please. I don't want to miss any of the Beauties this afternoon."

The first thing on the program for May Day was the procession and the crowning of our lovely brunette queen. Pastel shades formed a rainbow of dainty and attractive royal attendants. When the Prince Charming of the Junior Class placed the white flowered wreath on the May Queen's tresses the notes of song were heard from the orchestra circle. Does one wonder that our music instructor did not have the full attention of the audience for the lovely song, "Spring Has Come"—no, because the May Queen and her attendants had come.

A cornet solo heralded the day's enjoyment. English folk life, with its quaint dances, its Robin Hood songs and Tales from Vienna Woods, the wrestling match and mock tilt at arms, and the culminating May Pole Dance was revived on Towson's campus on May 6, 1931. Even Robin Hood could have felt an atmosphere of friendliness in our Lincoln Greens.

The Senior Banquet and Prom

FOR SEVERAL months, the Seniors have been looking forward to the Senior Banquet and Prom with great anticipation. Some were hoping for one thing and some for another, but the majority were hoping that the weather would be clear and warm. And it was a very lovely night.

The theme of the Banquet and Prom was the "Deep Sea." As we entered the dining room, we noticed that there were large metal paper sea-horses placed at intervals on the walls. Two flood lights on the balcony shone down on these sea-horses which added much to their beauty. Stretched along the balcony was a pale green curtain and behind this curtain was the Normal School Orchestra which entertained us with very lovely music during the Banquet. On the wall, just behind the orchestra was a huge silver paper octopus with black scales. The program also was in keeping with the theme:

TOASTS

"Davy Jones' Locker".....by MISS ELIZABETH HARTJE
"Aboard the Brig".....by MISS ELIZABETH AKEHURST
"One-Man Crew" .....by MISS ALVINA TREUT
"The Sailors' Commandment".....by MISS POLLY WRIGHT
"Sailor Knots".....by MISS PAULINE RUTLEDGE
"The Safe Harbor".....by MR. JOHN FISCHER
"Sea Shanties" .....by DR. EUNICE K. CRABTREE
"The Sailors' Garland".....by DR. LIDA LEE TALL

After the Banquet, we went out into the Foyer and many persons lingered to look at the decorations. Here, we really felt as though we were under the sea. All of the walls were lined with green and at the base of the walls was a border of artistic sea-weed. There were brightly colored, fantastic fish swimming along on the green.

But while we were noticing the loveliness of the decorations, the time was quickly passing and it was not long before the Prom was over. Such phrases as "it's all over," "it was so short," "we have Commencement to look forward to, now," were heard as we walked through the corridors. And so the Senior Banquet and Prom for which we had been waiting so long was "all over".

MARGARET DEHOFF

A Three Days' Diary at Normal

FRIDAY. ALL day we feminine Seniors (and a few privileged Juniors) have borne with commendable patience such vile epithets from the masculine section as "Drowned rat!" "Slick head!" "Painted Easter egg!"

By 3.00 o'clock the Foyer had assumed a countenance like a submarine-quake, or as if it had been reading books by Jules Verne. The posts began to grow seaweed near the baseboards, the walls, with the help of ladders and green gauze, were acquiring water from the ceiling, and variegated fish lay gasping on the floors after Davy Jones' Locker had supplanted the ping-pong table. (Why wasn't the Davy Jones' Locker used for the check-room?) By 5:45 the fish had revived—those of pastel shades were swimming around the walls, and the "browned" ones were eaten for supper by the Dormitory students with the help of the City Interior Decorators. Picture if you can the same Foyer at 11:45—cleaned up, ladders gone, lights dim, and the green gauze water rippling silently in the soft breath of a breeze that stirred at that almost bewitching hour—you see, it lacked a quarter of being *the* bewitching hour. The fish were floating languidly, with the exception of a school of them which were being chased toward Davy Jones' Locker, around which some mermaids had thoughtfully arranged a few beach chairs in readiness for future guests of said locker (a Junior attempting to sit in one of these chairs had the treacherous thing fold up around her, leaving her hands and feet outside waving in the air).

Saturday. Seniors rush the Service Room and the Beauty Shops all morning. Seniors dash to town for last-minute shopping. Seniors try vainly to get a "beauty nap" before 5:00 P. M. Seniors hurry excitedly to Richmond Hall at 5:30. Senior Men stand in the center of Richmond Hall Porch attempting to keep white flannels "white". Seniors and Faculty at last stroll into the subterranean dining hall where huge silver sea-horses and one-eyed octopuses sway on guard. The orchestra had much competition with the exclamations over the souvenirs, especially the Crystals. Finally there were nautical toasts with much poetry, then The Torch of High Ideals and Alma Mater. After this we waited a few seconds from force of habit—it seemed that having books and singing Alma Mater just must be followed by, "The Assembly is dismissed!"

By 9:30 all signs of a banquet had vanished and instead music issued from a cave high in the sea-wall and we were parting the waves in the Foyer to dance where before we had supped. Occasionally we came up for air and followed the earthly lanterns over the Campus, returning to dance again. Some one had not been explicit so a request was radioed for the owner of a certain submarine to remove it from

the coral reef on which it had been moored. At 12:08 A. M. we were still going strong.

Sunday. A few Seniors managed to walk as far as Church. The others woke about noon and spent an enjoyable afternoon in the comfortable chairs on the cool green depths of the Foyer.

M. M. DIFFENDALL, *Senior* 4
A. F. LILLEY, *Senior* 11

Officers and Members of the Executive Committee of the Alumni of the Maryland State Normal School

President—Mr. Harry L. Caples, The Polytechnic Institute, Baltimore, Md.

First Vice-President—Miss Stella Brown, Maryland State Normal School, Towson, Md.

Second Vice-President—Miss Ruth Parker, Glen Burnie, Md. Phone—Glen Burnie 175-F-4

Third Vice-President—Miss Edith Carl, Hamilton, Md. Phone—Hamilton 3803-J

Treasurer—Mrs. Carrie G. Obrecht, Brooklyn, Md. Phone—Prospect 42

Secretary—Mrs. Myrtle M. Groshans, Fullerton, Md. Phone—Boulevard 2060-J

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The Officers, Ex-Officio

Miss Sisk—300 Park Avenue, Phone—Liberty 5828
Miss Inez Boyer—945 Oak Hill Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.
Miss Hattie Worthington—2315 W. Lanvale Street, Phone—Gilmor 2741-W
Miss Tall—Maryland State Normal School, Towson, Md.
Miss Scarborough—Maryland State Normal School, Towson, Md.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

Miss Ella Smith—3206 Guilford Avenue
Dr. W. Love—836 W. North Avenue
Mr. Samuel Webb—517 Walker Avenue

AUDITING COMMITTEE

Miss Annie Grace—2516 Hermosa Avenue, Hamilton, Baltimore, Md.
Mr. Samuel Webb—517 Walker Avenue

Boys' Night

THEY CALLED it a "Father and Son Banquet" but we who were privileged to attend and participate know differently—it was Boys' Night for without a doubt, the boys stole the show and carried the evening. So why not call it Boys' Night? And by the way, that word "Boys'" knows no age barrier, on the contrary, the upper margin is very capable of showing keen competition with younger editions.

Yes, it was purely a masculine concoction; devised by masculine brains, decorated by masculine fingers, entertained by masculine voices, and attended by masculine appetites. There wasn't a single "hors de—something or other" on the table. Neither were there any "a la—this or thats" on the table. Chicken, mashed potatoes and golden gravy, that's the way to bill it. It was so thoroughly masculine that our honored feminine guests would have given a good day's earnings to have been able to sport suspenders and vest buttons.

And now, that that much pure braggadocio has passed the TOWER LIGHT editorial staff, I must tell about the original purpose of my article —to go on record as saying that the best way to entertain the fathers is to begin by leaning heavily on the son's advice. We have done that here at the Campus School at least for the past two years and have been richly rewarded each time.

And another thing, you can't have a successful "Boys' Night" unless it is kept strictly masculine. Keeping it masculine does not necessarily refer to the attendance either. Let me, by way of summary and conclusion, mention what I consider the prime requisites for any Boys' Night:

1. Provide speakers who know the popular ministerial maxim, "No converts after the first fifteen minutes."

2. Let the sons make speeches but not from "Poetry for Special Occasions." Each talk must be something of particular importance to the boy, and the latest thing out, so far as his interest is concerned.

4. Be judicious in your entertainment. Put Black Magic, jugglers and acrobatic stunts at the head of the list.

H. E. MOSER

Father and Son Night

FOLLOWING A custom—and a mighty beautiful one—established nine years ago, the annual "Father and Son Banquet" was held at the Maryland State Normal School on Friday evening, May 1.

Invitations to the banquet were delivered to the fathers by the boys of the Elementary School. The hosts and guests assembled early. Clasping the hand of each father were youngsters from the primary grades up to the seventh grade. The newcomers, both father and son, were thrilled at the prospects in store, as were the old ones. A special menu—

a banquet to his father by his son—an elaborate program—all under the guidance of the boys, themselves.

Of course, a girl or two were present, but they were only necessary frills to complete the orchestration, and they did not count or even eat.

Late hours were given no thought on this momentous occasion and a splendid evening, which brought father closer to son, and son closer to father, ended with a spirited band concert by the members of the primary grade.

JOHN E. RAINE
(*One of the dads*)

Monks and Monasteries of the Middle Ages

UP TO THIS time the History of the Middle Ages has been taught in the sixth grade. This year the Course of Study has been rearranged and we are teaching this unit in the 4A as an experiment. The reading material available has, therefore, been rather difficult; but, by using the pictures in these books and those borrowed from the Pratt Library, the children have a very good conception of all the above title includes.

Our main topic was: How Charlemagne earned the title "The Greatest King of the Franks?" In previous lessons we had learned that he had encouraged the building of monasteries. The class knew nothing about monasteries and began to ask many questions. One child at once informed us that "Monks lived in monasteries and they wrote books". I allowed the children to write all of the things they wished to know about monks and monasteries. I took their questions and arranged them in the order following. Beside certain questions I placed references. My plan was to have the children find as many answers as they could, either through reading a picture or by reading a certain paragraph. My part was to answer only those questions they could not find, and to add to the information they could find. The study of these questions covered a week's work. I shall only tell you a little of the initial lesson. The questions and references were as follows:

1. *What is a monk?*.....SMITH-BURNHAM, p. 157
2. *What is a monastery?*.....p. 157
3. *What does it look like?*.....p. 158
4. *Did Charlemagne start the monasteries?*
5. *Could anyone at all be a monk?*
6. *How did the monks dress?*.....BURNHAM, p. 159
   JENNIE HALL, pp. 304, 306
7. *What kind of a person was a monk?*..HALL, p. 305
8. *Did the monks ever come out of the monasteries?*

9. *What did you have to do to become a monk?* HALL, pp. 304-305
10. *What was the highest monk called?*...HALL, p. 304
11. *What did the monks do in the monasteries?* HALL, pp. 306-310
12. *What did the monks write on?*.....HALL, p. 308
13. *Were the books made by the monks like our books?* .....HALL, pp. 309-310
    Sixth grade Study Reader, p. 244
    The Book of Marvels, 14th edition of Britannica
    Picture and Story Magazine (This contains a picture of an illuminated page taken from an old Bible)
14. *What did the monks write?*.....HALL, p. 311
15. *How was a monastery built?*
16. *How did the monasteries help the world?*
17. *How did the monasteries get money?* HALL, pp. 313-314
18. *Are there any monks or monasteries today?*

In order to give the children a little background I gave them a silent reading lesson just before their History period. I allowed them to read a story in the Sixth Grade Walker Parkman Study Reader called "Book Making of Long Ago". I did not check up on this story in any one reading period. The story was to create "atmosphere" for the History Period—and it did. I also sent a child to our school library to see what she could find on monks or monasteries in the World Book Encyclopaedia. She found an excellent answer to our first question.

We began our lesson with our first question. Before any references were used we gave our own ideas as to what a monk was. The child who had looked in the World Book gave her definition. We next read the reference in Smith-Burnham. After these "helps" we revised our first definition and the result was clear and good.

The second question was easy to guess and the third was studied from an excellent picture in Smith-Burnham, page 158. This picture showed a well developed monastery and we decided the first ones hadn't looked like that. This picture brought forth many other questions such as "Why was there a wall around the Monastery? What were all those different buildings for?" We decided that these religious men must have been kind and surely helped people who were traveling through the forests. In this way we found out that one house must be for guests. We decided one must be a chapel, another a dormitory. In order to discover the rest of the buildings one child suggested we go on to question eleven. By reading our reference and by further discussion this question was answered. (We did not discuss these occupations

here—we just listed them and went back to our third question.)

The fourth question was for me to answer. I told the history of the beginning of monasteries very simply and quickly. My information was obtained from the different Encyclopaedias on monasticism.

The sixth question was answered through the studying of the picture listed beside the question.

In this manner the lesson progressed. It was carried on principally through questions and picture study. The little reference reading verified our statements. This study continued for a week and was very interesting. I learned many thing I had not known before!

This work correlated with the Art Room, Library, and English Work. A few children went to the Peabody Library and made a report on the illuminated pages they were shown. The librarian provided us with many references on monks. Pictures were studied more carefully in order to draw pictures in the Art Room. Many of these pictures showed knights and provided us with a topic for future study.

The sixteenth question was really a climax to the entire study. In summing up "What the Monasteries Did for the World," we were able to see just how important to the spread of civilization these centers of "light" were.

MISS LULA BICHY, '28, *Grade* 4A

My Game of Life

Life's but a game
Played in a rusty frame
Glitters in spots
Then fades away and rots.
Success is but a gift
Some work hard without a lift
Others just stroll the lane
And wander on a golden plain.
Bodily miseries have their toll
Keep the player from his goal
Causes him to take to drink
Instead of first to clearly think.
Should success come to me,
I'd show you how to thankful be.

LEROY ROLLISON,
Senior 7, *Sp.*

The Shoe Mender

THE CHILDREN loved to hear the tap . . . tap . . . of the old shoe mender as they passed his quaint old English doorway. They lingered longingly, watching the little old man sitting before his fire. They never forgot to greet him, nor did he forget to nod at them and give each one a sunny smile. From the smallest to the largest of these children each one seemed to find in his companionship, something which made them happier—not the kind of happiness that would prompt them to shout or dance gayly, but the kind of happiness that comes as a reward of being able to see some beauty in everything.

They'd sit for hours dreaming, listening to his wonderful stories of his own dear land. Sometimes they'd imagine themselves drifting along in a picturesque gondola in the twilight of a June evening and they'd hear soft music as it was wafted across the quiet waters to them. Another day they'd fancy they saw sheer gowned fairies dancing out of unique old-fashioned sandals. The fire always on the hearth cast its mellow rays upon their dreaming.

Then one day something happened—the children went as usual to the shop, but the shoe mender was gone and he never came back. Little bunches of dainty wild flowers on his grave told the story of their love and gratitude.

It must be wonderful to accomplish so beautiful a purpose in one life time because our greatest privilege is to make someone happy.

And I think that somehow the old shoe mender felt the gratitude of the ones he had made happier.

B. WHEELER, *Junior* 8

Gettysburg—Today and Yesterday

SOFT BREEZES murmur through the pines where low, ramshackled farm houses nestle in the valley; cattle low in the fields, cowbells tinkle in the distance, faintly, sweetly, roads wind through the hills and vales dotted with markers telling of heroes fallen long ago. Streams of people—some gay, hardly mindful of what happened here almost seventy years ago; others wipe away teardrops, who hold sacred the noble deeds of their ancestors. Gettysburg of today. How different from yesterday!

Huge armies of men, some yearning for adventure, anxious to get the thrill of war; others fighting to hold high their ideals, silently advance; brother against brother, father against son, fighting for what they thought was right. Dead strewn fields, sombre pines. Silence. Never will the world forget.

LOUISE BURNS

Annapolis Moods

Spring
It is spring now in Annapolis,
Warm promise of summer
is in the air's sweet breath,
in the pale greenness of slender stalks
that struggle sunward, pushing upward
through the ancient bricks that pave the walks.

It is spring now in Annapolis,
Warm promise of summer
is in the air's sweet breath
that steals through every open door,
in the tang of clean salt breeze
from the restless waves that kiss the shore.

Twilight
This is the time when lights glow softly through the gray,
Like smouldering opals laid 'gainst smoke chiffon,
When fishing sloops creep in like tired birds
And fold their winged sails against their sides,
When mansions looming dark peer thoughtfully
Into the past and brood o'er other days.
Your homes! And yet this hour belongs to them.
Doors open suddenly and disclose bright scenes;
Fires glow and flickering candles beam
On glass and silver of some flower-decked board.
Yet outside there is gray and mystic light.

THIS IS THE TIME WHEN ALL THE SPIRITS OF ANNAPOLIS
WALK.
BE NOT AMAZED THEREFORE IF YOU SHOULD MEET
GREAT-GRANDMOTHER IN SOME CLASSIC DOOR,
FLIRTING HER FAN IN GRACEFUL COQUETRY.
OR COURTLY SWAIN IN SILKS AND WHITE PERUKE
BOW WITH COLONIAL COURTESY.
THIS IS THE TIME WHEN ALL THE SPIRITS OF ANNAPOLIS
WALK.

In faith—'tis a relief
To hear the happy laugh of youth
And see the Navy lads in blue and gold
Escort their lasses to some quaint inn
To dine before the hop.

June Week
The old town shakes off the dust and spell of years,
Flings out her arms to youth and says that she is theirs,
Rejoices in the roll of drum and blare of band,
Throbs to the lilt of dancing feet on every hand,
Hears once again the same commands obeyed,
Weeps sentimentally at a class's last parade;
Calls forth, when one is tired of glen and vale
The rakish star-boat's gleaming, dipping sail,
Covers her twisted streets with thick green shade
To cool the bright, flushed face of man and maid;
Views eagerly with eternal feminine eye
The newest frocks that endlessly go by,
Hears sympathetically the tale of each new ring
And wonders what another year will bring;
Makes her creeks each a pleasant stream
Where lazy folk drift in canoes and dream;
Sees with misty eyes the new First Class abodes;
Grim warships rocking, waiting in the Roads;
Listens to happy parents sing their prideful song—
Exults, "I knew he'd win it all along";
Forgets her age and trips with dancing feet
Down each and every of her ancient streets,
Essays new games and dances, growing bold;
But finds the favored sport is centuries old!
Midshipmen, maids, she knows their June Week hopes and fears,
Hangs out her favorite moon to dry their tears.

ELEANOR L. BOWLING.

Successful Creative Work

SCHOOL CHILDREN all over the United States are writing remarkable verse. Baltimore is forging ahead in this field. Some time ago, I reported beginnings of this creative work in Miss Wallace's third grade class at School No. 51. Since those first poems were submitted, the children have continued to write enthusiastically. Many of the poems contain superior ideas, lines, and even a completed verse. Through the guidance and sincere approval of Miss Wallace, the children have allowed their inner spirit to speak its true and individual note in their poems. As soon as Miss Wallace accepted with appreciation, the first written lines, growth began for these pupils. The teacher's approval was very precious to these little children. Always, between this teacher and this particular class, a common bond of sympathy and understanding has existed. The immediate stimulus for the present creative work

was a bond of interest evolved in solving a problem on "China." Through numerous past experiences with Miss Wallace, the children felt she would give them a just appraisal for any effort made. This feeling of justice provided an indefinite sense of "good will" as the basis for the essential criticisms the class needed. The ideas suggested by the children in the verses about "China" were aroused by stories, current events, pictures, exhibits, dramatizations, and excursions. In addition to these opportunities favoring creative work, another asset most favorable for any type of creative work was the evident freedom and friendliness of the children in this class. With Miss Wallace in the background to sympathize and encourage, the youthful authors continued to grow as the following verses indicate.

China

Shanghai is a funny town,
Seems to me it's upside down
I've never been so far away
That when night's here, there it's day.
The Chinese must always sew,
They have such very lovely clothes,
It surely is a funny town
To have things so upside down.

Dorothy Harrison

The Man in the Moon

The man in the moon
Looked out and said,
"Soon, very soon,
You must all go to bed."
The children cried
They wanted to play
But the Sandman came
And took them away.

Mildred Strasinger

The Chickadee

Pretty little Chickadee
Won't you sing a song to me?
I'm so very, very, sad,
Won't you sing to make me glad?

Grace Taylor

Catherine C. Carroll, *Senior 2*

He Was My Pal

THE MOON could never be the same in any other place. It crawls out of the water like a flaming forest. Every night we watch it.

We go out on a wharf and sing little melodies, or sit on the beach with the waves rolling and reaching for our feet. Sometimes we build bonfires and cook hot-dogs. The fire is hot but there is always a breeze. It is cool and just a little salty. Sailboats pass. We can see them only when they cut through the moon's trail, and then they are silhouettes. There are many stars; so many it looks as if a giant firecracker had exploded and showered them all over the heavens. The night is not lonely because all things seem to be close. Then, he is my friend. We think it is good to be young; to sing and laugh. Today we swam from the shore to the Point; we read lying on the side of a hill while the sun was sinking. Tomorrow we shall sail. We have a scrap every week. Usually on Friday. Mondays we make up.

Then one night I left. He stood on the dock with his hands in his pockets. As the boat shoved off I saw his hair because of the moon. I used to kid him about his hair; it was silver like the sand. The boat was pulling away—he held up his hand and I couldn't believe we were parting. He said, "So long, pal." The moon went behind a cloud.

Tonight is lonely. I knew he wouldn't be here, but I came anyway. The water is the same. It will always plunge upon the beach and then race back. There is the rock upon which we used to sit and plan the years ahead. Over there is the tree with our initials carved in its bark. Everything is the same and yet so different. With whom shall I fight, now, and swim, and sail?

His face was sunburnt that night. His eyes were like the water. He said, "So long," but it wasn't so long, it was "Goodbye."

HOWARD EVANS, *Senior* 11

An Earthquake in Japan

THE SUN was just setting behind Fujyama, painting a very beautiful picture, when a loud explosion was heard. The Japanese were running to and fro, women screaming and fainting, men shouting, and children crying. The Earth was opening and closing. People were crushed between falling walls and buildings. It was the worst earthquake Japan had ever known. The United States Marines were busy helping the wounded and quieting the Japanese. But soon it was over and the Japanese could go back to their houses, which were nothing but ruins now, and calm themselves. Many people thought the god of Fujyama was angry with them and sacrificed rice and fish all night.

JANE E. CARLON, 6A1,
School 63, Rosedale and Westwood Aves.

The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

STUDENT EDITORS

JEAN MCLAUGHLIN — E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Athletics
IRVIN BROSE
BETTY HITESHEW

Social
ROSALIE LEPHARDT

Jokes
ISADORE SILBERT.

Business Manager
HAMMOND CANTWELL

Circulation Managers
VIDA LUDWIG — KATHRYN HENDERSON

Advertising Staff
RACHEL SMITH
ANNA SANDS
DOROTHY WEAVER
EDITH STROMBERG

Secretarial Staff
SADIE HUNTER
KATHARINE SMITH
MINNIE V. LAPIN
IDA ROSEN

$1.50 *per year* — 20 *cents per copy*

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

The Importance of Alumni Contacts With Their Alma Mater

THE QUALITY that we like best in Ruth, Jonathan, Walter Scott, Abraham Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson was their loyalty to their ideals. Even one who is loyal to a lost cause deserves our admiration. We honor alike the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray.

Ruth saw beauty in the life of Naomi and forsook everything to follow her; Jonathan sacrificed a kingdom rather than his friendship for David; Walter Scott in paying his publishers' debts placed honor above comfortable ease; Lincoln carried out the purpose formed in his youth, in hitting hard the curse of human slavery; Woodrow Wilson died in an heroic struggle to fulfill his dream to promote the peace of the world. Each of these names will be honored for ages because their possessors dared in their maturity to be guided by the ideals formed in their

youth. The influence of each life was derived chiefly from the things to which each gave unlimited devotion. Their lives unmistakably teach that loyalty gives strength and power.

Yet, today we see many young people who have been graduated from an institution which has instilled in them the highest ideals of citizenship and of service who have gone out from its portals with the deepest sense of gratitude for benefits received, but who in a few, brief years have permitted this gratitude and idealism to fade, principally because they have not kept in touch with the source of their inspiration.

An army invites defeat in no surer way than in failing to keep in contact with its source of supplies. The lines of communication *must* be maintained *at all costs,* if the army is to be effective.

Can the greatest army in the world—the teachers—who entered upon their all-important tasks with the high aspirations born of the ideals, professional spirit, and power of their Alma Mater, their fostering mother, with any less risk, fail to maintain contact with her who has been the source of their strength? Teachers can, in my opinion, do nothing that will be so effective in keeping alive their interest, enthusiasm, and professional spirit as maintaining intimate contacts with their Alma Mater, whose sympathetic wisdom is ever available to help to solve their many problems. These contacts will keep *alive* the ideals which teachers had when they entered upon their work, and will help to translate those ideals into the inspiration of their maturer manhood and womanhood. Without such inspiration, teaching is mere drudgery.

Then, there's the other side of the picture: your Alma Mater needs the inspiration that can come only from contact with her graduates. When the greatest of all teachers saw deserting Him many of those who should have been loyal to Him, He said to the few remaining, "Will you also go away?" It must be with this feeling of pathos that your fostering mother views her departing children.

HARRY L. CAPLES, Class of 1900
President of Alumni Association, M. S. N. S.

A Farewell Message to the Senior Class

WITH THIS last issue of the TOWER LIGHT, the class of 1931 makes its last bow on the journalistic stage and, with its laurel wreaths of success and approval, goes out to play in another act of life.

It is with keen regret that we who remain hear the class of 1931 say "au revoir." The group will come back from time to time, collectively and as individuals, but the stimulation of living together day by day will be just a happy memory.

The Senior Class has been a pioneer class in several respects. To its courage and straight thinking, we owe the beginnings of a real "Honor System," which it will be the privilege and pleasure of the Junior Class to establish more securely.

The Senior Class has put the finances of the school-wide organizations on a businesslike basis, in adopting the budget system and following this through with an efficient method of collecting the dues thereof.

The Senior Class as big sisters and brothers, the Senior Class officers, the student council officers, all the special organizations, and last but not least, the senior class adviser, all have shown a fine spirit backed up by real helpfulness which has made smooth all the ways of the Junior Class.

The Senior Class showed ingenuity and good sportsmanship in its playful initiation of Juniors into the student body of M. S. N. S. The parties, dances and other social features have steadily held to the high standards of the school for this phase of student life.

The Senior Class has pushed the TOWER LIGHT several rungs higher on the journalistic ladder. Each number features new student names and abilities. The editing by the editorial staff, for the most part, has been excellent.

The Senior Class may well be proud of its accomplishments and the Junior Class bids it God-speed in all its future efforts.

MINNIE V. MEDWEDEFF,
Junior Class Adviser

Twisted Trees

I had longed to be with the other trees, God,
A part of the swaying singing line of trees,
Whose prayer winds up to You
As smoke from a peaceful hearth.
Once I beheld a pensive willow sighing to her reflection in still water,
And I thought,
"How lovely it would be to bend a virgin head
And sing sad lyrics to my heart, all day."
But I knew I could not bend gracefully.

After all, there is a certain satisfaction
An ironic turn of heart,
In being a twisted tree.
Ugly, barren, alone,
Deprived the softness of fluttering foliage.

The winds cannot bow me with their mocking!

MARY ANN DOUGHLAS, *Junior 4.*

Hobnobbing With Birds

ALTHOUGH THIS is a June day, you should, in order to follow this article, imagine that it is May. Then picture yourself getting up at five o'clock to accompany me on a morning walk which I actually took on Sunday, May 9. If you find it hard to rise so early, you may stay in bed, provided your mind is ready for a long excursion.

I enter a piece of second-growth woods with a winding stream. The night rain makes more pungent a pleasant scent of spice bushes and damp earth. Green leaves sparkle with crystal-clear drops that tremble on leaf tips and send a miniature flood down my neck as I brush by them. The sun is bright, but not yet warm, as it has not been up long, but the birds are wide awake and singing. About a rotten stump, a pair of house wrens are gushing with song; wood-thrushes call from different parts of the woods; across the stream a red-eyed vireo repeats his monotonous notes again and again; and his relative, the yellow-throated vireo, is going on in very much the same tune, but with the tone of a robin trying to sing in July. Other birds sing at intervals. By sitting down behind a tree trunk and keeping very still, I hope to find out where the house wrens have their nest. Soon I see a catbird moving a few yards away from me; it is tugging at a piece of grapevine bark. Securing a piece, he takes it to a vine-covered bush and returns with his mate. Both gather small, dead twigs, and then dead leaves. Directly above in the vines where these two are building, is a limb of a dead tree, covered with honeysuckle. Into this, from time to time, a pair of chipping sparrows disappear with food in their bills. They have a nest just above the catbirds' growing home.

Suddenly, a Carolina wren flies close to the ground, with a worm dangling from his bill. He resembles the house wren in actions, but is larger, with a distinct white line over his eye, and his body too has fewer bars. Here is something interesting, I think, but the Carolina wren sees me, and for a half hour it lingers in the bushes, trying to seem calm and disinterested, but the worm belies its actions, so I wait. When it goes away, I search the territory it covered, but find nothing save a deserted robin's nest full of old leaves and rotten cherry pits, with a pile of rubbish below it in the crotch of a tree-trunk about one foot from the ground. It comes back, and we watch another half hour. When he goes, I search again, and am about to leave when I notice a perfectly round opening to a cleverly disguised nest in the side of the rubbish. I peep in, and there are the baby birds!

Leaving there, I walk as slowly and silently as I can, when the corner of my eye detects a quick movement. I turn my head and see a cinnamon-colored head making queer motions in a bush under a partly-fallen tree. It is the wood-thrush building its nest. Its mate flies up with a sharp "pit, pit, pit, pit," and I go. Its eyes are much sharper than mine, but luck seems to be with me this morning. I look into the

tree-tops for warblers, and in an oak-tree I recognize through my field-glasses the black-poll warbler, the chestnut-sided warbler, summer warbler, or "wild canary", a pair of black and white creeping warblers, and a pair of redstarts. They all flit about among the branches except the black and white warblers, which creep over the bark, chickadee-fashion.

I pass on to other parts, following a stream with a wooded hillside of poplar, walnut, and oak trees sloping up from it. An ovenbird flies before me, alighting on the ground and walking daintily ahead. A large, greenish-yellow bird flies down, with darker wings and tail, and I am puzzled, I cannot identify it until there flies down beside it its mate, the scarlet tanager, a red bird with black wings and tail. Then I am attracted by a queer sounding song, or buzz, of a warbler in the top-most branches and follow it, trying to keep it in view among a flock of myrtle warblers. After two hours' futile effort, a speck lodges in my eye, and while I am getting it out, the warblers move. I do not move with them this time; my eye hurts and my neck aches and breakfast has become a necessity; so I turn towards home. On the way, I see a hummingbird, a Kentucky warbler, two snakes, and a hawk that flies over with its prey clutched in its talons. I find the house wren's nest and a nest of bluebirds.

It has been a red-letter day for me. Perhaps I have not seen all that I should have seen, but sharp eyes are developed only through practice. I have learned through many experiences that keeping still, having sharp eyes, and patience are necessary for successful bird observation.

This walk has been more exciting to me than to you, and although this is June, and the woods are quieter because of the nesting of birds, you, too, will see a woods alive with interest and beauty. Why not try it?

RUTH CAPLES, *Junior* 8

Night

DOWN THROUGH the ages, day has come as a symbol of reawakened life, and joy, while night has meant mystery and fear, to men. The coming of the sun is likened to the coming of truth, and night has been thought of as a black shadow, obscuring the light of truth.

To me, the sun is a curtain of light across the sky, dazzling, and blinding men's eyes, so that they see nothing beyond. Vision can embrace only the world on which they dwell, and their little every-day problems of living. At night that dazzling curtain is withdrawn; earth and its people shrink to insignificance and obscurity before the awful revealing of the immensity of the universe.

* * * * *

At the first rays of the sun, man arises, stretches his arms out to the great golden lover of humanity, and then goes down to his work.

Man pauses at mid-day, to eat, drink, and laugh with his fellow men. Together they talk of their work, the happenings of the day, and the ways of people.

Night comes. The veil of light is gone. Beneath the awful vastness and depth of sky, man stands alone, pondering life and death, eternity and infinity. Before the incomprehensible Plan of some greater Intelligence he submits, baffled and frightened.

"Standing on his microscopic fragment of a grain of sand, he tries to fathom the nature and purpose of the universe which surrounds his earth in time and space. The universe he sees is terrifying to him because of its vast meaningless distances, its inconceivably long vistas of time which dwarf human history to the twinkling of an eye, because of his extreme loneliness and his material insignificance in space. Above all, he finds the universe terrifying because of its indifference to human existence; emotion, ambition, achievement, art and religion all seems equally foreign to its plan."

* * * * *

In the south lands, man strolls through his garden, at night. The warm wind stirs the tree tops; everywhere is the sweetness of many blossoms. He gazes out across the black, lapping waters to the purple sky, and questions his existence. "Earth could not answer, nor the seas that roll in flowing purple."

Under the eery blue of the desert sky, man travels across the lonely silver sands, going from nowhere to nowhere, in the night.

"I came like water, and like wind I go,
Into this universe,
And why, not knowing, nor whence like water, willy nilly flowing
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I know not whither, willy nilly blowing.
A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of being from the well amid the waste
And lo! the phantom caravan has reached
The nothing it set out from.
O make haste!
Drink, for you know not whence you came, nor why;
Drink, for you know not why you go, nor where."

RUBAIYAT

Upon a craggy northland cliff above the pounding sea, man feels the night cold, a stranger to him. Its thundering muteness weighs his heart with apprehension. Lonely and frightened, he yearns toward the skies for a spark of humanity and sympathy.

But night, mysterious and terrifying in its profundity, heeds not the lonely, frightened call of puny baffled man, against the rhythmic din of eternity.

MARY ANN DOUGLAS, *Junior* 4

A Visit to the Tower Clock

AFTER TWO years of hopeful anticipation two students have a curious and pleasant realization. A sliding door is opened into what is supposed to be an elevator shaft. Two stacks of folding chairs piled high to the ceiling and a long and rickety wooden ladder occupy the space. After ascending about twenty-five feet of swaying oaken rungs we are in what should be called the garret of the Administration Building. To our left are many discarded electric light shades grouped together on a hard cement floor. Beyond these are about ten discarded elementary school seats. On the outside of two windows a narrow balcony is found. It is from here we are informed by the obliging old janitor that the colors are raised and lowered every morning and night.

To the right of the first ascent there is another ladder; this one also made of wood, but it is standing in a perpendicular position; the former one varied a few degrees from being exactly upright. With both hands and feet we climb to a more lofty position. We are now inside the clock, or rather, it is the four faces that are enclosing us. In the center of the huge box-like section is found the actual timepiece, a structure measuring about three feet high and occupying about six square feet of floor space. A small dial is on the side; this also gives the correct time. Our attention is called to the fact that fifteen minutes of every week is necessary during which to wind both the clock and the striking mechanism. A large crank-like handle is used for performing the said operation. Around each of the four large dials is a circle of about ten forty watt electric bulbs which makes the beacon during the darkened hours of Normal School life.

Next we ascend an iron ladder composed of about fifteen rungs. After removing a sort of trap-door we emerge into what should be called the belfry. At last we have reached the highest accessible spot on these eighty-eight acres. The cool April air refreshes us after our long climb. Before us is the huge bell which sounds out the time every hour. A hammer is on the side for such a purpose. A railing is around the sides of the tower.

We look out at the surrounding country. To the southwest are the buildings of Sheppard and Pratt Hospital. To the north are seen the

several churches of Towsontown and also the dome of the court house. The leaves are just beginning to come out of their buds; spring is very evident everywhere. Many of the fields have just been freshly plowed. A few students on the campus are visible to us from this position. As a whole the glen is plainly seen. It seems queer to be looking down on all the roofs of this community.

Finally, we descend from our lofty and commanding position and once more adapt ourselves to the hustle and buzz of ordinary Normal school life. I wouldn't call it exactly a realization but an opening for further anticipations. I want to examine more fully the garret or storeroom about the third floor. I would like to be in the belfry when the clock strikes. I want to examine the mechanisms of the clock.

W. MERRITT, *Senior* 11

Our Rock Garden

YEAR AFTER year Elementary School classes have been going down into the glen to hold classes in nature study. But never before this year has the school worked together on the problem of making the glen more beautiful. It began last fall when we made plans to have a bird sanctuary on the South Campus with each grade contributing something towards it. Some of the lower grades were to make different types of bird houses and the seventh grade was to build a bird bath as its share.

The Normal School, at the same time, had been planning to begin beautifying the glen and when we discovered that our plans fitted together so well, we decided to join forces. The Normal School students were to take the more difficult parts. The Elementary School assigned itself the task of making the rock garden. This was the most convenient for us, as rock gardens require little care during the summer months when school is not in session.

In our plans for the rock garden we decided to divide the work among the classes. The lower grades were given the job of planting seeds for the nursery beds, while the upper grades were to plant the trees and to build the paths. Already we have removed the trash from the site of the rock garden. Men have been digging and cleaning the glen. We expect to mark off the paths after the men have finished. In about five years the rock garden should be completed and our hope is that it will turn out to be as beautiful as we want it to be.

Seventh Grade Class Composition

Working With Monotones

During my week of Junior Participation I had an interesting experience in the first grade, working with a group of monotones. I was given six children to work with during a mid-lunch period. The children were very curious to know what was to take place. They were told to go with us to the teachers' room. Of course I had a lesson planned, but while walking from the classroom to the teachers' room I decided that I would change it.

After the children were seated, I asked them if they had ever played that they were a whistle on a train. Several children had played the game, so one child suggested that we play his instead. This gave me an idea to be used later on. Each child was to be a whistle on a train and his whistle sounded like this. (Too, too, too.) By use of the tuning fork I found "d" fourth line, and sang too, too, on this note. Each child had an opportunity to be a whistle. In this way I tested the voices. I found that two of the children were able to match my tone very well. One child could not match the tone at all. I tried her singing low "d", and she was unable to do this. This child was a true monotone, unable to match a high or low tone, but sang one of her own. One child could sing low, so I had to pitch his whistle an octave lower. The remaining two children could nearly match my tones. This was the preliminary testing and now I could go on providing for individual differences when necessary.

We next imagined that we went from the train on to a bus and there we played that we honked the horn. I gave these tones on do, sol, using the key of G major. I was pleased with the way two of the children, who had not matched the others, were able to match these tones. I used my two good singers as models for the others. After we got out of the bus we made believe that we walked through the woods. I was supposed to be lost so I called each child's name. The echo could be heard through the woods. I called each name on "d", fourth line. Example:—Mary—(*do, do.*) Then we pretended to get on the bus again and go home.

When we arrived home we found five steps up which we must walk in order to enter the house. I drew the steps on the board and numbered them. Each child climbed the steps by singing one, two, three, four, five. (Key of G Major.)

I enjoyed working with these children. I had them for only fifteen minutes but in that time I noticed an improvement. There was not one child who didn't match a tone at one time during the lesson.

E. M. F., *Junior* 4

The Reason

I'm pacing up and down,
Like a leopard in his cage,
I'm furious,
I'm angry,
I'd like to bite and rage.

I'm just as mad as fury,
And I can't help but frown,
I'm restless,
I'm angry,
I'm pacing up and down.

I'm vexing poor teacher,
Who wants me to do,
Arithmetic,
Spelling,
And some reading, too.

But I don't like Arithmetic
Or reading anymore,
I used to,
But now,—
The sun's outside my door.

I don't like Spelling,
When bluebirds sing,
I'd rather see
My red top,
Spinning from its string.

I've got a little fishing line,
My brother's got some baits,
And down,
That lane,
My brother Billy waits.

Now is it any wonder,
I'm pacing up and down—
Angry—
Furious—
And just can't help but frown?

RACHAEL SMITH, *Senior* 11

"A book is 'good' only when it meets some human hunger or refutes some human error."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
(Haunted Bookshop)

Book Review

"MODESTA"—G. B. STERN

IF YOUR intellect craves something heavy and substantial, don't read "Modesta" by G. B. Stern. It's just not that kind of literature. But for something light and amusing it's highly satisfying. (Weary Student Teachers should take note—at no time does it tax the brain.)

The story tells of a young and, naturally, beautiful Italian serving-girl, Modesta, who has a desire—most unusual, of course—for clothes and money. Obviously a high-minded friend of the mistress of the house will appear on the scene, who has ideals and cannot bear to see "sensitive little Modesta" clean boots and do other similar strenuous labor. Said friend is American and the author naively has him say, "In America the women do not work. They sit on cushions and are treated like princesses".—Live and learn!

But to continue, our chivalrous American pops the question to dark-eyed Modesta, who of course is agreeably surprised at such a fulfillment of her not-so-sacred ambition. It seems however that in Italy—in this part at least—hubby is the boss and rough treatment is more or less expected. Naturally an American here would never think of treating his wife thus. So Modesta loses all respect for him—which is a very bad sign in married life. Not being an utter nit-wit, which the author apparently considers rather unusual for the American type of husband, Lawrence Ferrier takes steps to train his Italian wife in the way she should go. What he does is not at all original but it's decidedly amusing as well as interesting; interesting because we wonder how the pampered American "princess" would respond.

On the whole, the book, to quote a well-known advertising slogan is, "Mild but it satisfies."

V. STINCHCUM

"IMPERIAL PALACE"—By ARNOLD BENNETT

BY THE TIME one has waded through the many pages of Arnold Bennett's last book, one has at least found out the complications that are involved in running a modern luxurious hotel. The plot of the book, although dependent on the organization and problems of hotel management, is subordinate to it.

"Imperial Palace" is interesting in the beginning, then drags through countless episodes of hotel management; attracts for a short space, and closes with a rather unconvincing ending.

The story concerns one Mr. Evelyn Orchane, director of the Imperial Palace Hotel of London, his business problems, and his two radically different love affairs.

The book, written by an Englishman, makes a few subtle stabs at Americans and American millionaires. Arnold Bennett shows his aptness for description of events, and a mastery of the English language.

The book may be recommended for whiling away long summer afternoons. ANNE BAGWELL, *Senior* 6

"MY ANTONIA"—By WILLA CATHER

IN "My Antonia" (pronounced On-ton-ee-ah), Miss Cather has painted a living word picture, and character study of a Bohemian girl. Antonia Shimerda is not a sophisticated, polished, cultured, young woman. She is not a sweet, clinging and dependent type of girl. Antonia is beautiful, in the wild Bohemian way; she is strong in physical nature as in spiritual nature; she is loyal to the extreme to the ones she loves and admires; she is sensitive, loving the swaying rhythm of music and the sweet wind that blew over the prairies, she is fierce, passionate, vital—hating one minute, loving the next—conceited, then shy, wanting to struggle against the fierce wind which whipped around her; she is tender, understanding and motherly, loving children with all her heart. That is Antonia. Her personality is placed before us against a background of a crazed brother, an adoring Jimmy, a pessimistic, covetous mother, a home-sick, music-loving and poetic-souled father and by a sly, shrewd brother. M. DI M., *Junior* 4

"STEAMBOAT'N DAYS"—By JOHN H. K. SHANNAHAN

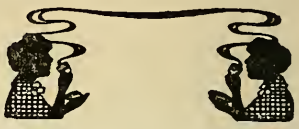
IF YOU are from the Eastern shore of Maryland or Virginia, you will heartily enjoy and appreciate "Steamboat'n Days".

If you have visited the Eastern shore by bay boat, this book by an Eastern shoreman will bring back many pleasant memories.

"Steamboat'n Days" is a short book, and is divided into two parts. The first part tells in an interesting manner the history of the Chesapeake Bay boats that ply between Baltimore and the Eastern shores of Maryland and Virginia.

The second half of the book is a short story called "The Hammond Lot." The plot is very fanciful and places the almost impossible in a familiar local setting. The very fact that the setting is familiar and prosaic to us might tend to hold our imaginations in check. This tale speaks of the Confederate army and the Federal army in a way that gives one the "thrill of sectionalism." ANNE BAGWELL, *Senior* 6

SCHOOL NOTES



Edith Wilna Bradshaw from Church Creek, Dorchester County, one of our 1928 graduates passed away April the eighth after a short illness caused by an infected throat. She was teaching in Baltimore County at Essex. Her classmates and all with whom she came in contact will feel her loss most keenly.

Retrospect

WHEREVER YOU find schools, you will find school magazines; and wherever you find school magazines, when the time comes for the last issue to go to press, you will find some writer who is foolish enough to write a retrospect. We expect this condition is prevalent from Shanghai to Honolulu, and in order that the TOWER LIGHT may not be an exception to the tradition, the annual retrospect is offered.

Green from a high school that contained twenty-eight hundred males, we arrived at the portals of the Maryland State Normal School to be registered.

Emotions may well be realized. Girls to the right of us, girls to the left of us, but undaunted we went on.

Tests . . . more tests . . . a survival of the fittest . . . Introduction to Teaching . . . Psychology . . . Geography . . . mere names . . . we made the Glee Club . . . Bill of Rights week . . . "Take Lenora's hand and skip down the hall" . . . how we would like to meet that Senior outside for just a few moments . . . Campus day . . . a day for revenge . . . alas, we again bow to the Seniors . . . Glee Club everyday . . . we become accustomed to the dash to the library . . . Meredith . . . Curry . . . we know how to use the library . . . some assemblies stand out in our minds . . . Armistice day assembly . . . Christmas assembly . . . Junior Mothers' Week-end . . . we find our teachers are almost human . . . "The Trysting Place" the Mummers again rise to the occasion . . . tap dancing becomes one of our attributes . . . we begin to realize student teaching . . . we glide along . . . first term . . . second term . . . new teachers, new subjects . . . permanent officers are elected . . . dances . . . Men's meetings . . . Kitchen Kandy Party . . . Spring . . . Junior Par-

ticipation . . . walks . . . the glen is lovely May day . . . a Junior baseball victory . . . the Glee Club broadcasts . . . tennis . . . mustaches . . . a certain Miss A. C. S. . . . prom and so on . . .

But now we are arriving at the end of the line, let *us* stop for review. We find that we have accomplished much, we think back over the glowing memories which we shall always cherish. We find friendships that have grown, friends that we shall lose contact with through graduation, also better friends to come back to next year.

In a few days we shall be able to call ourselves Seniors, everything to look forward to next year, especially . . . units and student teaching.

E. G.

Song Festival

It couldn't have been the Pied Piper of Hamelin; yet from our training centers (Dundalk, Linthicum, Riderwood, Timonium, Baynesville, Fullerton, Stoneleigh, and the Campus School(fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh grade children trooped to the Auditorium of the Normal School Thursday afternoon (May fourteenth) in answer to the call to song.

Without previous practice together the four hundred voices, following Miss MacDonald's direction, blended so perfectly that each part came through as but one voice harmonizing with that of the others in light, bell-clear tones. The a' capella singing of the special chorus was particularly beautiful with the irresistible appeal of purely vocal harmonies in children's part singing.

Rhythmic interpretations added interesting variation. There were original Indian dances in appropriate costumes by the Dundalk fourth grade. Second, third, and fourth grade children from the Campus School proved versatile in adapting their movements to the rhythms of fairies, clowns, Holland lads and lassies, bells,—even the stately measures of the court music of Louis the thirteenth's reign!

Justice isn't done the occasion if one neglects to mention the brave notes and surprisingly far from thin music of the Campus Elementary School Orchestra with its child director and its unusual assemblage of instruments.

No, the Pied Piper wasn't there but the children were,—with the same glad response. They couldn't have danced more gaily nor sung more joyously. After all, what did it matter whether the call came from without or within? The spirit's the thing!

Elsie Arthur

So You've Been to the Card Party

"WHO WANTS a ticket for the card party?"

"Please buy a ticket for the card party."

"Won't somebody buy a ticket for the——" and the voice faded off into the distance only to be followed by another and another and another—just twenty girls selling tickets for the card party they were giving for the TOWER LIGHT, but it seemed as if there were no escaping them. I walked down to the library. There it was again, in big red and black letters on the door—An Invitation to Play Cards with Sr. 2." I walked past the bulletin board—more "card party." The air was full of it.

The twenty-ninth of April finally arrived and with it another burst of energy and an air of complete detachment from all things scholastic on the part of the ticket-sellers. I wonder what they did in classes that day?

At 3:30 I went over to Richmond Hall Parlor and presented my ticket. Once inside, I was surrounded by a sea of tables. I finally got settled, way back in a corner, and tried to satisfy my curiosity about the things going on about me and to play an intelligent game of cards at the same time. (hard to do!) All the tables were filled and everyone seemed to be having a delightful time.

By and by refreshments were served. Yum, yum! those cookies surely were good, especially the one with all the raisins. Oh, I almost forgot the door prizes. Miss Munn shook up the numbers and everyone watched just a little bit anxiously while two were drawn. "Eighty-seven and I had 88!!! That prize was a lovely Japanese garden, too. The other prize was a pound of home-made candy.

By that time it was five o'clock and the party came to an end. We left wondering what would be done to the TOWER LIGHT office and thinking that we had all had a glorious time.

P. S.—I heard from a most reliable source that certain members of Sr. 2 received some very valuable training as a result of all this. They washed and dried all of the dishes that were used that afternoon.

MARGUERITE ANGERMAN

Assembly—May 8

A RETROSPECT

MUSIC IS one of our greatest joys in the Campus school. Because there are so many types, it is an especially adaptable part of our year's work. Our (music) lesson may be singing, dancing,

playing instruments, working to rhythm, reading music for ourselves, or just quietly listening to it.

The first grade children have been interested in instrumental work. It has been to them a delightful experience in (musical) appreciation and a means of stimulating interest in instrumental music and orchestral instruments.

In the older children's orchestra, more responsibility is assumed by the children, for in addition to rhythmic interpretation, there is music to be read, instruments to handle, and music to produce. Use is being made of materials which children already possess,—jew's harps and harmonicas as well as violins, a marimba, drums and a cornet.

We are encouraging the singing of part-songs in our campus school, as the best and surest foundation for learning to appreciate the harmonic content of any composition.

Pupils who sing part-music while growing up are the ones who best hear parts in a musical composition. They will also be more apt to sing in tune, than if they had sung only unison songs.

The rhythms done by the different grades are really the results of many musical experiences. We listen to music and to each of us it tells a different thing, evidenced in varied expressions. After several experiences, ideas gradually assume form and character from bits that different children contribute until there is a finished group idea. It may take final form as a rollicking Dutch Dance, a playful fairy dance, a dramatic picturing of an idea or just a dance of our own.

When we are helping the children formulate their ideas, and to have the courage to express them, I often think of a tiny portmanteau play of Stuart Walker's "Three Pills in a Bottle." Have you read it? Fortunately we do not need magic to help children dance and sing and play to music. It takes plenty of hard work, persistence in planning and time to listen to music.

HELEN SHIPLEY

Boners

Emphasis in reading is putting more distress in one place than another.
An epicure is a poet who writes epics.
The handicapped are the blind, deaf, and deceased.
The Kodak is the Bible of the Mohammedans.
The Solar system is the way of teaching singing.
The Crusades were fought in plasticine.
King Alfred conquered the Dames.
Where is the greater part of Europe? In New York.
What made the tower of Pisa lean? There was a famine in the land.
Jacob, son of Isaac, stole his brother's birth mark.

Rain Robs Normal of Game

April 22—While State Normal was on a batting spree which put them six runs to the good, the baseball game with Elizabethtown College was called in the first half of the fourth inning on account of rain, and saved the visitors from a severe trouncing. "Bill" Woolston had the visitors "swinging like gates," and he allowed one hit in the three-and-one-third innings he pitched.

State Normal started after the Elizabethtown southpaw, Herr, immediately, and after getting range in the third stanza, smacked the pellet all over the field.

In the first seance, after two men were out, Evans walked, and Burgee came through with a timely Herculean three-bagger for the first run of the game. Then, after an uneventful second inning, Normal came to bat in their half of the stanza and then the fun began.

Woolston was first man up, and he walked. Cohen was then hit by the pitcher. With two men on, Hambury laid down a perfect bunt, which he beat out, and which also scored Woolston from second base. Cohen, however, tried to make third on the throw-in home, but was an easy out. Evans cracked out a steaming one-bagger, and Hambury, who had pilfered second base, scored. Evans stole second. Then, Burgee got his second hit of the game, a single, and Evans romped home with the third Normal tally. Burgee stole second base, and Denison walked. Then, Fitzell, who had made a beautiful catch in left field the previous inning, smacked the ball a terrific clout down the left field foul line, a blow with home run written all over it, scoring Burgee and Denison. However, Fitzell's blow counted only as a double under ground rules. Sheff at bat, man on second, one out, score 6-0, and then—came the rain, and the game was called. The game was declared no-contest.

A return game will be played at Elizabethtown, April 29, and if previous performances count, Elizabethtown will need a couple of "Lefty" Groves and some "Babe" Ruths, to bring home the bacon.

Sydney Land, *Junior* 3.

Normal Trounces Towson in Opener Doubles

S. Land, *Junior* 3.

After being disappointed in what was supposed to be the first match of the season when the Les Amis Club did not show up, the State Normal racqueteers shellacked Towson High School, 5-2.

On the whole, the team showed great promise, for of the five singles men, who bore the colors of the White and Gold, four of these men, Liberman, Land, Kremen and Gersuk were Juniors; Lipsitz, captain, being the only man from last year's team to compete.

Although Kremen and Gersuk were the only two Normalites to lose their singles matches, they both showed a great deal of promise, and may be depended upon to do their share this season.

The results:

Liberman, Normal, defeated Buck, 6-0, 6-3.
Land, Normal, defeated Tillman, 10-8, 6-1.
Lipsitz, Normal, defeated Clark, 6-0, 6-2.
Whitcraft, Towson, defeated Kremen, 6-2, 11-9.
Wilson, Towson, defeated Gersuk, 6-2, 6-0.

Doubles

Land and Liberman, Normal, defeated Tillman and Buck, 6-2, 6-0.
Lipsitz and Seidman defeated Clark and Wilson, 9-7, 6-2.

Normal Swamps Blue Ridge

R. Denison

Monday, May 4, Normal traveled to New Windsor to tackle Blue Ridge College on the diamond. Normal, profiting by the previous week's defeat at the hands of Elizabethtown College, proceeded in a business-like manner to do up her opponent. The final out found Normal holding down the long end of an 8-3 score.

The early part of the game Blue Ridge enjoyed a 3-1 lead. The third inning saw a Normal uprising. Woolston led off with a single, Cohen was called out on strikes, then Evans, Nicodemus, Burgee, and Sheff hit safely, and 5 runs were registered at the scoring station. Hamburg grounded out, Fitzell was safe on an error, but Denison struck out to end the inning.

Woolston, on the mound, coasted along behind perfect support, until the eighth stanza. In this frame, the first man up walked, the next was hit with a pitched ball, and the third was safe on a bad throw. With the bases packed, Woolston, working carefully on the next batter,

forced him to fly out to Fitzell who doubled a Blue Ridge runner off third base. This killed the last hopes of the opposites, and the next man was an easy victim. Hate, angered at this gesture, scored two more runs to put the game on the shelf.

Normal Drops One to Charlotte Hall

MONDAY, May 11, Normal played Charlotte Hall at Normal's home ground. Encouraged by the fine showing made against the Blue Ridge tossers, the embryo teachers looked for an easy victory. However, the boys from St. Mary's County thought differently, and, at the end of seven innings, Charlotte Hall was the victor, 7-4.

Charlotte Hall started off with two runs in the opening frame. Normal came back in its half of the same stanza and tallied one run. With two away, Nicodemus clouted a mighty home run over the center fielder's head. Burgee, following the precedent set by Nicodemus, smashed a line drive that almost carried away the side of the dormitory, but was held to a triple, as the ball caromed back into an opposing fielder's hand. However, Burgee died on third, as Sheff was retired. Normal scored another run in the second, when Denison crossed the counting station.

Charlotte Hall added 5 more runs during the remainder of the clash, while Normal was held to two lone counters. Nicodemus led the batting attack for Normal securing a homer and a double, while Burgee contributed the longest hit of the game.

R. DENISON, *Junior* 3.

Plebes Eke Out Victory Over Normal

IN ONE of the hardest and most spectacular matches of the season, the Navy Plebes defeated State Normal, 5-4, at the Academy courts on Saturday, May 16. Undaunted by the loss of four hard-fought singles matches, the Normal aggregation did not acknowledge defeat until the last doubles combination lost their set. Jansen and Liberman were the only embryo teachers who captured their individual contests, Lipsitz, Brose, Land, and Kremen meeting defeat.

With the score 4-2 against them, Normal made their last valiant stand which just fell short of victory. Lipsitz and Jansen, and Land and Liberman carried off honors in the doubles contest, but the match was decided when Kremen and Brose, playing exceptionally spectacular tennis, lost to a superior Plebe combination, 7-5, 6-1.

When all is said and done, only the highest words of praise can be

sung for the men who bore the colors of State Normal School Saturday.

Summary:

McClung, Navy, defeated Lipsitz, 6-2, 5-7, 6-3.
Pinney, Navy, defeated Brose, 6-0, 6-0.
Liberman, Normal, defeated Arnold, 6-3, 6-1.
Jansen, Normal, defeated Ingersoll, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3.
Edrington, Navy, defeated Land, 6-1, 6-3.
Upham, Navy, defeated Kremen, 6-0, 6-4.

DOUBLES

Jansen and Lipsitz defeated McClung and Pinney, 6-3, 6-0.
Land and Liberman defeated Ingersoll and Arnold, 10-8, 6-2.
Smith and Maddox defeated Kremen and Brose, 7-5, 6-1.

SYDNEY LAND, *Junior* 3.

Normal Netmen Primed For Match

April 24—With baseball well under way, the tennis team is rapidly rounding into shape, and are preparing for their first match of the season on May 4, against Towson High School. Although the team lost some good men by graduation, the Junior boys have responded beautifully, and it seems as though Normal's netmen will go through a successful season. At present, the squad is composed of the following men: Captain Morton Lipsitz, Manager Sid Liberman, August Jansen, Sydney Land, Irvin Brose, Ben Kremen, Vernon Vavrina, Edward Gersuk and Sid Cohen.

The team will play nine-set matches, six single matches, and three double matches. Nothing else now, but more promised after the Town High battle.

SYDNEY LAND, *Junior* 3.

Normal Suffers Reverse

R. DENISON

APRIL 29, Normal journeyed to Elizabethtown College, to tackle the latter in a return engagement. Normal, encouraged by the way it had treated the opposition in a previous game, looked for an easy victory. However, the home team battling on its home grounds, surprised the Normal team by marching to an overwhelming victory, the score being 17-2.

To start the ball rolling, the Elizabethtown boys piled up a four run lead in the opening frame. Normal retaliated with a run in the opening of the second canter. Burgee singled, Nicodemus forced Burgee at second, promptly stole second, and came sailing home on Fitzell's smash

through the infield. Elizabethtown came back in its half and punched three runs across the platter. Normal secured its last run on a beautiful double by Evans, and sacrifices by Burgee and Nicodemus.

Juniors Wallop Seniors

R. Denison, *Junior* 3.

As an added May Day attraction, the Juniors engaged the Seniors in an indoor baseball game. The end of the seven inning tussle found the Juniors the victors by a score of 5-3.

In the opening frame, the Juniors jumped on Seidman for three runs. Land opened the hostilities by walking, and promptly stole second. Saltzman singled, Land going to third, Saltzman taking second on the throw. Kremen reached first on an infield hit, Land scoring. Denison was safe on an error, Saltzman scoring. Liberman sacrificed, Kremen scoring. Haggerty and Baer were retired in order to end the inning.

Baer held the Seniors in check until the fourth stanza, when a hit, coupled with errors on the part of the Juniors, enabled the Seniors to counter two runs.

In the last inning, the Seniors with a do or die expression on their faces, came to bat for their last attempt. The first two men were retired, then Brose tripled, Fitzell singled, scoring Brose. Plovsky singled, Fitzell going to second, Jansen singled, filling the bases. Baer, working carefully, forced Burgee to ground to Land, who touched second to force Jansen, and retire the side, giving the Juniors their first inter-class triumph this season. Baer and Kremen scintillated for the Juniors, Kremen getting 3 out of 4 hits as batting star, while Baer, Junior hurler, turned in a magnificent performance on the mound.

The Chatter Box

S. Land, *Junior* 3.

"Bill" Woolston, 'varsity pitcher of last season's nine, is doing a beautiful piece of work this season. Since he is the only hurler on the Normal team this season, he has pitched all the games this year so far, and has dropped but two decisions. Keep up the good work "Bill!" We're right behind you!

Our tennis team has finally played its first match, and came through in great style. Towson High, the victim, fell by the wayside, 5-2. And three alternates, Kremen, Gersuk, and Seidman were used! Not bad at all.

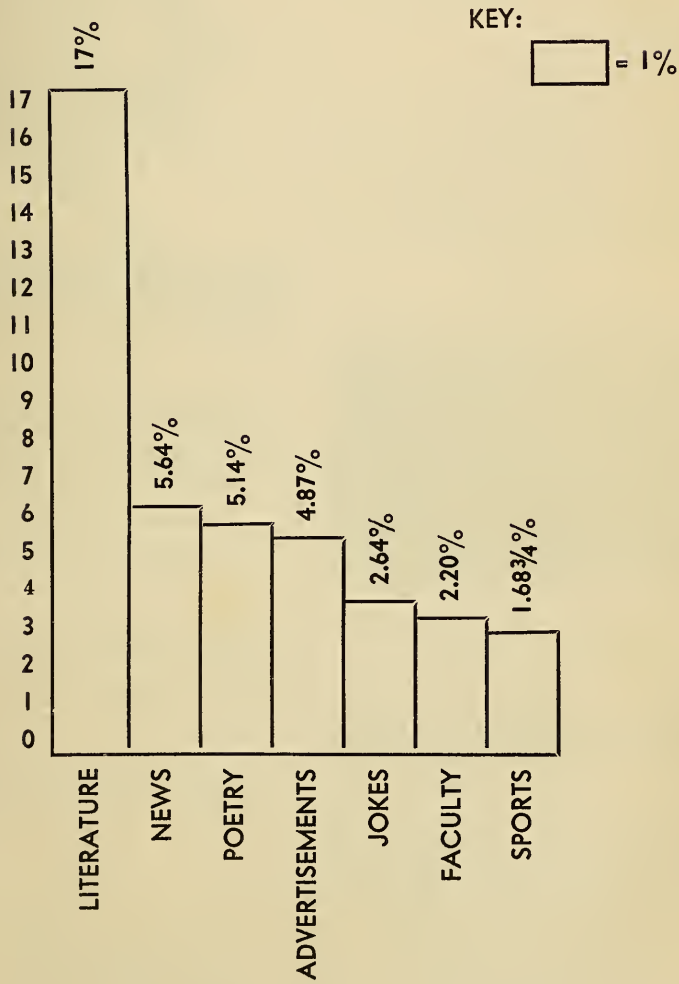
The 'varsity net team will line up as follows, according to Manager Liberman: Lipsitz, Liberman, Jansen, Land and Brose.

Lest you forget be a good loser and a modest winner at all times!

Tower Light Report

1930-1931

Percentage of Contents for Eight Issues



Where
Clothes are Smart
and
Prices are Right

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & Co.

Outselling
All Other Eights

Valve-in-Head **BUICK** Straight Eight

"Take the Wheel and Marvel"

The BROOKS-PRICE CO.
TOWSON

SCHLEISNER CO.
220 North Howard Street, Cor. Clay

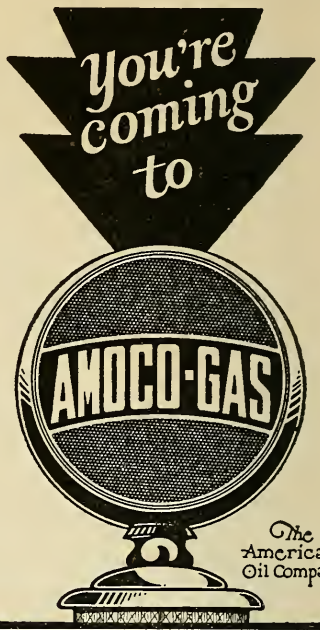
THE FASHION CORNER

Where College Misses & Youth Get Collegiate Styles

The Hub

"of Charles Street"

Phone Towson 962 Belair 386
Juanita B. Schuster, Prop.
MAR-NITA BEAUTY SHOPPE
Beauty Specialists in attendance
Scalp Treatments and Permanent
Waving Our Specialties
35 YORK ROAD
Near Burke Ave. Towson, Md.
11 W. Main Street,
BELAIR, MD.



THE NEW!
Baltimore has learned that if it is new —and smart—Stanwick's introduce it. The most distinctive Coats and Frocks in the new silhouette—are showing now. Moderate prices.

STANWICK'S
204 W. Lexington St.

SMART APPAREL

For the College Girl

and the pleasure of receiving courteous service amid spacious surroundings

HUTZLER BROTHERS Co

"Say It With Flowers"

Everything That Is Artistic in
Cut Flowers and Plants

ISAAC H. MOSS
INC.

5315 York Rd. Baltimore, Md.

JENKINS & McCALL
COAL CO., Inc.

Domestic, Steaming
and Smithing Coals

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND

Lexington Market: PLaza 2510-11-12
Hollins Market: PLaza 1083
CAlvert 0068

D. Callahan's Sons
SEA FOOD

BALTIMORE MARYLAND

SAMUEL KIRK & SON
Incorporated
421 N. Charles Street

GOLD JEWELRY *DIAMONDS*
CLOCKS *WATCHES*
SILVERWARE
FINE STATIONERY

Founded 1815

The Second
National Bank
of Towson, Md.

HENRY RECKORD

Ford

At Towson Since 1913

BALTIMORE'S LARGEST
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY STORE

LAMPELL'S

Home of
SORORITY HATS

31 W. LEXINGTON ST.
PLaza 2524

THE SUPREME
ICE CREAM CO.

"Your Sweetest Neighbor"

1224-28
GREENMOUNT AVENUE
BALTIMORE, MD.

Your Banking Needs Are Courteously Supplied at

The Baltimore County Bank

YORK ROAD TOWSON, MD.

Unusual Gifts

25 Cents to 25 Dollars

Greeting Cards of All Kinds

AMY B. HISS

Chesapeake Ave. Towson, Md.

Phone, VErnon 0261

Gorman's

TRUNKS, BAGS, LEATHER GOODS

329 N. Howard Street
Baltimore, Md.

Repairing a Specialty

GRIFFITH & TURNER CO.

Our Large Improved Store
Is Equipped to Fill Every Need

FARM GARDEN LAWN

205-215 Paca St. 338 N. Gay St.
Phone CAlvert 2300

TUxedo 0146-2627
Members of F. T. D.

FRED. C. BAUER

Florist and Nurseryman

181-187 Gittings Avenue
Govans, Md.

Weber

Invites the Students and Teachers of Towson State Normal School to avail themselves of the special prices extended to Educational Institutions on Artists' Materials.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Drawing Papers, Inks, etc., at our local headquarters.

F. WEBER CO.

227 Park Ave.

HERGENRATHER DRUG CO.
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
Agents for
Max Factors Society Make Up
Bourjois Evening in Paris Perfume
Barbara Gould Facial Treatment
Whitman's Chocolates
Martha Washington Bon Bons
Sheaffer Fountain Pens
Eastman Kodaks and Films
Films Developed 24 Hour Service
Motorcycle Delivery Phone Towson 39
Jersey Ice Cream

Distinctive Portrait Photography

SCHINDELE

519 N. Charles Street
BALTIMORE

Phone MAdison 1851-W

JOHN WUNTZ

Piano Tuning and Repairing

3041 Arunah Avenue
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE
McMAHON
TRANSPORTATION CO.

Buses for All Occasions

HAmilton 2078 Overlea, Md.

Let Your Light Direct You to

The Towson National Bank

As the Place to Do Your Banking

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE

Run Right to

READ'S

For All Your
Drug Store Needs!

507 York Road Towson

THE
MARYLAND
RESTAURANT

The Only Place to Eat

York Road at Pa. Ave.
TOWSON, MD.

Compliments of

BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.

TOWSON, MD.

The Monroe Co.

206 W. Lexington Street
Baltimore

Costume Jewelry, Evening Jewelry, Ensemble Sets, Etc. Full assortment of Rings, Watches, Lighters, all at moderate prices.

WE WILL CASH YOUR CHECKS
JEWELRY REPAIRS

SILVERWARE *WATCHES*

A. H. FETTING COMPANY

Manufacturing Jewelers

314 CHARLES STREET, NORTH
BALTIMORE, MD.

CLASS PINS *CLASS RINGS*

Compliments

MASON'S GARAGE &
SERVICE STATION

TOWSON, MD.

Momjian's

Where Normal Students Meet to Eat

DELICIOUS SODAS AND SUNDAES
HOMEMADE SANDWICHES
See Them Made

Sheet Music and Books
Victor and Columbia Records
RADIOS

THE G. FRED KRANZ
MUSIC CO.

327 N. Charles St.
PLaza 3732

The Home Store

"KEENE'S"

CONFECTIONERY STATIONERY

EXCLUSIVENESS

in the **PRODUCTION**

of School Literature is one of the many features our *typographic* department can assure you. This department is in charge of a staff of men who have the talent and ability to bring before you ideas and layouts that will contribute to the effectiveness of your literature and place it above the average.

DESIGNING
ENGRAVING
PRINTING

● Progressive schools and colleges the country over are using to every advantage the service our *typographical* department offers. You are not obligated in any way when requesting a member of our staff to call.

"Read-Taylor"

BALTIMORE

D

"Reed Taylor", Ba

N/2055/00135/5748X

TOWSON STATE UNIVERSITY
TOWSON, MARYLAND 21204
Albert S. Cook Library